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VISIT TO PARIS

IN 1814;

BEING A REVIEW OF THE

MORAL, POLITICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND SOCIAL CONDITION

OF

THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

85767

By JOHN SCOTT,

EDITOR OF THE CHAMPION, A WEEKLY POLITICAL AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

1 17

"now I would pray our Monsieurs,
To think an English Courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre."

KING HENRY VIII.

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PREFACE.

SINCE this work was completed for publication, a change of the political situation of France has occurred, which has confirmed many of its statements, but which has also rendered a good deal of what was written obsolete and inapplicable. The volume, therefore, has been kept back from the public generally, for a week or two, in order that the passages in question might be expunged. As it now appears, it must be understood as a Review of the State of France, up to the extraordinary return of Buonaparte to that country. The statements of fact in the following pages, and the reasonings deduced from them, cannot, on the whole, but derive an increased interest from the event in question. If it shall again shut up internal France from our view, records of the condition and character of that country, up to this new

period of debarment, will become peculiarly desirable, — and if the present French government shall be established, and pursue, either its former course, or the new one on which it professes to be entering, it will always be curious to compare France as it was, with what it may in future become.

The probable influence of the Bourbon government on France, the conduct of the King and the Princes of that family, and the state of parties in Paris, with reference to the restored Rulers, are the subjects of remark which have been withdrawn from this work. Some pains, and considerable room, had been devoted to their discussion, and, indeed, under the late circumstances of that country, they naturally formed principal themes of observation: but the events that have recently happened, though in no measure proving the incorrectness of what had been prepared for publication under these heads, have disinclined me towards sending it out in the shape in which it exists. The character of the Bourbon government forms, indeed, a fair and important subject for examination, in connection with the revolution by which it has

been subverted, — but it will easily be conceived that there may be sufficient reasons for not now publishing what was written in regard to it, when it seemed the established influence, under which France was to reform her society and her institutions.

Some general observations on the probability of the duration of the King's government, and on the tendency of Buonaparte's measures during his Imperial despotism, will be found in the ensuing pages, mingled up with remarks on other matters. These are entirely supported by what has since happened.

The return of that person to wield the means, and avail himself of the dispositions of present France, will appear no slight calamity, nor immaterial portent, to those who look rather to facts than to fancies, and consider character as essential in itself, and not to be varied like the outside colour of objects, or the words that flow from the mouth. This is a subject to which one or two introductory pages to the following chapters may be with propriety devoted, and, as I have already been led to express my sentiments upon it, in a work which may

not go into the hands of the majority of the readers of this, I am tempted to make the following extracts serve the purpose, and save the trouble, of fresh writing.

" Little as we are inclined to praise what may be termed the system of the Allied Princes, we must retain, in all its original force, our conviction, that the prospects of the world have been injured by the restoration of the power of Buonaparte. The former withholds what is desirable, — the latter disgraces its reputation, and poisons its essence. The former then stimulates to exertion, while the latter weakens the principle of action, and corrupts the source of virtue. The old governments display the connection between profligacy of conduct and imbecility of mind, — which is one of the most salutary exposures that can be made; but Buonaparte has all along opposed intellect to principle, which is the most horrible disunion that society can possibly witness. His system, in a greater degree than any other, leads to a disregard of personal honor, by making it an avowed rule to reward accomplishment, independently of any reference to the means employed.

It substitutes destructive errors, which are adapted to the complexion of the times, for those which were decaying of themselves, or which the advancing tide of public opinion was about to wash away for ever. The whole course of Buonaparte's history, should surely be sufficient to convince, that people might as wisely expect iron to sparkle like a diamond, or emit odour like a flower, as that he should take a generous view of the interests of mankind, or be touched with kindness towards them as individuals. His ends are essentially inconsistent with human happiness and the dignity of the human character; and the best proof of this is, that his invariable instruments are falsehood and cozenage. Under his influence a language of affectation, bombast, and duplicity, was introduced into addresses from public bodies, more sycophantic and tawdry than had been offered to the oldest despotisms. Under his influence books were sifted, not to detect passages hostile to his government, or censuring his conduct, but that no generous sentiments or vigorous principles might find their way to his people, to render their hearts too good or

too disdainful for his purposes. In the coldness of his craft he set about a design the most nefarious which human villainy ever attempted; it was, by a regular system of training, to depreciate the character of a whole people, forming a very considerable proportion of the present generation of mankind, to the fittest level for the designs of tyranny and lawless ambition. For this purpose talent was disciplined so as to leave it but its sagacity and dexterity, which might be employed in his service, while its fine sensibilities, and nice taste for simplicity and truth, were destroyed as worse than inconvenient. A most extraordinary and deplorable process has been proceeding under him, with reference to what have hitherto presented legitimate objects for admiration. Angels have been by him converted into devils, — that is to say, he has extracted all their excellence and beauty from high pursuits and great achievements, and while he has seemed to promote and encourage them, has been perverting their very natures, converting their balm into poison, their fragrance into offensiveness. For example, he has fostered a military

spirit, but he has robbed the military character of all its virtues, — his soldiers break their parole of honor, his Generals perjure themselves as a clever manœuvre, and to steal a King in this school of new nobility is thought as honorable as to vanquish one. He has patronised the arts, — which being interpreted, means he has plundered their seats. Which of his artists, or *sçavans*, joins sensibility with skill? They are all cant, and cold vanity, and mere mechanical dexterity. They will talk in raptures of an antient statue of Brutus, and then remove it from its ordained place, where it has rested for ages, to grace a trumpery theatre for a night, where a Roman story is performed by bad actors to their savage soldiery. The first thing they do with one of Raphael's pictures is to repaint it, — the first sensation they have when they come upon a time hallowed relic of departed excellence, is to remove it within a short walk of the gambling-houses and toy-shops of the Palais-Royal. All this is according to the system of Buonaparte, who *feels* nothing, and *uses* every thing. The world is positively thrown back further than a state of ignorance by

this system, for it is one by which knowledge loses all its beneficial tendencies, — and great powers which dazzle the observation, are stripped of all their recommendations to the heart. Yet some have, in our hearing, called this the triumph of intellect: if it be so, it is like Agamemnon's triumph on his way to Troy, when he offered up the fruit of his loins to ensure the success of his arms,— it is gained to the disgrace and detriment of human nature, by trampling on virtues and affections that are far more valuable and honorable without talent, than talent is without them. We had better be contented with the natural though scanty growth of our time, and to labour hard for an increase hereafter, than thus receive all the finest fruits of the earth, with their flavours destroyed and their richness drained by an unnatural forcing.

* * * * * * * *

" Unbounded concession is most cheap to this Emperor, for in the first place, he never feels a promise to be binding, and in the second, the terror he inspires by his known dispositions, will effectually counteract the lenity of his laws. In this lies

the difference between him as a ruler, and others, — that whereas they limit themselves in some measure by their engagements, his engagements are neither limitations nor intimations: — what his civil courts cannot do, his military commissions can, — and what these dare not perpetrate by day, they can perform in the darkness of the night. He will readily swear to respect any thing you point out to him, and after this there is nothing that he will not violate, if it stands in his way. This being proved by his whole history, is it not idle now to indulge credulous anticipations of his good intentions, because he heads his proclamations to his soldiery with a declaration of the inviolability of civil rights, and because such men as Davoust and Fouche, called to his ministry, speak of the paternal and moderate intentions of the Emperor? Are there persons yet to learn, that Buonaparte always speaks to his hearer, according to what he wishes to make of him, — never from himself according to what he thinks and feels? He now praises Liberty and Peace, as he praised Jacobinism to the Revolutionists, Mahomet to the Turks, and

the English nation to our countrymen, that visited him in Elba. Is it worthy of philosophical patriotism, in its anxiety to see the condition of society improved, to turn with hope towards the liberality and integrity of a man, who, when he kidnapped Ferdinand, told him that the feelings and interests of the people and their rulers must always be at variance; — who has broken every pledge he has made, not excepting his abdication for himself and his heirs, — who comes back through a purely military movement, and aided not merely by broken oaths, but by the meanest personal duplicity, — who is still keeping up the farce in our faces, by returning to the old false jargon, about his "*torn heart*," and "*his truly great people*." — and who is now surrounded by persons, all, like himself at this moment, full of zeal for the rights of man, who have been the most cruel instruments, alternately of Jacobinism and of military despotism. The most hideous feature of France, which she has acquired under the influence of this regenerator, is the utter looseness of her principles, evinced in the conduct of her conspicuous characters. Thus Ney kissed

the king's hand, swore fidelity to the Royal cause, and then went and joined the Emperor; — Soult accepted the office of Minister of War under Louis, took oaths of fidelity, issued a proclamation against Buonaparte, and, as it is now strongly suspected, had been preparing every thing for his return when acting as the sworn servant of the Bourbons; — several of the other Marshals, apparently penetrated with devotion to their unfortunate, infirm, and well-intentioned Monarch, attended him on his retirement from Paris, merely, it seems, to cajole him out of the French territory, and to take care that his cause should not be supported! These men now return laughing to the Tuilleries, to sport the decoration of the Legion of Honour, to join their Chief in some new piece of baseness, and look in his face to receive his smiles, in the consciousness of reciprocal villainy. This is the New School of Nobility of which Buonaparte is the Parent, and from which is to proceed the regeneration of the world! We are called upon to rejoice in the predominance of this, because it will put down Feudal bondage and superstition: — we

can only reply, that we see no cause for congratulation in the substitution of a young, sturdy, and desperate cut-throat, for a hoary-headed knave, fast dropping to his dissolution, and able to commit only petty depredations. But we shall take our stand on another ground, and affirm, that the system of the Old Rulers, with all its faults, will admit of more favourable views to be taken of it, than this which the Regenerator has introduced. It gives more room and encouragement for personal honor amidst political profligacy; its offences partake more of the nature of habits, and less of dispositions; — it has grown up with us, it has not been forced upon us; — it is not so directly aimed at all that gives confidence to our firesides, peace to our hearts, security to society." *Champion*, No. 117, April 2d, 1815.

To these observations, I have nothing to add: — Since they were written, Buonaparte has yet more unequivocally surrounded himself with the enemies of despotism, but I much doubt whether they are those most likely to cure the French mind of its unsoundness, or place, on the

most substantial basis, the liberty, happiness, and peace of France.

The original articles in the Appendix to this Volume, are the contributions of a very intelligent friend, who during a short stay in Paris, employed the attainments which he eminently possesses, in an investigation of the character and possessions of the scientific and other institutions of that capital, — conducted with an industry and accuracy that do him the greatest credit, and the total results of which, if laid before the public, would, I am sure be deemed highly interesting.

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A

VISIT

TO

PARIS

IN 1814.

CHAPTER I.

PARIS, which lately was the safest of all subjects for a writer to select, is now, or at least will be, by the time this work can make its appearance, one of the most dangerous. Where is the family that has not sent out its traveller, or travellers, to the capital of France? Minute oral accounts of its wonders have been rendered at every tea-table. Criticisms on its arts, and manners, have found their way, in soft whispers, across shop-counters; and sleep has been expelled from the insides of stage-coaches by anecdotes of its events and its inhabitants. How many letters have been dispatched, from the very spot of obser-

vation, to "dear papas," and "dear mammas," and other dears, not likely to feel less interested in the communications of the writers! Where is the newspaper, weekly or daily, that has not to boast of its special series of articles on Paris? What review has not been crowded with criticisms, on the many pamphlets, and volumes, that have had this city for their theme? A style of information, adapted to the particular taste of every class of inquirers, has surely, then, by this time, been furnished; and as to *facts*, perhaps it would be more serviceable to take from, than add to, the number that have already been recorded.

It must be confessed that the visitation of another, and a sizeable book, on this explored subject, runs a great risk of being regarded as intrusive, and expected to prove tiresome: but, with very common self-complacency, the writer has satisfied himself, and trusts to be able to satisfy his readers, that, in his case, it is "better late than never." To tell the truth, he is inclined to think it, on the whole, in favour of his work, that so many persons already know so much about the various objects in

Paris; for, as those who accompany this Visit will be asked to reflect a little on what is to be seen, the previous loss of the sharp edge of their curiosity seems absolutely necessary to dispose them to attend to him with patience, and well calculated to enable them to follow him with advantage. He hopes, to be sure, not to prove obscure or uninteresting to any one; but he chiefly calculates on their strong sympathy with his remarks, who have seen, or heard, a good deal of the outward aspect of this remarkable capital; and who may either be inclined, for the first time, to look a little beyond appearances into qualities, or be willing to give him the benefit of their recollections, and compare his conclusions with their own. With these he will ramble through Paris as a companion, and he is therefore happy, that so many have gone before him as guides.

I believe foreigners have generally been the best scientific travellers. Germany and France probably beat us in journeys undertaken to extend the limits of natural history, or ascertain doubtful points in

the knowledge of physics: — but the literature of Britain is richer than that of all other nations put together, in the narratives of those excursions, that have had no other object but to gratify an elastic spirit, anxious to overleap distance, interested in the general concerns of mankind, curious after novelties of habit, and eager to bring its possessors better acquainted with their fellow-creatures. Our book-shelves groan with the travels of persons who have suddenly arisen from almost every class and profession of life, to go their ways into almost every other country on the face of the globe, as well as into every parish of their own. These usually have had no other design that to look about them in a general way, and no other preparation for publishing their adventures than a casual education and a common understanding. There is scarcely any thing that may not be put with a ridiculous aspect before us, and the national curiosity certainly admits of this; — but its source can easily be traced to certain sterling qualities of character, while the easiness of its gratification testifies to several en-

viable circumstances of condition, and its fruits are by no means disreputable to the talent and information of our people. We may have among us numerous flimsy works of this description, but where is the other country that could furnish so many individuals, from such a variety of situations in society, competent, either to observe so keenly, or deliver themselves so clearly, as the majority of our writers of sketches, journals, tours, &c. manage to do.

It is the impulse, however, that sends such a host of travellers away from it, that is chiefly creditable to our nation. It shews a freedom and custom, as well as a power to think; — a bold and independent disposition, careless of trifling embarrassments, and feeling certain of every where commanding respect; — a constant and complete circulation of intelligence; — an active temper; — and lastly, a very general command, not only of comforts, but of superfluities.

So little are foreigners enabled to share with us in a propensity so arising, that nothing appears to them so unaccountable as the swarm of British emigrants who

put themselves to the trouble and expence of travelling, for no definite, nor even divinable purpose. At first it was imagined that our countrymen had some interested motives, which they concealed under an air of carelessness and extravagance. The Turks, who are masters of Greece, when they are interrogated by the lovers of art, where statues are likely to be concealed, suspect, with the acuteness of ignorance, that gold is the true object of the strangers' search, and that it is in the hopes of finding hidden stores of this precious metal, they take such pains with their pick-axes and shovels to remove the earth and rubbish. At length, however, the folks on the continent seem convinced, that the English who visit it have really no object but to regard and examine their persons, buildings, and various possessions; and the consequence of this conviction is, that they now consider us greater fools than they were at first willing to believe we were. Not having that turn, or those qualities of mind, which would carry them from the theatres, walks, and gardens of Paris, to encounter strange faces, strange

manners, and a doubtful reception, — the probability of inconvenience, and the possibility of outrage, — the French are of opinion that the impetus which drives us over to them, in crowds of all descriptions, arises from a species of derangement; nor are they singular in taking the standard of their own faculties and conduct as the test of reason in others. That artists by profession, and *sçavans* by profession, should flock to the finest, and wisest, city in the world for instruction, would not strike them as strange; but the motley groupes of British that fill the streets of their capital, — loitering, gaping, and inquiring, but never faultering, or seeming embarrassed, or appearing to feel that they are not at home, — completely bewilder a Frenchman's conclusions, and as he has no clue within his breast to the meaning of this, he takes the usual short and simple course of deeming that to be very absurd which he cannot understand.

That violence of public curiosity and interest which is here oftentimes felt, and which drives the whole force of the nation's thought and action before it, in

one stormy stream, towards the one point of temporary attraction, is now unknown in Paris. The best proof of this is, that the most extraordinary event of modern times, the scene of which was their own city, which in its effect was most showy, and in its consequences most important, is already out of the mouths, and appears never to have been deeply in the hearts, of the Parisians. Let any one who recollects the agitation which the murders of the Marr and the Williams families caused all over the United Kingdom; how long they formed the exclusive topic of conversation with all persons, old and young, rich and poor, fancy to himself at what rate our tongues would have run for years, relative to the capture of London, the subversion of the government, and, what is more interesting still, the bivouacking of thousands of Cossacks in Hyde Park, and the adjacent fields! It may fairly be asserted, that the one-bearded hero, by whose appearance in London, a worthy seller of prints, in the Strand, has contrived to render his name coeval, and closely connected, with the glories of the Allied

Monarchs, has left a far stronger and more permanent impression on our recollections, than that which the grand events of the months of last March and April have made on the memories and feelings of the inhabitants of the French capital. When you question them concerning what then took place, they tell you facts that set English curiosity in a blaze; but, from their manner, it is easy to see, that the ladies, past whose windows the small number of shells flew that fell in the city, forgot the circumstance the next week, and that it had slumbered in oblivion until it was roused by the interrogations of strangers, that felt more interested than themselves in the occurrence.

This indifference as to the past, chiefly arises out of a morbidly quick sensibility to the present. It is this that renders a common Parisian as thoughtless of travelling beyond the *Champs Elysée*, as a planet is of departing for the next system. It is this that makes the events of the moment fill their minds with a dazzling sort of effulgence, to the obliteration of all the shadowy impressions of expe-

rience. It is this that renders them what is called versatile; which quality, with them, arises out of an engagement with what is *doing*, so excessive as to make them totally forget what has *been done*. A Parisian lady, who laughs at the costume of our countrywomen, laughs at what she was herself a few years ago; but she will not believe you if you tell her that she lately wore the little bonnet which now she ridicules. Shew her the engraved fashions for 1806, that prove the fact, and she simpers in your face with an expression of increased poignancy, inasmuch as she has just been convicted of an error.

This carelessness of the Parisians, as to all that is out of their personal and momentary sphere, is also to be traced, in a great measure, to the want of a general diffusion of intelligence relative to what happens among themselves. Their newspapers are very imperfect organs of communication compared with ours. A tradesman may have his pocket picked, or the carriage of a lady of consequence may be overturned, or a marriage between a mar-

shal and a court beauty may be in progress, and the people of Paris know nothing of these momentous matters. Look at the poverty of their parliamentary and police reports! Would our newsmongers be satisfied with such meagre details of such interesting affairs? Observe and pity the total absence of miscellaneous paragraphs! those that introduce us into the very heart of the times. The persons in power say that they chiefly dread the uncontrouled liberty of the press, because among a people so lively, and even licentious, as the French, it would become the instrument of pasquinades, and libels against individuals. To me it seems, from what I could observe, that society in Paris, however different fifty years ago, is at present too deranged, too unmarked with conspicuous characters, too undiscoverable, as it were, for this evil to prevail to any great extent. I rather suspect that the fear really entertained, is of personal attacks on the members of the government.

It has already been observed, that it is easy to represent almost any thing in a ridi-

culous or contemptible light. The fibres and vessels, for instance, that connect the parts of the human body, and discharge the various offices necessary to the support of life, are in themselves mean and even nauseous. In like manner, our strong anxiety to learn domestic news, and violent propensity to detail it, may be open to a sneer; but, if I mistake not, they form important links to unite British society closely together, which make each individual feel himself but as a part of one, and give to the body politic, the full strength of all its component members. We are all here actively employed in thinking of and about one another; in France they know comparatively nothing of one another: it is needless to say in which country public spirit is most likely to abound. That the frame-work of a nation may be strong, each of its divisions must be let closely into others, — for then a blow, on whatever spot it may fall, is sustained with the united strength of the whole. A huge British newspaper, — its pages closely filled with commercial wants and supplies, with the arrangements of private

convenience, the solicitations of distress, the acts of public societies, the declarations of popular meetings, — the marriages and deaths, and accidents, and offences, that happen in the community, — the jokes of the day that are current, the arrival and departure of our fleets, the debates of our houses of parliament, the announcements of our numerous literary works, and ample intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, — is perhaps the finest thing we have to shew, as a proof of our national greatness, and the most trustworthy means of rendering it durable. What an immense mass of interests and connecting communications is here apparent, knitting the superstructure of our society together, and by its publication diffusing throughout the whole a spirit of general sympathy, as an animating mind to the clenched union of a commonwealth of rights and possessions! Each provincial town of any magnitude has one or more of these circulators of public sentiment, and diffusers of neighbourly feeling. The farmer, the tradesman, the labourer, the learned, the ignorant, the rich, the poor, are by this means

brought together; — they become familiar with each other's names, occupations, and concerns; — the cement of acquaintance-ship binds them together; — differences of opinion are daily encountered, and thus lose their tendency to produce rancour, while they give keenness and independence to thought; — national warmth is cherished; the national name is endeared; the national character is felt; — all concealed inflammables are discovered and removed; suspicion is prevented by knowledge, and fear by confidence; — and when public emergencies occur, the public resources are soon marshalled to meet them, for the people previously know whom they ought to regard as leaders, where their means are to be found, and, (what is more important still,) each one has made up his mind as to the principles by which his exertions should be regulated. Steadiness, unanimity, and comparative propriety, must necessarily distinguish the measures of the country that is so intimately and firmly bound together, and in which the impulse that originates with its noblest and most central organs, diffuses itself,

without interruption, to the smallest parts and remotest extremities of the frame.

To shew how cold and languid public sympathy is in the breast of the French, compared with its state in England, it need only be mentioned, that none of their periodical works give a regular announcement of births, marriages, and deaths. If any very conspicuous character has been affected by one or other of these casualties, a paragraph in some of the journals will state the fact; but this is but one among many other proofs of the poverty and dependence of their feeling. They are perpetually looking above themselves with awe and admiration, or with anger,—and never among themselves with frankness, self-respect, and good-humour. They take off their hats frequently, but they seldom shake hands. They cherish nothing of that personal consciousness which here causes John to send intimation of his wedding with Mary, to the Morning Chronicle, that Thomas may know of it;—their Thomases know nothing, and therefore care nothing about their Johns. It follows that they never join hands in any public cause, the

strength of which must arise out of private confidence; they never unite cordially and confidently against one overgrown and ill-disposed personage, whose mischievous designs against them their mutual strength might successfully oppose, but whose power is too much for any of them singly. Their social spirit is not more deep or kindly than that which prompts an interchange of remarks and civilities at a place of public amusement, where individuals, who have no concert with each other in serious affairs, exchange simpers and nods under the excitement of trifles.

I have thus early gone at some length into these very important national peculiarities, as they distinguish the French from the English, because the generally felt *travelling propensity* of the latter, which is deemed so wild and unaccountable by their foreign neighbours, is fairly to be traced to the activity, information, and earnestness of their public mind. In paying a visit to Paris, it surely is but proper to take some notice of our numerous fellow-countrymen on the road and to endeavour to vindicate their respectability as

far as it happens to be called in question. The crowding to France from this country has been attributed to a mania, and the people of Japan and China, who never stir from home, would be particularly severe on this efflux from our shores. Long, however, may it be the reproach of our nation, that its sons go about, while others sit still,— and that its institutions advance, while others remain stationary.

CHAPTER II.

A LARGE crucifix on the pier of Dieppe, seen from the deck of the packet, first caused me to *feel* that I was about to land on foreign ground, and mingle with manners, and looks, and language, to which I had been unaccustomed. This feeling, when experienced for the first time, is a strong and a touching one. I am not ashamed to confess, that I looked earnestly at the hills which rose before me, to discover something *French* about them; they seemed, however, to be round and green, very much like those I had left behind. My eye earnestly sought out the clusters of farm-houses; they indicated life and intelligence, that formed part of a different system of sentiments, manners, and expressions, from that to which I belonged. The sensation

that is caused by this conviction is not easily described; — you seem to be going, as it were, beyond yourself, — and you are surprised to find that your experience does not furnish you with a single anticipation of any of the appearances that are about to present themselves. This is a novelty, indeed, after a certain age, and revives again, in the exhausted and torpid breast, that activity of observation, quickness of feeling, and fruitfulness of idea, that give to the moments of childhood as much of the essence of enjoyment as is contained in years of after-life. While a traveller keeps within his own country, he expects that, with something new, he will meet with more that is common; he knows how he will be received at the inns; he is conversant with the aspect of the towns; and the very features of the earth regard him, as he passes, with an air of old acquaintanceship. But when, for the first time, he quits his own country, he is prepared for nothing; every thing comes upon him with the force of a first impression; and nothing startles him more than the numerous resemblances to those objects

and habits with which he is familiar. These he least expects to encounter, and at these, therefore, he is most surprised. The reported discovery of *roads* in the moon, excited more popular admiration than the account of any monstrous prodigy on its surface would have done.

As the packet entered within the pier, the interest became stronger, for we were advancing within crowds of men and women, and into the bosom of the strange place. We could already hear the youngest children, and the most miserable of the poor, talking a language which we had been accustomed to consider as the proof of a liberal education. It was Sunday, and the beach and quay were thronged with persons waiting to see us land. "For the love of Heaven," cried an English admiral's lady, "look at that creature in the red petticoat!" She was a fishwoman, and certainly presented a figure very grotesque to an English eye. The grey woven jackets of these women are tight around the waist; the expansion where the petticoat begins is immense, but the petticoat itself is short. Both their hands are usually in their

pockets; they walk along with a careless air, stooping forward their bodies; their physiognomies are sharp, but do not indicate rudeness; and from their ears, huge golden drops and rings are suspended, which are bequeathed from mother to daughter with pride, and preserved in the family with care. Let me do them the justice to praise their cleanlinesss; their dress is remarkably complete and trim;—their raised caps, with long loose flaps hanging over their shoulders, are white as snow; and I had an opportunity of confirming this observation in other towns of the coast, and on other days of the week besides Sunday.

We could also discern some ladies on the pier, and their flowing shawls, high bonnets, and tricksome gait, bid our young gentlemen prepare their compliments in a new language, and in a new style. I had been told not to expect much female beauty in France; but the first face I could distinctly perceive, was that of a very beautiful French girl, who leaned, with an air of triumphant weakness, on the arm of her

beau, a fierce fellow, with a cocked hat and cockade, while she regarded us with a look which cannot be described otherwise than by saying that it conveyed, with a marked intention, the quintessence of feminine expression. Her companions (for she was surrounded by several of her own sex) were excited into smiles by the view of our party, whose appearance sea-sickness, and a night spent on board the packet, had rendered very squalid; and, as the vessel advanced, they advanced also, to be close to the landing of so singular a set. Each had her protector, by whose side she tripped with a conscious shortness of step, a soliciting bend of her form, balanced by a lively confidence in her eyes and smiles.

But the most impressive feature of the crowd before us, and that which most struck us with a sense of novelty and of interest, was its military aspect. Almost every man had some indication of the military profession about his person, sufficient to denote that he had been engaged in war; at the same time, there was a self-willed variety in the dress of each, which had a

very unpleasant effect, inasmuch as it prevented us from recognizing that *stamped assurance of legitimacy as an armed force*, which is impressed on the aspect of British troops. We could scarcely imagine, that the dark-visaged beings, some in long, loose great coats, some in jackets, some in cocked hats, some in round ones, some in caps, who darted at us keen looks of a very over-clouded cast, had ever belonged to regiments, steady, controlled, and lawful; — they seemed, rather, the fragments of broken-up gangs, brave, dextrous, and fierce, but unprincipled, and unrestrained. Much of this irregularity and angriness of appearance was doubtless occasioned by the great disbandment of the army that had just taken place. The disbanded had no call to observe the niceties of military discipline, although they still retained such parts of their military uniform as they found convenient. They had not then either pursuits to occupy their time, or even prospects to keep up their hopes; they still lounged about in idleness, although their pay had been stopped; and disappointment and necessity threw into their faces an

expression deeper than that of irritation, — approaching, in fact, to the indications of indiscriminate and inveterate hatred. They carried about with them in their air, the branded characteristics of forlorn men, whose interests and habits opposed them to the peace of mankind; — men who would cry with the desperate Constance,

"War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war!"
KING JOHN.

When a Margate hoy evacuates her cargo, the crowd on the pier is usually considerable, but how different in its general aspect from that which now presented itself! At the English watering-place, the arriving passengers find collected to receive them, snug mercantile physiognomies, countenances indicating a settled and comfortable mode of living, unmarked by irritation or alarm, — and a kind of lazy independence of manner, which by those who do not possess a good deal of knowledge of the nicer traits of character, is likely to be taken for insolence. In the French crowd, on the contrary, vivacity is every where apparent: — the soldiers are vivaciously surly; the

ladies vivaciously charming; the attendant-porters and masters of hotels vivaciously solicitous; the common people vivaciously observant and assiduous. "Permit me to have the honour to carry little *My Lord* up the ladder," said a fellow with a nightcap on his head, and a ragged jacket on his back, at the same time snatching up a little boy who stood timidly in his mother's hand on the deck. He, and three others, followed the party to the hotel, and stood silently in the room. An English gentleman, anxious to make his essay, and thinking that on these persons he might safely try his skill, addressed them in terms of obsequiousness, which he intended to rival the French in their own country. "To what were he and his friends indebted for the favour of the present visit?" The spokesman of the set replied, that Messieurs, pointing to the three behind, and himself, had been so fortunate as to assist the landing of the bountiful English, and they craved the honour of being remembered for their services. "But why," rejoined the Englishman, "follow us all the way here; why not demand your recompence at the ves-

sel?" — "It would have been most impolite in poor people like us to have forced ourselves on your notice in the street," was the cunning answer, which could only be handsomely rewarded by a donation of several francs.

We entered the hotel with our eyes springing out before our steps, on the alert to detect curiosities. The host led the way, talking such English, that we were obliged to beg he would be intelligible to Englishmen by speaking French. A hasty glance, as we passed the kitchen, gave us a glimpse of a man-cook, who gratified us excessively, being exactly what Hogarth has represented, as a specimen of the tribe, in the famous picture of the Gates of Calais: — indications of soups and stews were abundant; and the female servants, in "fancifully wild costume," took their stations within view, their faces all sparkling and *up*, as we say of spruce beer.

The room into which we were shewn, gave strong evidence that we were not in England. It would have been fine and elegant, if it had not been out of repair, and dirty. Glasses of a size which we never see

in our country, but in the houses of persons of fortune, hung on the cheerless white walls, in frames, the gilding of which was mostly worn off. A magnificent marble chimney-piece, and a superb hearth of the same, were by no means in harmony with a naked brick-floor. Wash-hand basins stood on tables that had been superb in gold, and were still curious in carving. After our voyage, several operations conducive to personal comfort were necessary; these, such as washing, shaving, combing, &c. were all to be performed, by all the party, in the room devoted to breakfast. But the breakfast afterwards was good, the host and the waiters were civil; and their guests, in the heartiness and freshness of their feelings, found every thing, however strange and even incommodious, a source of amusement and pleasure.

The house itself, to which we were led, deserves remark, as affording a characteristic trait of the country, which stands prominently out in the view of the English as something to which they have not been accustomed. It was very large, and its size had an air as if it were useless. It

seemed as if it could extend accommodation far beyond the wants of its present possessors, and they, on the other hand, evidently were inclined to pay it no attention beyond what these wants demanded. Much of it, in consequence, looked ruinous and deserted, and, as no care is ever bestowed in France to preserve what, in England, is called tidiness, the external aspect was loose and repelling. The roof seemed solid and strong, but its strength only emboldened the owner to neglect it; long grass sprung up between the slates, that were covered with a sort of grey coat;—here and there holes were seen, that went through to the inside, admitting the weather, with all its accidents. As there was room enough in the hotel for the inmates, and all their purposes, without using the apartments so uncovered, why should these holes be mended? This is the general character of the common buildings in all the French towns I have seen. They are usually larger and stronger than is necessary for the uses of the persons who inhabit them; the consequence is, not that this overplus of good qualities elevates the

condition and adorns the appearance of the people, but that an accurately proportioned degree of neglect brings them down, by means of filth, dilapidation, and desertion, to the level of humble life. But on this subject I shall have more to say when I get to Paris. In the mean time I must remark, that in England a spirited and steady demand for materials of every kind, renders it absolutely necessary that nothing shall be wasted, either to give a privilege to idleness, or from a foolish fondness for displaying qualities not required for the particular purposes in view. I am aware, however, that political events must not be left out of consideration here; these have made strange changes in France, and many of its habitations are now occupied by a description of persons very different from those for whom they were originally designed.

It oftentimes happens that circumstances, which run most counter to our notions of comfort and propriety, and excite the dislike and ridicule of mere common-sense, shed a most picturesque effect, and interesting air, over the appearance of objects. It is unquestionably true, that the forms

and properties that are most available to poets and artists, generally include much of moral evil and social inconvenience; — the improvements of society will be found to lessen their number. In fact, the labours of the philanthropist, let us confess at once, are inimical to some of the finest celebrations of poetry and painting, being calculated to smooth the elevations of romantic heroism, and the depths of romantic pathos, into a very convenient level, admirably fitted for the transaction of business and the general accommodation, but monotonous in its character, and uninspiring in its tendency. Numerous proofs of this will rush at once on the reader's mind, and one may be derived from the interesting and striking appearance which the great, dirty, and uncomfortable houses of the continent, confer on its large towns. Dieppe is, on this account, a very pleasing object of view to an English stranger, who has a relish for the picturesque. Modern improvement has not here stepped in as the foe to fine effect. The streets are narrow, dark, and winding; the lofty houses overhang them with projecting

spouts, curious signs, and elegant cornices; —they break into all sorts of shapes,— ends and fronts, pointed roofs, balconies, and clustering chimnies. The ancient slating reposes in venerable grey amongst moss and grass. The Scotchman who first touches the continent at Dieppe, will not be so much affected by its aspect, inasmuch as Edinburgh, and other towns of Scotland, have many of these features; but they are considerably more marked in the former place.

It was Sunday, as I have already said, when I landed in France. No bells were heard, they had been melted down during the revolution; but old women and children, with strings of beads and prayer-books in their hands, were seen coming from church. The signs of devotion, however, were very scantily strewed over the surface of the town; the shops were open, and business was evidently going forward.

At the extremity of the town stand a barrier and guard-room, at which a body of troops is stationed, to take cognizance of incomers and outgoers. It was here I first saw French soldiers under arms, and the sight suggested the vast events in which

they had been concerned. An Englishman's mind is peculiarly open to these impressions from his intimacy with the facts of his period; and one like myself, who has been for years engaged in speculating on the progress of the French power, and the course and tendency of French ambition, if he have really been smitten with the force of his themes, will feel, as I did, more than he can well express, when he first comes into the real presence of those objects with which his imagination has been so long filled, and that have so actively exercised his understanding.

These military posts at the entrances of the French towns intimate very plainly, to the British traveller, that he is in a country, where authority has been accustomed to stand out in a less disguised form, and with a more absolute spirit, than belong to it in that which he has quitted; and they further declare to him, that the public charater of France has been formed under different influences, and her public manners modelled according to a very different training, from those that have given to his native land her admired "form and pressure."

CHAPTER III.

IN journeying along the excellent roads, and through the delightful villages of Normandy, the Englishman, who finds himself in the midst of persons and things, of which he has scarcely yet learned to think but as surrounded with hostile images, will, if I may judge of others by myself, be struck with surprise, that, from these people, and from these scenes, he has been so long forbidden by mutual hatred, and actual violence. While the novelties that meet his view are sufficient to keep his faculties in a state of pleasant exercise, he is saluted with numerous similarities to his oldest and dearest acquaintanceships, that completely establish the doubted affinity of brotherhood, and set a stirring the kindest sympathies of his heart. He catches a glance of the domestic occupations of a peasant family

as he rapidly passes a cottage window; the aged labourer looks upward to his carriage with that rustic hardness of expression which is so well known to him; the rivulet glides as pleasantly through that valley as it does in England; the skies look cheerfully down upon him with their English faces; the servants come with an air of frankness to assist him to alight; he sees in the country towns the common occupations of trade all in motion, and presenting aspects with which he is very familiar. He says to himself,—can it be these people whose throats I have been wishing to cut, and who have been endeavouring to cut mine for the last twenty years? What has kept me from coming among them during all that time? Here are the roads, here are the accommodations, here are services for money, and smiles for nothing. This feeling, if I mistake not, cannot be called silly;—it shews, in fact, how unnatural is the state of war; how little the people have to do with it:—that it is the work of an interested few to the misery and destruction of the many; that its objects

are in general so vague and trifling, that they do not present themselves as substantial realities, involving true interests, but hide themselves in the obscurity of state mystery, or stand exposed, when closely looked at, as the mere delusions of state craft. I could scarcely help imagining, when enjoying myself in a country, with which England had so lately, and for so long a time, been in rancorous hostility, that it had been, during that time, enshrouded and rendered formidable by the vapours and storms of some surly enchanter, which being suddenly cleared away by "soft influences," a fair and serene face uncovered itself where we had before contemplated only darkness and mischief. This is among the first impressions caused by landing in France: but I do not say that some of a less agreeable kind may not result from further observation.

A French Diligence merits particular notice as a trait of character, as well as a novelty. As a carriage, its external appearance indicates it to be a mixed species, formed by the union of a waggon with a

stage-coach; but let me confess that, however unprepossessing its look may be, its qualities realize many of those advantages which are found to result from crossing breeds. It certainly is not so strong as a waggon, nor so lightsome, or swift, as one of our Highfliers; but to much of the security and roominess of the former, it adds a very considerable proportion of the celerity of the latter. There is, to be sure, a great want of arrangement, of suitableness, completeness, and nicety, visible about itself and all its appurtenances; but this, after the first disgust it occasions is over, excites admiration of the dexterity of the people who contrive to get on, in every thing, with the most awkward and insufficient means in the world, very nearly as well as they do who are the most exact and scrupulous in their preparations. Business in England is conducted on a system, formed of a regular division of labour, and an accurate calculation of what means are required to produce certain ends: in France much is left to individual adroitness, to shifts, to accident, and to putting the best face on

whatever may happen. Care is taken in England to prepare well; the French think little of this, trusting to their quickness and cleverness when emergencies occur. An English coachman considers himself as a part of a regular establishment, called upon to fill only his own place, and discharge his own duties. He accordingly conducts himself with appropriate precision and self-consequence: he arranges his great coat, and handles his handsome whip, with the air of an official person, who has certain ways of doing certain things, which he deems as important as the things themselves; and if any serious accident happens to his harness or horses, he curses those of his brother functionaries in whose department the neglect has been committed. A French postilion is more universal in his capacities, in proportion as his administration is less defined, and his means less complete. He is off and on his horse's back twenty times in the course of one stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. As ropes are likely to break, he is not surprised or dismayed, if called upon to mend those by which his

horses are tied rather than harnessed; and this he does with packthread, if he happen to have any in his pocket, and with his garters if he have not. If a passenger call, he dismounts; and pops his head into the window as he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own guidance; a freedom which they are accustomed to, and therefore seldom abuse. You scarcely ever look at him but you find him repairing an accident,—knotting his whip, or mending his saddle, or joining a bridle, or knocking some part of the machinery with a stone picked up from the road. The progress of the travellers does not stop while these repairs are making;—no embarrassment is discoverable; neither disconcertion nor anger takes place. The horses are arranged in a strange order: a few ropes loosely bind three of them abreast as leaders,—one behind runs between heavy shafts, and carries the postilion, and a fifth is attached to the side of the latter, by the same insufficient and coarse sort of tackle. The whole set, except the one within the shafts, are thus free to curvet, and prance, and zig-zag; and they make a

great show of availing themselves of this liberty. In truth, however, they are very tractable; they get along at a good pace, and readily obey the driver's whip (which he employs more than his reins), notwithstanding the impatience they pretend to shew by rampant pawings, vehement snortings, and deviating plunges. The horse in France generally displays the native and natural appearance of that fine animal, which is seldom seen in England. The particular breed of each province is kept distinct, and in its pure state, and it accordingly evinces that original spirit and peculiarity of disposition which constitute what is called character, and which, putting utility out of the question, is infinitely more interesting than combined qualities, and made-up perfections.

A conductor is attached to each Diligence, whose duties, if they were properly laid down, would answer to those of our guards; but his chief business, according to his practice, is to sleep, closely shut up in the Cabriolet (which is a covered seat in front), and to take his place at the head of the table, with the passengers, at

their meals. This used to be customary in England: the stage-coachmen in our country, fifty years ago, wore large laced cocked hats, and held it their province to carve for their living charge. Probably they considered themselves as standing in a sort of paternal relationship towards those who were entrusted to their superintendance for the journey,—which, if it happened to be one of any great length, was then a very serious matter. There is something very primitive and simple in this custom: it proves that people were not then so much in the habit, as they are now, of regarding every thing as trifling, and of looking with indifference at the skill which they do not possess. What is now called a trip from London to Edinburgh, was then an occurrence that gave interest and dignity to the remainder of a man's existence; and the personage who conducted this important movement, was looked up to as one whose responsible situation, and eminent attainments, were more than sufficient to make up for any inequality of rank. England has now advanced beyond this feeling; her expe-

rience is so extensive, and her instruments so complete, that almost all events and undertakings have become to her commonplace and easy. She is no longer awe-struck by distance, and consequently has lost much of her respect for stage-coachmen, whom she has sent from the parlour of the inn to the kitchen.

France is still in a much earlier state: and hence there is a raciness about the manners in her provinces, as well as a marked distinction between her classes, which cause her peasantry, and the inhabitants of her country towns, to bear a much nearer resemblance to those of Scotland, than to those of England. This resemblance in other respects struck me very forcibly; it exists strongly in point of dress, and the dishes which are presented at the inns have a very near relationship to Scotch cookery. In these instances the coincidence must be traced to the early connection between the two countries, of which every reader of history knows. But there is also a Scotch air about the inhabitants and country of Normandy. The features of the former have

much of the Scotch cast; and the short-coated, bare-headed girls, the thin-faced rigid-nerved men, the slovenly cottages, the irregularities of cultivation, the non-descript appearance of the people and animals that collect round the Diligences at the post-houses, all concurred to bring Scotland to my recollection. The beggars assisted to do this: many of them were ideots; many paralytics;—every variety of human infirmity and distortion made its appeal to compassion. Most of these in England would have been confined in the parochial receptacles for such sufferers,—but in Scotland, as in France, we perpetually meet with them in the roads and streets. I do not mean to say, that mendicity is not to be found in the southern division of the United Kingdom;—it is shamefully common, and the beggars there are of the worst class, being the idle rather than the incapacitated, the profligate young, rather than the exhausted old. Disease in England, however, is seldom seen soliciting relief; it speedily becomes the object of regular provision; whereas in Scotland you are

not often importuned but by bodily or mental derangement. The spectacle is, consequently, more shocking, but the national character suffers less in consequence.

The general aspect of the country between the coast and the capital of France, especially that part of it nearest the former, gives the idea of a kingdom that has suffered; that has been reduced from what it was to what it is. It is apparent that something has happened to it, which has not only stopped improvement, but actually removed its condition downwards. Many of the Chateaus are in ruins; others are inhabited by the poor, whose children were to be seen playing in roofless and windowless summer-houses, standing in desolate gardens, which give an affecting token that calamity has befallen the original possessors. There is something infinitely more melancholy in the appearance of that land, the capacities of which are superior to the state of its inhabitants, than of that where the people are evidently cramped and depressed by the deficiencies of na-

ture, and in the general absence of means. It is more pitiable to see the human body falling away from its coverings, than incommoded by overgrowing them. France, in that part of it through which I travelled, is full of signs that disorganization and destruction have been at work. Neglected avenues, unemployed out-houses, unappropriated means of various kinds, all tend to shew that the population has been reduced in circumstances as well as in numbers. Large houses by the road side are almost deserted; and their few occupiers are of so mean and miserable a description, that it is evident they must have been thrown into their present places by some violence, that has removed the natural owners from their proper spheres, and filled their situations with those who are incompetent to discharge their functions towards society. The consequence is, a general appearance of impoverishment and unsuitableness. To judge from such hasty observation, as passing along the roads and through the towns would permit, I should certainly say that men were few in this part of the country of

France; but although the fact is probable in itself, and affirmed on better authority than I can offer in its support, I do not wish to press my testimony as adding any thing to the evidence.

It is affirmed, indeed, and by those who may be deemed good authorities, that the agricultural condition of France is much improved since the Revolution; — in no less a ratio, it is said, than one-fifth. The fact is certainly not improbable, nor at all inconsistent with what has been stated. In the first place, agricultural science has made a considerable progress in Europe generally within that period, and this must have effected a considerable change for the better in agricultural practice in France, as well as elsewhere, had the old system continued: in the second, it is not to be doubted that the breaking up of the large estates, consequent on the destruction of the nobility, and the throwing of the land of France, in smaller distributions, into the hands of persons of active habits, interested to render it as profitable as possible, would be followed by an improvement of cultivation. The question

is, whether this increased production of the earth, which certainly is in itself calculated to be a source of increased national prosperity and individual happiness, has in reality been so to this kingdom? It does not follow as a matter of course, that the growth of grain, &c. must render a people affluent in their general condition; for on this principle the Indians, whose country produces gold and precious stones, should be esteemed wealthier than the merchants of Leadenhall-street. It does appear to me that, as yet, France has not reaped much benefit from the alteration: there seem to have been counteracting causes hitherto at work, thwarting the best tendencies of what has resulted from her political changes,—but these changes have certainly laid the foundation for much future good, and under a wise superintendance it cannot be long of appearing.

I ought to mention, that these observations chiefly apply to the country between Dieppe and Rouen; less of the character in question is noticeable between Rouen and Paris,—that is to say, it is less

marked, but the general cast of feature is the same. Yet, although the condition of the people seemed low, I had soon occasion to observe, that their spirits and manners are of a lighter, and, according to first appearances, of a more cordial quality than those of England. I had not travelled far before I was presented with the sight of one of those rustic dances, which almost inseparably connect themselves with our pleasantest ideas of continental scenery, inasmuch as they are a very favourite topic of description in the most graceful fables, and most interesting narratives, that have touched on continental customs. Perhaps the reality did not appear quite so swimmingly elegant, and elasticly joyous, as the fancy of the thing had been. In Sterne's account of the dancing grace after supper, the young men, if I recollect rightly, changed their sabots, or wooden shoes, for others more neat in their look, and more adapted to lively motion; — but on the road to Rouen they retained them. These gave a heavy prancing air to the steps of the lads; nor were the girls exactly the " crea-

tures of the element;" which in imagination trip on velvet verdure, with a gaiety that has nothing of the coarseness of mirth, and a tenderness that is purified from the grossness of sense. It was evident enough that the gallantry of these rural dancers was not a whit more sentimental than we find it in the inn-yards of our great North-road, when the passing coachmen pay their devoirs to the expectant chambermaids. Nevertheless the village dance of France is a very agreeable addition to the other rural objects that salute the travelling stranger. The old folks sitting with an air of ruminating complacency by the side of the merry whirl, give a family look to the group; and the youthful couples, all animation, notwithstanding the utter absence of eatables and drinkables — (which are absolutely necessary to even tolerable good humour when people meet in England) — and all activity, notwithstanding the heaviness of their wooden shoes, afford a very striking specimen of a nation, where the current of existence glides lightly on, — taking a brisker turn from its impediments, catch-

ing sparkles from its shallowness, and throwing a dazzling effect around its deepest falls, at the bottom of which it collects again to rush onward in an undiminished, and even more ardent stream. Personal deprivations, of most kinds, are, probably, more numerous in France than in England; but it is certain that sorrow and suffering do not present themselves so frequently to casual observation in the former country as in the latter. The aggravations of a harsh spirit are more common here than there: the necessitous with us are perpetually quarrelling and tormenting among themselves. The husband spends his pittance in getting drunk, and then tumbles home to beat his wretched, and not very resigned wife and children: cries and altercation are always heard near the dwellings of our miserable; but the French poor are of a different temperament. Their minds do not swell and chafe under the influence of severe circumstances. This may be, and in my opinion is, because they want depth; the storm that throws the Atlantic into a terrible commotion, only causes a few ripples on the surface of a garden pond; the

mere pleasure-boat, of course, rides most safely, and pleasantly on the latter,—while the ocean, with all its dangers and deformities, is the sphere for high enterprize, and affords the means for effecting the noblest purposes.

As it grew dark we passed through some small towns, in each of which we hurried by several lighted-up houses of public reception, where crowds of both sexes were assembled,—apparently all courteousness and decorum,—regaling with such weak beverages as a very small beer, and coffee, —and gratifying the jiggish propensities of their minds by the sound of fiddles. The labouring Englishman has but little disposition to regale himself in the company of women, and is still less inclined to shew to his female equals those forms of deference and gallant attentions, which are parts of the established system of genteel society. It would seem as if he spurned courtesy from him in a bitter sense of its inapplicability to the necessary coarseness of his condition. The quick feeling of what is ridiculous and unsuitable, which distinguishes our people, has a tendency to make them deride all

forms that are strongly contrasted to realities, and to throw away with a desperate disdain, all that finery of manner that is not of a-piece with their circumstances.

As we approached to Rouen the road became a straight avenue with trees on each side, which is generally the case near the large towns of France. The uniformity of line which this presents to the eye after a while grows tiresome; but as objects in the neighbourhood of cities must in some measure be associated with ideas of art and regularity, the stateliness and preparation of these roads may be justified, although certainly not on the principles of rural beauty. When we came within a mile of the capital of Normandy, we found large lamps hung over the centre of the road by ropes passed completely across it, and fastened to the trees on each side. This is a mode of lighting which is generally adopted in France, and has its origin in the exclusive consideration that was paid to the wishes and interests of the higher classes. The pedestrian must stumble on his way as he can, through darkness and dirt, by the sides of the road or street: neither footpath nor

pavement is prepared for his accommodation, and the light is thrown where it will be of use to the occupier of the chariot. Even in tolerably fine weather, the spectacle afforded by those who walk in the country near Paris is pitiable. The women drag their legs, with long intervals between each step, through deep and thick mud, and have often to balance themselves on one, while the other carefully dives into the chasm to slip the foot into a tenacious shoe that has remained behind. Indictments of parishes and presentations by grand juries, are means which we possess, and are not slack to use, for ensuring public convenience and right. But they arise out of the equality of our government, and are employed under the influence of an established feeling of personal independence; — in these we have yet the advantage of our continental neighbours.

The streets of Rouen were full of groupes collected round ballad singers; a crowd was streaming from the theatre as we entered; the cafés (coffee-houses) appeared numerous and all thronged; music was heard in most of them; games of chance

were playing at some of the tables; at others gallantry seemed the order of the evening. I walked into a bookseller's shop shortly after my arrival; the person who attended, while I was looking at a set of Rousseau's works, before words had been exchanged between us, put into my hands, with a smirk and a bow, a miserable book full of vulgar profligacy. Had he been taught, by experience, that such presentations were likely to be acceptable to the English travellers in his country? If we so account for his conduct, this anecdote is enough to make us ashamed of ourselves.

CHAPTER IV.

THE chances of travelling threw amongst our party a young English shopkeeper, who had taken it into his head to pay a visit to Paris of one week's duration. He must, he said, be back to business by Monday, for the bustling time was coming on. He knew not one word of the French language, nor a single individual in the French capital: his days and nights had been devoted, not to Belles-Lettres, but to the ledger; yet he was determined to see for himself what was fine in the Louvre. This was the great object of his expedition, and it was disappointed, — for the Louvre was shut against the public when he arrived, and he did not stay long enough to enable us to fulfill our promise of procuring him a permission to be admitted. He was an excellent national specimen, of faults as well

as of good qualities, — and furnished some amusing contrasts on the road; so that his introduction here will probably be held very excusable. Never were instinctive curiosity, personal confidence, and regardless intrepidity, more conspicuous than in the travels of this personage. He knew but one side of every question, and he was as positive as if he had spent his life in impartial examination; he had provided for nothing, but he was quite sure of finding himself comfortable in every thing. He had not procured a passport, for he was certain passports were all nonsense, — they would never dare to stop an Englishman; one could travel all over England without a passport. He had no letter of credit, or French money of any kind; but he had plenty of bank-notes, and he would like to see a Frenchman refuse a Bank of England note! Of course he was exposed to many difficulties, which, had he been alone, he would have found very serious; but he treated them all with the utmost carelessness, and attributed them to the awkwardness, and ignorance of the people amongst whom he had come.

The first occurrence that a little shook his notion that an Englishman might stride, like a superior being over France, just as he pleased, attending to none of its customs or rules, and treated with respectful submission by its inhabitants, — was the entrance of a young French dragoon officer, of a fine commanding figure, and authoritative expression of face, into the Diligence. Our shopkeeper saluted him with just such a look of familiar examination as that with which Sir Joseph Bankes would regard an inhabitant of a South Sea island on his first visit to Soho square: but there was a checking haughtiness in the returned glances that soon had its influence on the spirits and behaviour of our countryman. The soldier, it was easy to see, had no feeling of partiality towards the foreigners he had accidentally joined: and he soon explained the state of his mind in this respect, by pulling out of his pocket a snuff-box, on the top of which there was a beautiful portrait of Napoleon in enamel. He carried his devotion so far as to bear about his person another portrait of the same individual suspended by a black rib-

bon, worn round his neck. He was evidently a gentleman, and was the first we had seen in France who bore that assurance in his external appearance: this circumstance I believe repressed our companion far more than the fierce sword and fiercer looks of the stranger. Besides, all that our traveller had read in his country's newspapers of that monster Buonaparte, rushed into his mind, and to have before his eyes, and actually touching his knees, a man who wore the pictures of such a wretch, who clearly regretted his downfall, and who had most probably taken a part in his dreadful deeds, quite bewildered the comprehension, and overpowered the senses of the Englishman. He probably would not have felt more alarmed or horror-struck if Doctor Faustus, immediately after making over his soul to the Devil, had sat down within six inches of him; or if one of those human beings who float down the Ganges, devouring corpses, had come reeking from such a repast to breathe in his face.

The officer resisted conversation with more firmness than is usual in France: it

generally happens there that sulkiness soon gives way to loquacity, but our military companion cut off the approaches to his sentiments, and shut himself up in almost total incommunicativeness. Once only he made an observation which bore on the state of public affairs; — and it was perfectly explanatory of the whole system of his thinking — its causes as well as its condition. Something was said to convey a civil compliment to France, in an expression of satisfaction that she was now open to the visits of Englishmen, and a hope was added, that this pleasant intercourse might last, and the tranquillity of Europe remain uninterrupted. — The remark was not addressed to the officer, but he replied to it, evidently under a strong impulse. "Very good, Gentlemen, — this tranquillity of Europe is a fine thing, — but will it not keep me "*always a Captain?*" *Toujours Capitaine*, was the emphatic conclusion of this sudden burst from taciturnity.

He did not long continue with us, and the traveller of a week looked after him as he descended the steps of the vehicle, as a man looks after the smoke of a piece of

artillery, that has suddenly gone off near him, and startled him more through the influence of surprize than of fear. Our countryman withdrew his looks slowly from the disappearing object of his astonishment, and then fixed his eyes on ours, as if to say — "*Well this is something, however!*" To those of us who had spoken to the Frenchman he addressed himself with that sort of admiring curiosity for information, which the crowd, who visit a menagerie of wild beasts, shew towards the man who dare put his hand into the lion's mouth, and venture within reach of the tiger's paw. "Did he really, then, like Buonaparte?" — "Had he been at Moscow?" — "Was he likely to rebel against Louis the Eighteenth."

But this serious surprise over, there was something indescribably droll in the easy scorn with which the person in question encountered all the novelties that the roads of France presented, — except indeed the novelties of the table, against which he seriously protested, and for some time maintained a very determined resistance, repulsing from him fricaseed pullets and

stewed veal, with a haughty disdain, until he was subdued by hunger, as many other independent spirits have been before him. From the cups, too, in which coffee was served up, he shrunk a little at first, in as much as they struck him as being very like those that hold pomatum in England: but, with all these prejudices, there was an apparent determination about him to see and think for himself, which denoted an active and not a weak mind: it seemed, from his manner, as if he felt it due to his country, while he was absent from her, to laugh at or abuse every thing that differed from her customs, but that he would after his return, ponder upon what he had seen in a more impartial spirit than that in which he had observed.

At one of the stages on the road to Paris a friend fell into conversation with a Frenchman advanced beyond the middle age, who soon discovered that he was, and had been, a faithful adherent to the family of the Bourbons; nor had the short period of their return yet removed from his manner that air of repressed feeling, and concealed opinion,—of trembling suspicion,

and shrinking caution, — which arises from a consciousness of belonging to a beaten and an obnoxious party. If this bear with it the expression of weakness, the unchanging devotion and resigned endurance with which it is coupled, cause the general character to take an elevation from its very depression, and a grandeur from its very infirmities. This relic of a destroyed system, deeming the inn an unfit place for conversation, took the strangers home to his small cottage, to talk fondly of the reviving lilies, and inquire anxiously whether the sufferings of twenty years were now to be succeeded by ample restoration and special favour. Here they found assembled an interesting French family: the grandmother bent with age, sat beside a wood fire; the wife rose to receive them with a look full of recollections of the past, and a manner uniting ease with reserve and distance with affability. A fine youth, her son, and two little children completed the groupe. Mingled with the politeness of the reception there could be seen an expression of interrogation and surprize, denoting that for a long time they had been

unaccustomed to visitings, that the routine of their lives had for years been narrow and unvaried, and had at length produced an effect on their minds, causing them to think much of trifles, and wonder at that which had but little in it of the remarkable. The children came up to the strangers and touched their clothes, as curious persons touch a suit of armour in the tower. The heads of this family had lived out all the horrors of the *temps de la terreur*, but they had suffered much; and, as if a fondness for alarm had arisen out of the troubles they had experienced, they permitted themselves to be thrown into needless consternation by the advance of the Allies,—packing up all their little matters to get out of the way, although the armies were by no means near their part of the country. The mentioning of the name of Louis XVI. forcibly shot a pang across their frames; and when Louis XVIII. was spoken of, it seemed to give them but small assurance of better days. They appeared to feel as if

"Affliction were enamour'd of their parts,
"And they were wedded to calamity."

The Frenchman, with something of a consequential bustle led the way up stairs to what he called his *study;* the room was full of stuffed specimens of all the birds and animals of his neighbourhood, weasels, hawks, pigeons, &c ,—together with shells, stones and grottos, artificial flowers, curious watches and time pieces. He pointed to his treasures with silent looks that rested complacently on them, on his companions, and on himself; and after permitting admiration to indulge itself a while, he said, it was *thus* he amused his leisure hours. It was afterwards found, that he had furnished almost every house in the village in the same way: the villagers were enabled to decorate their chimney-pieces as museums by his bounty. On descending again one of the family asked if their guests would like to see one of their own countrywomen who lived in the neighbourhood. She was sent for immediately,—and the children got close to hear English spoken ; but this female emigrant had almost forgotten her native language, and seemed more embarrassed than pleased by the rencontre.

Beyond Rouen the road was lined with apple and pear trees; and as we came nearer to Paris, the vineyards spread themselves on each side, throwing a fine tint over the face of the country by their broad leaves turned to a reddish yellow in the decline of the Autumn. Many objects gave notice of our approach to the capital; and some of us became restlessly thoughtful in consequence. At last a Frenchman pointed out Montmartre; taking care to explain to us, as strangers, why he requested particular attention to it, by a reference to the battle that placed Paris in the power of the Allies, and caused the overthrow of Buonaparte's government. We replied that we had heard of the circumstances before, — and we felt as if it were pleasanter, for a little while at first, to contemplate what we saw, than to hear it described.

CHAP. V.

THE great strength of that attraction which has drawn so many thousands from these Islands to the capital of France, is not, I apprehend, so much the influence of what are generally understood by the term curiosities; — it chiefly arises, if I mistake not, out of the strange events of the times that are just past. These have given to the kingdom in question, a character of the romantic class in our public's estimation. They regarded it during the season of their exclusion, with sentiments of wonder, certainly not unmingled with awe; — they knew it only in tremendous results, as a volcano is known: the interior process, by which these were produced, was hidden from their eyes, and formed the subject of many an anxious but uncertain speculation.

It was natural, therefore, that they should rush towards it at the first moment of admission, impelled by that intense feeling which the mind experiences, when the scenes of great agitations, of remarkable occurrences, or the seats of formidable beings, are suddenly rendered accessible, after they have been for a long period watched with ceaseless vigilance, but defended from observation by imminent danger. One would eagerly go to see the lair from which the lion had just been driven: his late presence would be sufficient to direct breathless curiosity to even the commonest weeds and bushes. The blank sand left by a deluge, is calculated to excite the sublimest emotions; and an opening in the earth, filled with stagnant water, which we should pass unnoticed if uninformed of its origin, rivets our steps, and suggests almost endless meditation; when we learn that it is the effect of an earthquake that has caused the disappearance of cities, and spread terror and destruction through provinces.

Paris possesses this sort of moral and historical interest in the greatest degree;

but it is also rich in what is calculated to strike the eye by picturesque and grand effect; to satisfy the sensualist, by supplying various and artful enjoyment; to delight the gay, by dispensing a profusion of captivating pleasures; to gratify the tasteful, by a combination of skill, elegance, and feeling; to suggest reflection, and pleasingly employ research, by effigying the events of a far distant date, and picturing manners that have long been obsolete; to administer to the wants of the scholar, by supplying vast collected stores of all the materials of human knowledge; and, in fine, to afford an unmatchable treat to the student of mankind, by discovering and even displaying to immediate observation, all that can give a thorough insight into character and condition.

This last circumstance forms the most extraordinary peculiarity of Paris. Compared with the cities of most other countries, it is like a glass bee-hive compared with those that are made of straw. You see, without trouble, into all its hoards;—all its creatures perform all their operations, full in the face of all: what others consign

to secrecy and silence, they throw open to daylight, and surround with the buzzing of fluttering swarms. Of the French, or, at least, of the French of the capital, it may be said, that the essence of their existence is *a consciousness of being observed.* People, in general, permit this only to take its place with various motives and feelings that check each other, and produce a mixed conduct, — in which a person lives a little for his forefathers, a little for himself, a little for his family, a little for his friends, a little for the public, and a little for posterity. But the Parisians, (for to them I confine my remarks, as they are the only specimen of the nation with which I am acquainted), live only for the bustle and notice of present society. Hence it is, that they have not a notion of retirement, even where they dress and sleep, but, at the expence of much convenience, receive company in their bed-rooms, which are furnished accordingly: hence the cleverest individuals are not happy, unless they mingle with the silliest in coteries: hence Paris is full of literary societies, libraries, institutes, museums, &c.: hence every thing choice that

it possesses is made a common exhibition of; and the multitude are invited to examine that which philosophers only can understand, and admire that the beauties of which can be only appreciated by cultivated intellect, guided by refined taste.

The effect of all this display is striking in the extreme; and further, it is most advantageous for strangers. The value of the character that occasions it is a matter for after consideration. It will occur, however, to every one, at the instant, that, although it is very desirable to have living models of female beauty exposed for the use of the the artist, the obliging creatures who so expose themselves, do not occupy the highest place in our esteem.—It may be asked,—and the Parisians will ask, with much sincerity,—what are graces and charms given for, if they are not to be brought out to notice? One must be very metaphysical to answer this question in form,—and the sound feelings of my readers will sufficiently answer it for themselves in substance.

The present work is intended to connect the separate sources of interest that have

been adverted to, more closely than has yet been done; so that each object in Paris may bear on the mind with a force, concentrated from all of them that are in any wise applicable to itself. The view of external magnificence may be rendered much more touching by a reference to the complications and reverses of human fortune of which the interior has been the scene. A common lamp-post is worth a look, when pointed out as the instrument of revolutionary execution. A parade in the *Place de Carousal* may be rendered interesting to more than drill-serjeants, by calling up the recollection, that the men who are now practising the lock-step in front of the window of Louis XVIII., are those who threatened England from the shores of Boulogne, who blew up the Kremlin, and retired, through all the horrors of war and winter, under the standards of Buonaparte! If a juggler's exhibition on the *Boulevarde*, can be made to illustrate a characteristic feature of the people among whom it takes place, let us stop with the children to look at the tricks. Even the high and huge bonnets of the French fe-

males, I must candidly say, although my countrywomen may frown, contain matters well worthy of regard; and it is not the legs of the ladies alone that are exposed in Paris by the dirtiness of the streets, and the want of pavement.

A living author, speaking of Rome, says that "he who delights to range in thought over the past, and to converse with the great of ancient times, will here find an inexhaustible fund of information in every street, and the memory of some noble achievement or illustrious person meeting him at every turn." The historical associations with the streets and buildings of Paris, in the mind of a stranger, are not of so agreeable a nature. To rake into the ashes of the past, merely to find something offensive, is not either a dignified or a humane occupation; but we may be permitted to descend among the foulest vestiges of disease and death, for the sake of deriving from them useful instruction and striking examples. It is due to truth,—and it seems to me absolutely required by present circumstances,—to state, that the impres-

sions which Paris makes on the feelings of him who for the first time approaches its barriers, do not at all coincide with the favourite boasts of its people, nor support that splendid national character, which, notwithstanding all the acknowledged national faults, they persist in thinking the predominating distinction of France, in the eyes of an admiring world. In their capital, it is true are collected all the trophies and commemorations of their arms, — the glory of which, as they fancy, strikes out with a lustre that obscures every thing but itself. In it are amassed the choicest treasures of art, that have been taken from their native and natural seats, to excite the wonder of crowds instead of the sensibility of a few, — and, like other exotics, to be the objects of formal care and magnificent accommodation that ill repay them for what they have lost: — and in it are Palaces, Pillars, Scavans, Theatres, Gardens, which a Parisian, who carries Lemonade on his back, will tell you renders Paris indisputably the Athens of Europe. But although a stranger knows he is ariving at all this, it is not any of it that is first suggested to him by what

he sees and recollects of this famous place. Bloodshed, fickleness, and falsehood, are the overpowering ideas that rise in his mind on this occasion, and, however indisposed he may be to illiberal impressions, he feels that he is entering *where nothing is secure, or can afford security.* This is the most horrible of all feelings; and Paris inspires it more than any other habitable spot on the Globe. Go where one will elsewhere, there will appear some respected ground, on which he who gets a footing will be safe; there will appear some sheltering, if it even be under gross prejudices, or be only derivable from the factious spirit of one party eager to disappoint the passions of another. In Turkey the cry of *Allah!* will ensure good treatment: to be received as a son by the fiercest American tribe it is only necessary for a stranger to bear suffocation over kindled straw, and allow his body to be the bed of a *chevaux de frize* of lighted matches: the Hottentots, though they might be tempted to commit outrage by a *cordon bleu* and gold cross, never forget the respect that is due to a patch of filth stuck upon

some conspicuous part of the human figure: even

> —— "The Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

will in general give protection in return for a conformity to their standards of manners, and codes of morals. But Paris does not present you with one system of opinions, or course of conduct, that has not,—(I do not mean in the lapse of years, naturally causing a progress, or, if you will, a change of sentiment,—but in the mere freak of the day, lasting but for the day,)—betrayed those to destruction who trusted to its popularity.

Just before reaching this Capital, the traveller passes through the town of Saint Denis, which may be almost said to form one of its suburbs. Here stands the famous and beautiful Abbey, which had from its foundation in the early ages been the mausoleum of the Sovereigns of France, till the 10th of August 1793, when the Parisians assembled in the *Champs Elisées* to celebrate,

by what they called a national festival, the acceptance of one of their new constitutional codes. The arrangement of this civic fete was entrusted to David the Painter, who has not yet got rid of the impressions of that period, but still gives us, on his canvasses, Assassins for heroes, and Butchers for patriots. It has been described as combining all the absurdities of Pagan idolatry with the most ridiculous mummeries of corrupted worship; fraternal kisses were mingled on mouths that had actually drank the blood and gnawed the flesh of their fellow creatures; the Commissioners of the Sections grasped the olive branch in one hand, and the incrusted pike in the other; and as a bit of amiable *sentiment*, which must always be introduced by the French in whatever they do, birds were set free, with light collars on their necks, inscribed with the rights of man, that in their flight they might carry to Heaven from the Jacobin Club, and the crowd of September murderers, "testimonials of the restoration of liberty and happiness on earth!" It was on this day, that the worshippers of the National Genius, and the invokers of the

National Spirit, proceeded to Saint Denis to consummate their national celebration by dismantling its fine and venerable Abbey, destroying the tombs of their kings and heroes, disinterring their remains, and administering to the wanton merriment of the rabble by furnishing them with the skull of Henry the IV. to use as a football. These are among the first recollections suggested to the traveller by what he sees in the neighbourhood of Paris; — and they make him feel, I repeat, that he is going where there is nothing secure, or that can afford security; for what confidence of any kind can exist among those, who, in the vanity of the present, lose all respect, affection, and even tolerance for the past, who reconcile what is most atrocious in practice to the boast of fine principle, who commit the meanest actions in the proudest feeling of vain glory, and the most cruel, without for an instant doubting that they are models and mirrors of polished politeness.

The traveller, proceeding onward from Saint Denis, arrives at the barrier of Paris on that side. It is guarded by Douaniers and Military; the former are provided with

steel weapons, very much like small swords, to probe into the loading of waggons, &c. for contraband goods. The stoppage here, the appearance of the instruments of authority, all so much harsher and absolute in their air than those to which he has been accustomed, and the long prospect up the narrow and dirty *Rue du Fauxbourg Saint Denis*, crowded with persons of the lower orders in singular costumes, do not remove from the Englishman, arriving in the dusk of the evening, the impressions which the town of Saint Denis occasioned. The lofty houses, on the contrary, seem to frown blackly on him as he passes, — and, glancing back his eye at the barrier, he almost shrinks to find that he is within it. He remembers that it used to be shut, to the destruction of numbers, at the sound of the Cannon and the Tocsin, those terrible signals of confusion and slaughter — signals at which the good trembled and retired sadly within their houses, to wait the infliction of some new enormity, — and which called forth the bad to organized depredation and carnage.

Still advancing, his carriage passes under

the *porte Saint Denis.* This is a fine massive piece of architecture, simply grand, and gives to the English traveller the first proof that he is entering a city where much attention has been devoted to external decoration, and the magnificence of the buildings has long been considered a favourite object of the government's care, and the nation's pride. It is seventy-two feet high, by seventy-two wide. The bas-reliefs, &c. were in part executed by the famous Girardon; who was only prevented from completing them by being called off to achieve the splendid glories of Versailles. This erection, which is more properly a triumphal arch than the gate of a town, was built to the honour of the victories of Louis the Fourteenth. The rapidity of this monarch's conquests in 1672, says its historian, — the passage of the Rhine, and forty strong places and three provinces submitting to the laws of the Conqueror in the space of two months, induced the town of Paris to elevate to him a new monument. Like every other monument which Paris contains, it now principally commemorates the ingratitude and inconsistency of the people. The inscrip-

tions in honour of Louis were destroyed, as a French writer says, "*par le delire revolutionnaire.*" Buonaparte, with his usual feeling for justice, and magnanimous regard for the glory of others, had his own name inscribed on the entablature; and, under some of the letters indicating the late existence of his imperial tyranny, there were still to be seen relics of the reign of terror, in bits of the words *Liberté, Egalité.* They almost seemed to have been left purposely by those employed to make the last alteration, as a visible reproach to their countrymen, who in improving their condition, have never stopped short of the opposite extremes of impropriety, and whose vanity has never been checked from emblazoning their present moods, and their fashionable systems, in all the grandeur of decoration, and the tinsel of language, by the circumstance of their all in turn heaping disgrace on their predecessors. The *Porte Saint Denis,* when I passed under it, was, in consequence of the restoration of the Bourbons, returning back to its original office of displaying the trophies of Louis the Fourteenth! The better way would be to

leave niches in these public monuments, in which different heads and names might be slid as occasion requires, in the same way as the ever-changing days of the month are slid into the dial-plates of our clocks.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have an English comedy — (not a very good one) — in which a worthy London citizen who has been led into Wales, professes the utmost astonishment that any one can see beauty in black and rough-looking hills, with torrents impeded by stones, and rushing between irregular banks, falling down their sides. He appeals to the smooth and level mall, and the carefully preserved canal of St. James's Park, which he says are called fine by good judges, to prove that their immediate opposites must be deformities. My readers, therefore, who are checking this account of Paris by their own notions, formed on the spot of observation, must not even be surprized, far less angry, if they find that I totally dissent from the statements they have been giving to their friends. I met with many

English there, who could see nothing but that the streets were narrow and dirty, and that the fronts of the houses wanted white-washing, their stairs scouring, and their doors scraping and scrubbing. Agreeing with all this, and granting the comfort and respectability accruing from these observances, I must nevertheless pronounce Paris to be a most magnificent place. The views which it presents are of the most touching and grand kind; its appearances are interesting beyond any thing I could before have fancied. The chief reason of this is, that *character* is indicated by almost every surface. A system of things, calculated, with reference to the whole, to produce the greatest aggregate amount of convenience and completeness of every kind, tames down and restrains the manifestations of individual peculiarities. This prevails much more in England than in France,—and more in London than in Paris. The consequence is, that, in the English capital, your ideas and feelings are less frequently and forcibly excited than in the French.

The first sally forth of a stranger in Paris,

will probably bring him almost immediately on the Boulevarde, and here he will be forcibly struck by a mass of novelty. The Boulevarde goes round Paris, and was originally its boundary, but the extension of the city has, in many places, rendered it central, and it is so in the most fashionable and frequented quarters, namely, those nearest the palaces and the theatres. It is, in fact, now, a superb street of great breadth, lined on each side with trees, between which and the houses, gravelled walks have been made for the foot-passengers. The general effect here is very fine. The eye cannot reach to any termination of the Boulevarde; and in the distance, the trees according to the laws of perspective, appear to unite their branches in an arch, overshadowing with their foliage the hurrying groupes of men, and women, and horses, and carts, and carriages, that are perpetually streaming to and fro beneath. By moonlight this forms a very grand picture, and suggests a confession, that London has nothing so fine in this way.

The best streets of the English metropolis, owe their beauty, in our estimation,

to their possessing those qualities that raise ideas of opulence, comfort, reasonableness and general utility: the Parisian Boulevarde is interesting in strong contrasts, picturesque in inconsistencies, grand in size, and overpowering through animation. The houses rise to twice the height of ours; they are of stone, and their architecture is generally elaborate. There appear here no signs of building rows by contract with the bricklayers, nor any necessity for prescribing by a law, what shall be the thickness of a party wall. Turn your eyes whichsoever way you will, they are met by broad fronts, decorated with frieses, cornices, pillars, pilasters, and balconies, and rising to a height that to a stranger seems stupendous. The chimneys, as the end of a mass of buildings presents itself, seem clustered turrets and battlements. The streets that open from the Boulevarde, appear to dart into a peopled and swarming confusion and uncertainty; they promise, as it were, to lead to something which cannot be foretold from their entrance, instead of being, what all the principal streets are in London, self-intimators that they are lines

of receptacles for trade and property, and regular domestic life. This character of the French streets arises from their narrowness, as contrasted with the height of the massive houses on each side, and other assemblages together of features, which, in England, are seldom or never seen near each other. Thus, a grand gateway would prepare the English visitor for the mansion of a family of rank, were it not that the court to which it leads, is filled with litter and dirt, that the doors are open and filthy, and the persons who appear around them, ill-dressed and in every way unsuitable. Has the house, then, been deserted by its original magnificence, and fallen, in a ruined state, into the possession of the needy, who herd in its dilapidated rooms? No, not so exactly; for a carriage waits to receive the inmate of the first floor, — a Marquis in an old coat, silk stockings, and a cross; — a cabriolet, (or one horse chaise) is in attendance for the occupier of the second, — a Colonel in a colored waistcoat and a regimental coat; — from the third, a person walks down in non-descript attire, which, however, indicates him to belong mostly to

the military class, although, perhaps, at that moment, neither his profession nor his rank could be very easily defined; — a milliner, with a band-box, trips from the fourth, — and some miserable dependant on the chances of the day, descends from the fifth.

This miscellaneous congregation is at present only alluded to give an idea of that air of uncertainty and inconsistency which strikes the English visitor in the aspect of the houses, and of the streets of Paris. He is surprised to find, when he first wishes to call on some of the most distinguished personages in fashionable or political life, that he is taken to a street, which bears, to his eye, every mark of being exclusively devoted to the poor and the vulgar, and the contrast between this situation, selected for the abode of a member of the higher orders of society in Paris, and the places and squares which they occupy in the English metropolis, gives him no favorable impression in behalf of the tasteful feelings, and orderly habits of those among whom he has come.

Proceeding from the Boulevarde to the

Tuilleries, we pass through the Place Vendome. It is to be considered as one of the squares, of which there are very few in Paris in comparison with London; and it is sadly deficient in that air of decorous elegance and completeness, which is the result of a feeling for respectability and propriety of appearance, as well as for mere enjoyment. This feeling might not unfairly be traced to a system of society, settled and refined by public independence and political strength, which confer a sense of individual importance and security. The Place Vendome has no pavement for promenaders, but the houses around it are uniform and grand in their architecture, while their doors, window frames, and external blinds, are neglected and dirty. Instead of being in the entire occupation of wealthy and established families, as in a similar situation they would be in the capital of England, they are each let out in portions, the first floors at the rate of six hundred francs per month, (about thirty pounds) the attics at forty francs. Thus, those who can afford to pay three hundred and sixty pounds a year for rent, share their stair-cases and

entrances with the water carriers, duns, and visitors of those who pay but twenty-five. In the center of the Place Vendome, there is no enclosed shrubbery, opening into lawns, carefully cut and intersected with gravel walks nicely rolled, amongst which are to be seen, taking healthful exercise, attended by neat looking domestics, the simply drest children of an antient and undisturbed nobility, and of their neighbours, and equals in public estimation, the opulent commercialists and the successful followers of professions. But, in the center of the Place Vendome there rises, what is as characteristic of Paris as these are of London, the famous pillar erected by Napoleon in honor of his own victories, encased with cannon taken from the Austrians; and, with a due regard to the classical, modelled by Messieurs *les Artists*, after the pillar of Trajan at Rome.

It was, I believe, on the spot now so occupied, that there formerly stood a statue of Louis the XIV.; which is memorable for its inscription *viro immortali*, and its representations of the nations of Europe crouched as timid and subdued suppliants around

the pedestal. After this was put up, and the French, as enslaved subjects, had solaced their vanity with their tyrant's gasconade, Eugene and Marlborough raised the nations of Europe from the suppliant to the commanding attitude, and exerted themselves with such effect, that the immortal man died wretched, defeated, disgraced, himself trembling under the horrors of superstition, and his country plunged into calamities through his inability to repel the consequences of his provocations.

Louis the XIV., and his statue, as the humbler of Europe, and his descendants as the kings of France, were soon all alike removed from the scene, and the engraved view, before me while I am writing, of the Place Vendome and the column in its center, describes the latter as belonging to His Majesty Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy. His statue, too, in this engraving, stands proudly on its pinnacle, grasping the sceptre of Imperial command, overlooking his good and devoted city of Paris, and surmounting the defeated Austrians. But, alas! the Austrians had been in Paris as conquerors, be-

fore I paid my visit to that Capital, and I saw nothing of the statue of Napoleon! A white flag was waving on the top of the column, towards which, no one seemed to cast an abashed face, as a signal that he, too, had, in the common course of French affairs, been removed, and that the Bourbons were restored; — a fine commentary on all we had been hearing, during the last ten years, of "eternal destinies," an invincible hero, "commanding fate," &c. &c.

The column in question is one hundred and forty feet high, so that it is considerably inferior, in respect of elevation, to the "tall bully," which lifts his head to the extent of two hundred and two feet, near London Bridge. Nor do I think the general effect of the French trophy, though copied from a Roman monument, grander than that of the English, which we owe to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of Saint Paul's; but it may be said to be finer as a work of art, in consequence of the admirable figures in relief, which have been cast in brass, and which run upwards to its capital in a spiral line. These are formed of the cannon taken at Ulm and Austerlitz, and express the

principal actions of that wonderful though short war. It may be worth mentioning, that the Emperor thought it proper to immortalize on this monument, a person called in the printed account, *young Dubois*, and decribed as the celebrated chrystal flute player: — this musical hero was probably no more than fifer to his regiment, but he is represented at the head of his corps in every engagement, occupied most assiduously with his instrument, although it certainly could not have fair play with an accompaniment of batteries of cannon. This circumstance cannot be considered trifling, inasmuch, as it is an indication of a system, which gave room for the hopes of every individual as to personal distinction, and thus assured to the state, the full vigour of the people. Denon superintended the construction of this column, and a long account is given of the difficulties that attended the raising and fixing of the stupendous brass work.

The *Columna Trajana*, of which that in the Place Vendome is an imitation, is formed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, and its line of sculpture contains

two thousand five hundred human figures, of two feet average height. The French, when they were masters of Rome, designed to remove this bulky masterpiece to Paris, as they have removed more portable ones. No opportunity should be lost to reprobate the spirit of selfishness thus evinced; — a spirit which is directly opposed to all those sensibilities, for exciting which fine art is chiefly valuable. What they pretend is admiration of genius, and on the strength of which they vaunt themselves as the most elegant-minded nation of Europe, is, in fact, mere self-admiration, which makes them think that nothing exquisite can be in its place unless it be in Paris, and that no associations can be so suitable for what is refined and beautiful, as those which are supplied by the neighbourhood of the gambling houses, restaurateurs, and bijouterie shops of the Palais Royal! This national feeling, coupled with inordinate individual vanity, has caused them to be the greatest mutilators and disturbers of fine art, which they profess to have taken under their necessary protection and patronage, that the world has ever seen. The *Columna Trajana*

would have been half destroyed by its removal;—but what then? In their estimation, it would have been more honoured as a fragment in Paris, than standing in the completeness of its sublime symmetry in Rome. It would have been put up, (or at least what was left of it,) in some one of the public situations of the French capital, to form a height for some figure to fall from, when the hour for tumbling it down arrived, and to give some confident inhabitant of the Sorbonne an opportunity of exerting his fancied superiority to those who formed the original, by repairing the damages occasioned by the robbery. When Canova, the great living sculptor, was requested by Lord Elgin to supply the destroyed parts of the Greek statues which have been defaced by the Turks, and the remnants of which his Lordship has very properly rescued from their brutality, the consummate artist evinced that lively sense of excellence which is the most convincing sign of taste and talent; he declined attempting to restore what he regarded as inimitable in its existence, and therefore irreparable in its loss. But

Canova is not a Frenchman: — Girordet, the French painter, lately painted over all the heads of one of Corregio's most exquisite pictures, and Denon, when remonstrated with on this piece of profanation, calmly answered, "Corregio's heads, it must be allowed, are not fine!"

CHAP. VII.

PURSUING our walk to the first object of a stranger's interest and curiosity, the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuilleries, we arrive, by going along the wall of the latter, at the Place Louis Quinze, to which I would advise every traveller to make his way at once, avoiding any earlier view of the palaces, that he may be struck by a most extraordinary burst of sumptuous decoration, combining the beauties and magnificence of architecture, sculpture, and gardening, and forming an almost overpowering *coup d'œil.* The Place Louis Quinze is a large open circular space, paved with great neatness, which interposes between the garden of the Tuilleries, and the plantation of the Champs Elysée. The central avenues of both these run into

opposite sides of this place. Its back is formed by the dashing colonade of the Garde Meuble, whose architect, Gabriel, had in view, it is said, to rival Perrault's famous colonnade of the Louvre. In front is the Pont Louis Seize, one of the finest in Paris, with the elegant face of the Palais Bourbon elevated beyond it, and looking towards you in calm grandeur and well-proportioned beauty; its style of architecture being that which is well described by Dryden; —

"And all below is strength, and all above is grace."

A line of elegant building runs down from this Palace along the river Seine, of which the Hotel de Salm, lately the Palais de la Legion D'Honneur, is partly seen. The huge gilded dome of the Invalids rises behind, and on the other side, the clustered houses and towers of the most peopled parts of Paris, form themselves into castellated masses.

The spectator after the confusion of his first admiration is over, will find the spot well calculated for minute examination. A broad gravelled alley leads down to the

palace of the Tuilleries, through a large and gorgeous garden, laid out according to the French taste, — full of parterres, and basins, and statues, — bas-reliefs, urns, and whatever is entitled *vertù*, — strait walks, and tricks in water. The front of this residence of the monarchs of France, which has been the scene of so many interesting events, and which still bears the marks of the cannon balls of the memorable 10th of August, extends its enormous length completely across the ground, and presents to the eye, through the thin taper trees, a broken mass of small windows, unequal stories, frittered compartments, petty pilasters, and all that may be termed the freaks and nick-nacks of architecture. Flitting forms of gay promenaders, sidle and shift among the branches, and rows of readers of newspapers, seated on hired chairs, keep their places among the marble Atalanta's, Apollo's, Daphne's, and Satyrs.

Two grand winged horses, by Coizevoix, give grace and nobleness to the gate which opens from this garden into the Place Louis Quinze; and, immediately opposite, the entrance to the Champs Elysées is digni-

fied and adorned by two fine groupes of horses in marble by N. Couston, which were brought here when Marly was dismantled by the Revolutionists. It is now that the Englishman of taste and sensibility begins to feel the impression, novel to him, which the sublime productions of sculpture occasion, when interspersed throughout the public situations of a city,—mingling the enthusiastic admiration excited by fine art, with the sober and common reflections suggested by public views. It is now he begins to have a clearer notion, a more lively sense than he ever before experienced, of the effulgence of those antient days, when the girls of Athens, carrying water on their heads in elegant vases, from the fountains to their homes, ascended magnificent flights of white marble steps, with the stupendous symmetry of the Parthenon rising before them, and saw there, and on every side, a vast and silent congregation of the forms of colossal and superhuman beauty, fraught with the soul of poetry. Paris is still far from equalling Athens; but it gives an idea of what the glories of the latter

were,—and this is more than can be said for London.

A vast avenue running up amongst slim plantations, on a continued line with the grand alley of the Tuilleries, leads along a gentle ascent, through all sorts of grotesque fairy-looking houses of entertainment, and exhilarating indications of popular enjoyment, to the Barriere de L'Etoile, which is constituted by two stone buildings, erected for the guard of soldiers placed to examine passports and exact duties. Between them rises an unfinished triumphal arch of very large dimensions, and forming a most imposing object, certainly not less through the recollections it suggests, than the stile of its architecture. Buonaparte ordered its erection here, at the principal entrance to his capital, where the stranger, coming in this direction, first catches a sight of the palaces and towers of Paris. From it the eye rests on the Tuilleries in the distance, and from the Tuilleries its late inhabitant might rest his satisfied looks on this trophy of his success. At his marriage with Louisa of Austria, he had it completed, to appearance, in wood,—his own statue, in a circular car

drawn by six horses, forming the summit. Perhaps it would be as well, if all the commemorations of governments and dynasties were made of wood here. There is seldom time to finish them in stone, before they are put in the situation of a repealed act of parliament, and stone gives great trouble in its removal. The triumphal arch of L'Etoile must remain in its present incompleteness, unless Buonaparte should come back to finish his work.

The observer in the Place Louis Quinze, withdrawing his attention from these striking objects, has it attracted by others not less so, when he looks forward across the river Seine. The handsome bridge of Louis the Sixteenth leads directly to the Palais Bourbon, where the legislative body, under Buonaparte, held their sittings, and where the chamber of deputies now meet. This always struck me as the noblest building in Paris. Its façade has a breadth and simplicity about it, which evinces the purest notions of his art, in the architect M. Poyet. A range of Corinthian pillars support a chaste entablature, the front of which bore the inscription, *A Napoleon le*

Grand, and a bas relief to his honor. Two large allegorical statues stand on each side of the flight of stairs at its commencement, and where it widens off at the bottom, four of the great men of France, colossal figures, are seated in fine calm attitudes, and tranquil simple adjustment of drapery.

Behind this palace, to the right, looking from the Place Louis Quinze, the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalids heaves up its gorgeous swell. Buonaparte committed this piece of atrocious gilding, and it is not one of the weakest proofs of several, of his barbarous taste. Glittering, however, in a clear blue sky, and forming a part in the composition of a most magnificent picture, it is very impressive as an object; and if we could but fancy it sterling in its display, a magnificent sign of concealed treasures, like the golden domes that saluted the enraptured vision of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico, it would have a sublime effect; but gilding, like rougeing, suggests the very reverse, — intrinsic deformity and poverty. The moral character and influence of the sight do not improve, if we believe the current story, which is, that the Emperor

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of the French and the King of Italy, made a snug job of this gilding, by deducting from the army so many days pay to defray the charge of the work, on a calculation which left him a gainer by a considerable sum.

Such is the burst of spectacle which salutes the English visitor to Paris from the Place Louis Quinze. It speaks to him as foreign a language, as that which he hears from the mouths of the persons who pass him in the streets. It speaks the language of a system which leaves the minute and inward parts of the machinery of society neglected, for the sake of giving size and splendour to its external ornaments; according to which all that is fine comes down to the people as a dispensation of authority, instead of growing up silently and naturally from the bosom of the community, as the fruit of their own independence, spirit, opulence, and ideas of comfort and propriety.

"The Place Louis Quinze," says its historian, "formerly contained an elegant equestrian statue of the monarch whose name it bears, cast in bronze, and executed by Bouchardon. This statue and its pe-

destal decorated with four "colossal *virtues,*" from the hand of Pigot, were destroyed at the revolution, and on the spot, was erected the famous guillotin, by which fell the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth in the front of his own palace. The last wistful looks of his helpless agony were met by these smiling embellishments of this most polished nation. This spot, too, was the last which supported the living person of the queen of France. The Elysian fields were crowded on the occasion of her murder, with an infernal mob, yet the Parisians say they were never disgraced till the Cossacks bivouacked in them! On this spot, was murdered the mistress of the sovereign by whom it was created. The Countess de Barry, having escaped to England, returned to France, in the foolish belief that an unoffending old woman might be pretty safe among the patriots and philanthrophists of the age of reason and virtue: but she was discovered, and without one assignable cause, was dragged to the scaffold, where she died, shrieking through fear, and exerting a horrible but impotent struggle with the executioner. On this spot flowed the blood of

France, in a continual and protracted torrent, to refresh the roots of the tree of liberty, the only fruit of which has been a bitter and poisonous Imperial tyranny. Such are the recollections of facts suggested by this place, which the French writer describes as environed on all sides by agreeable objects, the glorious proofs of the national genius and taste of the French.

Thus it is that this singular people mock calculation of every kind, and forbid confidence in every way. It has usually been thought that the state of sentiment affords a pretty good assurance for the tenor of conduct, that habits have a vein of consistency running through them, and that certain circumstances are incompatible with certain feelings. But the history of the capital of France totally defies any such deductions. It made the cruellest butcheries the result of a creed of the purest philanthrophy, and expressed the loudest vauntings of the national glory, when its enemies mounted guard over its palaces, and encamped in its gardens. From the time that its laws became dogmas of philosophical morality, it abandoned itself to

the commission of ruffianism of every kind, including carnage, the most favorite exercise of which was the torturing of women, and the insulting of their mangled remains. When its public maxims became those of freedom from all the restraints of relationship, government, and religion, it lay down under the iron hoof of the most brutal tyranny that ever cursed the human race. The same strange inconsistency distinguishes it in more trifling matters: it unites a foppish feeling with ragged clothes, professions of gallantry with the sex's degradation, and a fondness for elegance with filthy habits. What security, then, can exist here, where a general and solemn recognition of the sixth commandment would most likely lead to the commission of murder, and then be pleaded in its justification? As for sudden and unqualified changes they seem always to have marked the French character. L'Hopital, alluding to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, says, in a letter written soon after it, "I have lived too long! I have seen what I could not have believed, a young Prince of an excellent natural character,

change in a moment, from a mild King to a ferocious tyrant." The truth, I take it, is, that the change is less than might be imagined. The French have in a great measure detached words from ideas and feelings; they can in consequence afford to be unusually profuse of the better sort of the first, and they experience as much internal satisfaction and pride when they profess a virtue, as if they had practised one. In this way they are exempted from the influence of those great correctors and restrainers of human conduct, shame and remorse; for what they *do* is nothing in their own estimation, — what they *say* is every thing; and as they never speak as if they were perfidious, fickle, or rapacious, it follows that they may be, and we have seen that they have been, all these, without reducing their pretensions a jot, or standing an inch lower in their own estimation. When injustice is to be traced to false opinion, and barbarity to ignorance, we know where the remedy is to be found, and on what hope must rest; but the world does not afford a more frightful spectacle, than that of a people, who repose their self-

satisfaction on high talking of virtue, and honor, and accomplishment, while their hearts give no response to their language, and their practice, without alarming their consciousness, is immediately opposed to it. The conversation of Paris is rich, even to surfeiting, in all the choicest and most amiable terms; delicacy and sentiment, and love and ladies, and beauty, and science, and art, are almost the only words you hear, whether you are in a cellar of the Palais Royal, or seated on a chair under one of its trees, or listening to a discourse on some puzzling point of the higher mathematics at the Institut*; yet among this exquisitely talking set, a woman can seldom possess a lover before marriage, and is as seldom without a variety of paramours after; they have not one true poet belonging to their literature, and at this moment they suffer David to range his pictures side by side with those of Rubens!

* I shall afterwards shew, that from the management of young females in Paris, it is almost impossible that a marriage in respectable life, should be the result of mutual affection.

"Are you going to the spectacle," cried one of the common-girls who walk in the Rue de Richelieu, to some English gentlemen? "It is one of Racines tragedies to-night," said she, "and it is *charmante, et "pleine de sentiment!"* "*Quel nerf!*" "What nerve! what expression, what symmetry!" exclaimed, in my hearing, two females in the dress of nursery-maids, who were walking among the statues in the Louvre, with the air of connoisseurs. This chattering without feeling, or even understanding, belongs to the same character, that caused the dispatching of doves to Heaven, by Robespierre and his fellows, to carry there the news of liberty and happiness on earth.

CHAP. VIII.

ON a fine morning, nothing can be more interesting than the walk along the quays of Paris, from the palaces towards the cité, which is the oldest part of the capital, and is situated on an island in the Seine, connected with the other streets by the often-heard-of Pont Neuf. Issuing from the garden of the Tuilleries, and advancing to the center of the Pont des Tuilleries, the view instantly becomes most striking. On one side the superb and immense line of diversified colonnade, skirting the Seine, formed by the united Palaces of the Tuilleries and the Louvre, extends a continuity of elegant architecture, as if there were a vast street entirely constituted of the *chef d'œuvres* of this noble art. The fine clean breadth, and (strange to

say) tranquil air of the quays, which seem to repose in stately whiteness by the side of the river, and the transparent green of the water, constitute a refreshing foreground to the picture. The large private houses, running down the opposite side of the Seine, are well in character with the public buildings, and lead the eye a short distance to the Palais des Arts and the Mint; palaces in this quarter, being almost as common as nuisances. Behind these, the ground on which the capital stands rises steeply, and the fauxbourg St. Germain, presents, in consequence, all sorts of picturesque aspects. The dome of the Pantheon towers above all, in light, graceful pride; it arrests the eye of the spectator by the boldness of its elevation, and detains it by the gracefulness of its construction. The sister, but not similar towers of St. Sulpice, take a lower rank in the view; and, towards the other extremity, amongst the thick and huge clusters of buildings, that indicate the most populous and industrious parts of Paris, the antient towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame, still continue to connect the present with the past, in a place where the links

of this kind are few, and frequently broken.

Advancing onward from the quarter of the palaces, the appearances become more grotesque, the novelties, if not so grand, more amusing, and, perhaps, generally striking. The peculiar clearness of the air of Paris,—at least peculiar as it seems to an Englishman,—gives a glancing brilliancy, an almost startling distinctness to every object: distances are lessened by the pellucidness of the medium through which they are seen, and you are, in consequence, more in the heart of all that is going forward. The general effect here, on a fine day, is that of a Venetian painting, or what is gained by looking at nature through some sorts of glasses:—and, then, such is the floating and swarming vivacity, variety and gaiety—such the display of character, condition and contrasts,—of occupations and amusements,—of men and women, and animals, and things;—such the burst, in short, of all the whirl and shew of French existence, that the whole scene bears the air of a stupendous exhibition.

Angular peninsulas of lofty buildings jut out from the opposite side of the Pont Neuf; a gigantic facing of stone houses, stained, irregular, and uncertain in their indications, looks from its height on the green chrystal of the river, and is depicted far downward in its depth. Bright colouring, so much wanted in England, is here plentifully interspersed: if you look along the streets, the red handkerchiefs, that form the head-dress of the peasant and servant girls, shoot about with much sprightliness. It is ten to one but a corps of military are passing, and the soldiers (in the make-shift-way so common here) rather mingle with the crowd, than force their way through it, so that their muskets and uniforms are seen gleaming here and there through the interstices of passengers and carriages. The trades and commodities seem all to have deserted the houses; not only birds in cages, and flowers and trees in pots, but the choicest prints and books, articles of dress, and furniture, add their hues and their interests to the groupes. On the surface of the water, large rafts are extended

with pent-house roofs, through the lattice-looking openings of which, start forth the flapping white caps, richly coloured handkerchiefs, and bare fleshy arms of hundreds of washer-women, all dragging and dabbling their linen in the Seine, and casting sparkles of water up in their laughing eyes.

It strikes an Englishman as singular, that few or no boats, for pleasure or business, appear on the Seine. The quantity of bridges partly accounts for this, and the taste of the Parisians is by no means aquatic. They are not conscious, apparently, that water can be made to conduce to pleasure, unless it be in a bath, or squirting jets through pipes: it is, however, but fair to say, that they highly appreciate its value as a cleanser and refresher. There is not a street without several public baths, and those on the river are numerous. They are adapted to all classes and degrees of each sex: some "pour les *dames*," some pour les *femmes*;" they stretch their long sprawling forms on the water, like so many painted Leviathans, and their decorations (for what is not deco-

rated in Paris?) add to the general liveliness. The school of swimming is a curiosity: — it is a large floating bath; the men who use it, are, by an order of the Police, compelled to wear a very moderate covering round their loins, and with this apology for decency, they are to be seen receiving cups of coffee from the attendant female, — one of the softer sex being always in attendance here, as well as every where else, where men come together, — not excepting the places of accommodation at the back of the Palais Royal, which our private conveniences in England will not permit us to regard complacently as scenes of public resort.

The contrasts of Paris, I have said, are very abrupt, and this, of course, adds to the interests of its scenery. From the window of a nobly built house, towering in the distance, you may see the corner of a sheet flying; an elegant carved frame-work, which in England would be carefully kept in repair, is, in Paris, allowed to remain broken for years. The signs of the shops are very elegant; — that is to say, they are elegant for signs, being extremely tolerable as pictures. Every man in France who takes a brush

in his hand, is pretty sure to become a tolerable artist, and the best artist of France is little more than tolerable. The consequence is, a profusion of decoration of considerable excellence in the commonest situations, where an English visitor expects to see nothing beyond daubing and trumpery; but then, on the other hand, he finds a meanness and slovenliness in what he is inclined to regard as essentials, strangely uniting with the high character of the embellishment. Thus, the shop signs in question, though they might be hung up as pictures in an academy exhibition, often invite you to examine a display of goods, which a tradesman of Bond Street would blush to see in his window. The sights you encounter in the streets are all in the same style. "Do me the honour to permit me to pass," says a ragged porter, pulling off his cocked-hat, to a female vender of roasted chesnuts. A priest, arrayed in his full canonicals, will stop in the street and chatter and laugh for half an hour with a servant girl. Over a miserable door, in a narrow dirty street of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, which is the oldest part of Paris,

there is inscribed, "*Salon de Litterature,*" and we are told that lectures on Botany, Pathology, Physiology, &c. are given within. Those who enter are non-descripts,— creatures of a mixed breed, half soldier, half student, — with keen proud looks, thread-bare coats, and a rakish dissolute carriage. One of the lowest coffee houses is distinguished by the sign of the "*Wise Athenian.*" On entering, you are saluted with a gracious bend from *Madame*, who sits in state, to diffuse the consciousness of a female presence, so necessary to the French in all circumstances and of all ranks, whether delicate or gross, or genteel or vulgar, — and to perform the duties of her husband by a quick and clever superintendance of the business, while he is probably performing her's in the kitchen. Should he venture to shew his white night-cap within the precincts of the lady's sovereignty, she exclaims in a tone of wondering command, which is only not angry, because it is despotic, *Eh — mon ami! Que faite vous ici? allez, allez — vite — vite!* — and he goes. In one corner, an ill drest waiter is pouring out a glass of cherry-brandy under a bust of

Socrates, to a worse drest personage, who, from his dangling insignia, may be guessed to be *Monsieur le Marquis*. In another, a cast from the Venus in the Louvre, is opposed to a large glass which reflects its elegant form, so as to produce a superb effect, as a contrast to dirty walls, a foul fire-place, and various other signs of paltriness. At one of the tables, two men in loose great coats, whose garb altogether, would class them in England with the lowest orders of the community, lounge over a game of dominos, with the air of self-possession and readiness, that good society and knowledge of the world bestow. At another, a positive beau and a smart lady, partake of a bottle of beer together, and read in the journal of the day, the account of last night's spectacle. As you go out from the place, you come within half a yard of one who is entering, and he takes off his hat to the ground, because it was just possible that you might have run against him, had you been very careless.

Walking along, through the narrowness, filth, and confusion, you observe a shop where they shave and dress hair for half a

sou, with an inscription over it, "*Art embellishes Nature:* — a little further on, a man of glorious recollections, who now stitches coarse woollen cloth, records his honors on his sign, as *Ex-gaitrier* to the third regiment of infantry. What a nation of enterprize and eclat must that be, where a shaver for a farthing can enjoy high notions of himself as an artist, and an old regimental tailor derive an honourable title from his occupation! Among this people an *Ex-gaitrier* — that is to say, one who once, at one time or other, made gaiters, takes his place in the system to which belong ex-ministers and ex-emperors, who once reigned over Europe, and, in lieu of that are contented to be very imperial over a spot as vast as the Isle of Wight. In the Exhibition of Modern Sculpture in the Louvre, a gentleman's bust, which, at first sight seemed only remarkable for the size of the whiskers on the face, was, on a closer inspection, discovered to be worthy to stand near the Laocoon and the Phidian Jupiter; — a little label announced, in very dignified terms, that we had before us the *Maitre de Ballet* of the Theatre de Gaité, — a place

of amusement corresponding with the Olympic Pavilion in Wych Street.

These are the people to act as the French act, and speak as the French speak: — they draw a lively enjoyment from their own actions, which is perfectly independent of their qualities, and derived simply from the circumstance that they are their own; they will, therefore, always be doing something on as large a scale as they can, but will never feel mortified if that scale is necessarily small, nor abashed if their notoriety arises from circumstances that are usually deemed disreputable. The things which they perform, and amongst which they mingle, take a colour and a character exclusively from their own minds, in the same way as objects seen in tinged glass, that reflects in shapes according to its own cut, are discoloured and distorted. With this people, nothing can be esteemed that is not attended with shew, and nothing thought little of, that is: — it must necessarily with them, be a matter of great importance what uniform a senator shall wear who discusses their constitutional charters, or a member of the Institute who

makes a speech to an auditory that does not understand him;—a procession introducing a new government,—or the promise of a grand national celebration under its influence, will at any time reconcile them to a change of dynasty,—and so as the spectacle part is adroitly managed to their minds, they will never concern themselves with what it covers.

But to proceed with the streets of Paris. One of their striking features arises out of the attention that is paid to all the little wants and caprices, in order to convert them into sources of profit by administering to their gratification. This occasions much bustle and vivacity, and materially assists to keep up a liveliness of spirits in the passengers. If you have a mind to know your own weight, there are persons and machines stationed here and there, to gratify you to an ounce. Stalls line the Boulevarde, and other principal situations, which add device to accommodation to attract you: thus, at one, every article of an immense variety is sold at thirty sous, select where you please: at another, fifteen is written up in large letters as the universal price. All sorts of

operations are performed on animals by women who sit on stools in the streets, and have the description of their professional avocations, which are not always within the line of female delicacy, inscribed on a piece of pasteboard. *Bureaux des ecrivains* offer the most pressing invitations to the lover, the merchant, the politician, or the man of science, who has by some accident omitted to learn to write, to enter and avail himself of the talents which are in readiness for any employment. Roasted chesnuts everywhere tempt the palate by assailing the nostrils. Nymphs that will take no refusal, push nosegays into your hand. The fruit-women extend towards you delicious bunches of grapes; the shoe-blacks flatter the national prejudices of the English, by bawling aloud "*cirage Anglois.*" A man carries a painted castle on his back, from which you may draw such delicious beverage as lemonade, tisane, &c. &c.

All this has a shew of business, though of a light vagabondish kind; and of a nature adapted to a poor, sensual, loose, people; — but much of the spectacle belongs solely to the class of amusement. One even-

ing I cast my eyes down from a window, looking into the Boulevarde des Italiennes: — exactly opposite was an infant, not more than four years old, singing a popular song, and beating a tambourine with her little hands; four candles were placed on the ground near her, and a plate to receive contributions of money. Within fifty yards of this performer was another, less in size, but whose age it was not so easy to imagine: — he was a poor little dog, with his fore foot fixed on the handle of a small grindstone, which he was compelled to keep continually turning to the sound of an organ played by his master. Within the circle of one's sight there were yet more entertainments: an old man played on the harp, the flute, the drum, and the triangle at the same time, while with his foot, he gave motion to a small wooden scaramouch that danced well in tune. A well-dressed young woman on the opposite side of the Boulevarde, played delightfully on the musical glasses; and in a corner was the most characteristic groupe of the whole, — two female ballad-singers, representing mother and daughter, with long veils down to their feet,

as if their timidity and modesty shrunk from the degrading task to which their necessities compelled them. The first contrivers of this scheme were well rewarded for their ingenuity; but it had become too stale for the Parisians, though it still continued to have attractions for their stranger visitors. These did not by any means draw such crowds as two philosophical professors, one of face-making and the other of hydrostatics. The *Grimacier* of Paris is really a most surprising exhibitor; with a grotesque wig and a pair of caricature spectacles as accompaniments, he throws his features into the wildest combinations of shapes, and might give hints to any manufacturer of inhabitants for a new world. The natural philosopher, who lectures and displays experiments on the properties of fluids, bestows particular attention on the nature and uses of the squirt, and illustrates his doctrines in a way to cause many a hearty laugh. Jugglers have also their separate congregations: but this description applies only to ordinary days and places; near the bridges, on Sundays, the gaiety is prodigiously encreased; varieties

of games go forward; both sexes mingle in the exercise of gallantry and mirth, which is surprisingly divested of coarseness of manner considering the promiscuous nature of the assemblage, — and the value of a centime, or the tenth part of a half-penny, is proved in an acquisition of actual enjoyment.

The common appearance of fortune-tellers, consulted by the vulgar, must not be omitted in this description of the streets of Paris; they are frequently to be seen, adding all the grimace of their nation to the tricks and solemn quackery of their profession, in order to impress with credulity and respect the minds of the simple peasants and others who seek their assistance to violate the concealment of futurity. I shall not soon lose the vivid image I have now on my recollection, of a simple looking woman from the country, standing at the desk of one of these impostors, who, with shrugs and gesticulations, and emphatic tones, was controlling all the faculties of the poor dupe, in whose face expression had become a mere riveted gaze, as if it were fascinated by the look of fate,

while hearing its decisions. If we fancy to ourselves the extreme anxieties of this ignorant creature, embracing the dearest concerns, and probably the threatened welfare of her family, and take into account the awfulness of the test, according to her estimation of it, to which she was exposing her hopes, the spectacle will appear an affecting one. We read still with impressed feelings of the antient appeals to the oracles; yet no Athenian leader ever submitted his cause to the decision of Delphos, with more unlimited confidence in the truth of the response, or more tremulous expectation of its import, than, to judge from appearances, this untaught paysanne was affected by, when I saw her in the market-place of the Innocents, listening to the rhodomontade of a roguish sybil.

The costume of the females in the streets of Paris, is not the least striking part of their exhibition to English strangers. Our countrymen who went first over, saw the promenading ladies in a style of dress, which is little, if at all, caricatured, in the following description, which I copy from the *Examiner*:—

"A lump on two legs seems tumbling towards you under a hat like a muff-box, with a huge nosegay stuck on one side, as if she had been robbing a lord-mayor's footman, and a petticoat fringed, flounced, and sticking out on all sides like a large bell, of which the two shuffling feet underneath, look like the double clapper * * * *. Under the poke and the muff-box, the face sometimes entirely disappears; the poet would in vain look for the waist, which he so well described:—

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;"

It is tied up under the arms,—perfectly hung in drapery; and the man who would repose his griefs, as formerly, on the bosom that was dearest to him, must first ask permission of the chin."

This is a picture of the modern female dress of France, in the worst degree of its deformity. Its origin is curious as a trait of national character. A young and modest looking mademoiselle, one of their favourite actresses, who has five or six children by five or six fathers, appeared one evening on the stage in a Chinese part, and of course

in the Chinese costume. The lady is pretty, her appearance was fanciful, and above all it was *new*. The Belles of Paris were all in the course of the week metamorphosed into Chinese women; and straightway, according to the usual custom of their country, forgot that they had ever been any thing else, and lost all tolerance for those who continued to be any thing else. A freak of the morning, suggested by the theatrical exhibition of the evening, instantly became a standard by which to judge of the rest of the world. This is in the general style of their conduct:—it forms a very striking feature of the character of France, that she can do nothing for herself alone. When she took a whim to be free, her own liberty seemed a trifle, unless she could become the instrument to liberate all mankind from the shackles of priests and kings; accordingly, Anacharsis Cloots appeared before the national assembly as the representative of the human race, arrayed in a diversity of costumes, corresponding to the various garbs of his constituents, and followed by a crowd of patriots, decorated as Hotentots, Cherokees, &c. from the

tawdry wardrobes of the thirty theatres, that each evening commenced their gaieties after the daily and more delightful amusement of the guillotine had ceased for a few hours. When the fashion took another direction, and the red cap was found to have a less becoming air than the imperial crown, the boundless philanthropy of the French, would not let them rest in peace until they had distributed widely those exquisite blessings, the destruction of trade and the conscription. Because France had altered the mode from a Republic to an Empire, Europe must become the Empire of the west, as a part of France; and because her ruler prohibited the use of sugar and coffee, while he swallowed both to an excess, Germany, and even Russia, forsooth, must dismiss these delicacies. In like manner, the French ladies, when they came forth the first day, with the heads like inverted cones, and the deformed shapes of the Chinese women, were as prepared to laugh loudly and rudely at any instance of an abidance by the Grecian taste in dress, as seen and still admired by them in their museums, as if they had been accustomed

to the new fashion for ages, and acknowledged no other standard of elegance. The deputation of Parisian females, who received the Duchess D'Angouleme on her arrival from England, first burst into tears at the thought of her misfortunes, and then struck into a titter, at the appearance of her small bonnet.—"Mon Dieu, quelle figure!" I have heard them exclaim, from under the concealment of their head-dresses, as they ambled along,—directing their exclamation against a charming Englishwoman, walking past them with a frank simplicity of gait, and graceful adaptation of her attire to her form. Yet the handsome signs of their shops, and the pictures which they profess to adore in the Louvre, present them with the dress which they insult in their visitors.

This, although an affair of the toilette, is no trifling illustration of the general looseness of principle, leading to fickleness of practice, that prevails among the people I am describing. They will readily enough acknowledge their approbation of two things, one of which disgraces the other. In like manner their republicans did not feel them-

selves dishonoured when they became the creatures of Buonaparte, for, when they accepted of his acts of grace, they had forgotten not only republican principles, but that there had been times, and not antient ones, when sixty and eighty individuals were guillotined in a day, as a sacrifice to freedom and humanity, — when little guillotines were sold in the shops, as toys for children, to teach them the duties of civism, — and when the gaol deliveries were indiscriminate massacres of the innocent and guilty. When I went to their Museum of Art, in the Luxembourg, I found their students, untouched by the sweeping majesty of Reubens's pencil, perched upon little tables, assiduously copying the hard atrocities and cold meannesses of their own David. The reverence, and attachment, and sense of convenience, which, with mankind generally, are the slow growth of time and precept, and experience, spring up in an instant in a Frenchman's mind, from the single consideration that a thing is *French.* Hence it comes, that, with the finest schools in the world, they are the worst scholars, — and that with the most instructive expe-

rience, they are the most injudicious in their conduct.

But good example is not without its effects even in Paris; the French ladies were gradually decreasing the extravagance of their attire, and amending its deformities: —the English ladies who visited them, and, who, with a proper national spirit, preserved most obstinately, their full, frank, open air and dress, presented a contrast to the poking, bending artificialness among which they had come, that, in spite of its vanity, shamed it into a sense of its own comparative littleness and ugliness. The French gentlemen assisted their countrywomen to this decision, for the usual efficacy of truth and propriety was not wanting in this instance, and their feelings compelled their acknowledgments.

It was curious to see the contrast in the theatres: an English party, including several fine women, would burst in, as it were, into one of the open boxes, — with unsophisticated looks of preparation for enjoyment, — a regardless carriage derivable from a guileless consciousness, — and an evident gladness to escape from shawls and cloaks,

and to sit down, free to breathe and to look about them, unburthened and unconcealed, in the respectability, and attractiveness of their proper selves. The French ladies, on the contrary, would hesitate at the door, as if they were drawing back from a cold bath, and then step down, as Agag, walked to his death, "*mincingly*;" they seemed to retire within their own contrivances, that they might take a surer aim; and, sitting one by one, as they frequently did, within latticed boxes, accompanied by single beaus, the character of their appearance was the very reverse of that native, assuring, cordial, and self-respecting manner, which gave pleasure to an Englishman's recognition of his fair country-women in this land of strangers.

The present is not the first time that the French ladies have been recalled from extravagance to nature by the example of Englishwomen. At one of the royal suppers at Versailles, the monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, was startled by a sudden titter and tumult that burst forth from the crowd behind his table, assembled to see his majesty eat his jelly and fruit: his dig-

nity was roused to demand the cause of this irruption of natural expression, so opposed to the artificial state of the occasion. He was told that two foreign ladies had made their appearance in the strangest head dresses; they positively had not a bit of plaster or powder on their heads; their hair was not frizzled or pasted up into an edifice of three stories high, in short they were frights. Louis was of opinion, that, if they were as described to him, they must indeed be frights, — but catching a glimpse of them as they stood back in some confusion, he, who had a quick sense and keen relish of female beauty, saw enough to induce him to beg that they might come nearer to his royal person: — they advanced, and the king, after a hearty gaze, pardonable only in a king and a clown, pronounced it to be his decided opinion, that if the ladies of his court were *reasonable* creatures, they would all dress their heads after the manner of the handsome English women. This speech, putting the affair on the basis of reason, could not but touch the female philosophers of Versailles to the quick. They

sat up all night, that their women might lower their *cornettes*; and next morning appeared at mass under circumstances of extraordinary reduction. The French account of this important occurrence, describes with much drollery, the assumed looks of gravity which the ladies put on under this metamorphosis, while, in truth, they were smothering the feelings of laughter and shame, excited by a consciousness of looking *for all the world like I don't know what*. Louis, however, intimated his warm approbation of the change, and it accordingly became the fashion of the day.

The Parisian modes of female dress, however, as now improved and improving, are certainly far from inconsistent with a species of female witchery; the large bonnet, in its most graceful shape, and with noble plumes of feathers, has a striking effect, and the tripping step is a piece of prettiness, which indicates a creature well trained in all the artificial means of fascination. "Our ladies," said a young Frenchman to me, "shew more of the *manége* than your's," — and he was right. Their beauty is not that of an Englishwoman, it consists

rather in expression than in feature; but what with meaningness of look, and vivacity of manner, and fine eyes, and sylphish movements, they certainly can, and do, conjure up most influencing appearances. As I intend however, to devote a chapter to the females of Paris, this much of them here seems almost too much, yet as forming part of the scenery of the streets, it was necessary to give a sketch of their externals.

Whatever may be thought of the walking dress of the French ladies, that of the inferior classes of women, must, I think, be admitted to be very picturesque and becoming. It is assisted, no doubt by a jauntiness of carriage and manner, which entirely prevents that look of vulgarity and dowdiness, that we often see in England. A French girl, of whatever rank, always recollects that her sex gives her certain privileges, and requires a certain air, which ought not to be prejudiced, and, in fact cannot be prejudiced, by lowliness of condition. The paysannes who come into the markets, are in general fine creatures; their complexions of a sparkling brown, their caps white and flowing, their handkerchiefs

of rich colours, their boddices contrasted against their petticoats with the judgment of a painter, a life, — an essence, an enjoyment, in their motions and looks; all together they give an assurance of being in a situation which includes little or nothing of suffering, and that supplies the pleasures most desired by its possessors, — however poor the enumeration of its general stock of property might be deemed in a country like England, where our wants are on a larger scale.

In one important respect, sufficient justice has not been done to Frenchwomen, or rather they have suffered under injustice. They are very cleanly in their persons and clothes: — the bath is in common use with them; and I hope it will not be deemed pushing a traveller's observations too far, if I bear testimony to their changing the under parts of their dress, which conduce most immediately to the comfortableness of their own feelings, not less frequently than those articles of attire that meet the eye of the observer.

The streets of Paris, did not seem to me to present so many spectacles of distress and gross discomfort, as those of Lon-

don. It may appear a puerile remark, but, as it is supported, by a singular coincidence of thought, I shall venture to mention, that the very dogs in the French capital, seem to be of a less boisterous and quarrelsome disposition than their English brethren;—one evening sitting with a party of persons, chiefly from England, within hearing of what took place on the Boulevarde, a noise of the worrying of these animals suddenly broke out,—and a general exclamation from all those who were visitors to Paris, testified to their being struck by the occurrence, as one that was much more unusual where they then were, than from whence they came. The fighting of human beings, and drunkenness, are exhibitions scarcely ever witnessed in the streets of Paris. The villainous practice of severely chastising children, so prevalent in England with the vulgar and brutal,—which causes our ears to be assailed with screams and scolding, if we go into the lower quarters of our large towns,—is not common in France. Wrangling is to be heard sometimes, but in general a visible polish of courtesy pervades all the surface

of society, down to its lowest extremities. The beggars are numerous, but they do not seem smitten by necessity to their hearts. Dispositions in the country of which I am writing, flourish, in the same way as ivy flourishes, through walls, along the ground, or, in short, under any circumstances. — "Charité, *Monsieur God dam'*, si'l vous plait," said a French mendicant to an Englishman, with a look that shewed he meant only to be arch, and knew not that his words could be construed into insolence. The beggar children ask for a sou, "en pitié de ma misére," — and then they tumble over head and heels. One of them, about twelve years old, having received a trifle from some of the English, begged to have the honour to sing them a song. He sung in a very pretty style, and with all the naiveté of his nation, two verses, the substance of which, was that the men were ambitious, fond of war, &c. &c. but that ladies were soft, charming, and full of sentiment and love. — He gave with inexpressible significancy the line — *O les femmes! les femmes! Elles sont delicieuses!*" Some girls walking past, threw a sort of cracker at him, he instantly turned

an extempore verse on the incident — its purport was, that when women played naughty tricks in the streets, — "*O, ces femmes, ces femmes! sont des diables!*"

In the lowest parts of Paris, there is a visible grotesqueness which relieves the appearance of squalidness and poverty. They chatter, and smile, and bow and curtesy too much to be miserable. To be sure, the great houses filled with the poor, have a strange and wild look, — and the blackness, caused by their height and the narrowness of the streets, is in itself gloomy, — but the people throw much of cheerfulness into their condition, to dissipate its melancholy tendencies. They seem to act on a principle of selection, like a bird that picks the seeds which serve it for food, from a heap of noxious and nauseous matter: it gets but little sustenance, perhaps, but that little is pleasant and wholesome. Thus the French will abstain rather than incommode themselves; they will only avail themselves of what is agreeable within their reach, even if, by thus selecting, they are compelled to leave the greater part of what naturally comes in contact with them, un-

touched. What I mean is, that if thinking becomes disagreeable, they do not think; — if calculating gives unpleasant products, they do not calculate; — if looking forward is alarming, they do not look forward, — and if looking backward causes regrets, they do not look backward. Their minds are without that singular, but in some countries very common property, of cleaving with most attachment to what is most odious. It is not that they would estimate a dance in the evening as a more exquisite pleasure than the receiving home of a husband or a son, unexpectedly safe after the dangers and horrors of such a campaign as that in Russia, — but if they can manage the dance, and cannot accomplish the return of their relations, there can be no reason, they think, why the want of the greater should deprive them of the less gratification. If they are obliged to go without a dinner of meat, which they would prefer, there is nothing in their mental constitutions to prevent them from enjoying the apple which they can afford to purchase, to the full extent of what an apple can bestow. Instead of thinking the

worse of what they have, because it is not so good as something which they have not, they deem that the circumstance of possessing it places it, in point of excellence, far above any thing that is unattainable.

These then, I repeat, are the people to be lively in action, shallow and careless in purpose, — to be ever afloat and loose on the sea of events, to feel nothing inglorious but inactivity, and every thing honorable that is accomplishment. These are the people to make raree shows of the valuables which the feelings of others cause them to preserve in a quiet and sacred seclusion: these, in short, are the people to fancy, when they are masters of Europe, that there is no greatness but in conquest, and to be equally convinced, after they have been beaten, that true nobleness lies in moderation; — to vaunt of their despotic Emperor and his grande pensée, one year, and the next to be penetrated with the necessity of a national representation, the liberty of the press, and that there is nothing truly illustrious but freedom.

The fronts of all the public buildings, and not a few of the private ones, of Paris give a testimony, partly whimsical and partly melancholy, that governments, creeds, and other such serious matters, are here introduced, danced for a while before the eyes, and finally displaced, as if they were so many figures of a magic lanthorn. The palaces having been originally impressed with the symbols of the Bourbons, that were battered down by the cannon of the Jacobins for some time displayed the insignia of the Republic, untill they were covered with N's by the jacobinical, consular, imperial Napoleon; and during my visits the French artists were racking their ingenuity to discover the neatest methods of turning the letter N into an L for Louis, or an H for Henry the Fourth. The statue of the latter monarch, on the Pont Neuf, having been thrown down by the revolutionists, the place it occupied was filled by Buonaparte with a representation of his own person, and if France did not feel that the change was unseemly and ungrateful, it was not to be expected that the Emperor should.

But the Emperor had in turn vanished when I first crossed the Pont Neuf, and Henry the Fourth was rising again in plaster. One of the first Hotels in Paris was named by its proprietor, Hotel de la Guerre, during the predominance of the good fortunes of Buonaparte; but scarcely had the eagle given place to the lily, when a re-baptism was celebrated, and Hotel de Commerce in large letters now gives an important sanction to the returned family and their system. The Hotel de la Victoire, its dream of glory o'er, has subsided into the Hotel de la Paix. But the most remarkable instance of this tergiversation is furnished by the front of the Coffee-house, which as a public proof of the fervent loyalty of its proprietor to his imperial ruler, the painter was in the act of consecrating with the words De l'Empereur, when it chanced that the Allies entered Paris, and Buonaparte was deposed. As a few hours deliberation sufficed to turn the current of the allegiance of the most devoted of all Senates, a few dashes of the brush converted De l'Empereur into

Des Empereurs, and this delicate compliment mine host doubtless expected would be much esteemed by the allied monarchs, when they entered, as conquerors, the capital of France.

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS seems at first sight a place devoted solely to enjoyment, and it is difficult to devise how every one is so well provided with the means. In the principal streets, almost every second house has a part of it devoted to amusement, or luxurious gratification of some sort. The shops appear to be almost exclusively occupied with embellishments and eatables, and, certainly, wherever superior ingenuity is shewn, on which Paris may fairly plume herself, it is in the manufacture of some decoration, some piece of vertù, some elegant trifle. The fashionable Boulevardes are lined with Baths — where you may lie in warm water, and have the most delicious refreshments floated towards you from an invisible hand — Cafés, where coffee and liqueurs are taken — Restorateurs,

where dinners are served, — Patissiers, where you may regale on patties and ices, — theatres, and billiard rooms. — But the PALAIS ROYAL, which is justly said by the Parisians to be without its equal in the world, demands to be principally noticed, now that I am to touch on these subjects.

It is a square enclosure, formed of the buildings of the Orleans Palace; — piazzas make a covered walk along three of its sides, and the center is an open gravelled space, with a few straight lines of slim trees running along its length. There is a neat compact elegance visible in the architecture of what was the palace, — but the building is now insignificant compared with its purposes, and you can no more attend to its proportions, than you could fix your attention on the prospects adorning the banks of a river, if you were hurried down one of its cataracts.

The climate of France, and the character of the French, conspire to cause them to seek their pleasures out of doors. Home is the only place they neglect; it is a place only for their necessities; they must sleep there, — and the tradesmen must transact

their business there: a bed, a table, and a few chairs are therefore wanted, and a small room or two, uncarpeted and bare, must be hired. I speak, of course, of the middle and inferior classes. But all that is inspiring and comfortable, they seek out of doors, — and all that they pride themselves in being able to procure, is in the shape of decoration and amusement.

The Palais Royal has grown to be what it is, out of these habits and dispositions, and now presents the most characteristic feature of Paris: — it is dissolute, gay, wretched, elegant, paltry, busy, and idle: — it suggests recollections of atrocity, and supplies sights of fascination: — it displays virtue and vice living on easy terms, and in immediate neighbourhood with each other. Excitements, indulgencies, and privations, — art and vulgarity, — science and ignorance, — artful conspiracies, and careless debaucheries, — all mingle here, forming an atmosphere of various exhalations, a whirl of the most lively images, a stimulating melange of what is most heating, intoxicating, and subduing.

The Palais Royal was the focus of the revolution: its coffee-houses, its theatres, its cellars, its gambling-houses, its bagnios, poured forth their living streams into its central space, to listen to the invitations of the orators, who incited the people to carry into effect the tremendous plans organized within its concealments. It was here, that a joke, or a nod, operating on a loose, reckless, heartless rabble, was, in general, the mandate of torment and carnage, — and sometimes, by well-timed and fortunately directed obscenity and falsehood, the instrument of dissipating the fury of those whom mercy could not soften, and justice could not restrain. A raging, vociferating gang of murderers, men and women, brandished their pikes to destroy the house and family of an aristocrat, who had himself escaped from their fury. An appeal to principle and feeling was out of the question at such a time, and to such beings; but a profligate pleasantry supplied the suitable application. "Why pull down his house?" — exclaimed the intercessor, mounted on a chair — "it is his landlord's: — why kill

his wife? — she is the public's: — why massacre his children? — they are probably some of your own." — A yell of merriment broke out from the congregation of furies, and the laugh of vice proved, in this instance, a reprieve for the innocent.

The infamous Duke of Orleans to whom the palace belonged, here expended his immense wealth in nursing, by means of the most horrible immoralities, the revolution, of which he himself was the victim. The scenes that were acted here at that time are not susceptible of description: — the almost unbounded revenues of this weak and wicked prince, were directed, at the suggestion of the most abominable wretches, to every purpose of human depravity, included within the opposite limits of sensual indulgence, and cold and cruel ambition. From hence issued out the ferocious mobs of prostitutes, poissardes, and blackguards, whose character and conduct form the history, for several years, of a nation calling itself great. The day at length came, when he who had never been but the creature of those whom he fancied he guided, was to perish by the storm he had assisted to

raise. The Duke of Orleans was dragged to his death by the mobs who had been trained in his pay, and his last journey was marked by an incident truly French: — those who had partaken of the debaucheries and crimes of the Palais Royal, stopped its owner, opposite to its well known gate, when he was on his way to the fatal machine that was to terminate his miseries and crimes! They wished to read in his haggard countenance the emotions caused by this sight, so pregnant with intolerable recollections; — they could not deny themselves the indulgence of this extra barbarity; — they would not be deprived of the right of exulting over the fall of guilt, in which they had deeply participated! — Are not these things, which were not done in a corner, which twenty-six millions of men saw perpetrated as their public acts, which powerfully influenced the thinking, the habits, and the interests of Europe, — and have, more than any other circumstances, contributed to form the character of the age, — are they not the public monuments of France, as much as the pillars which she has erected, or the pictures which she has

stolen? She vaunts of her public places: the question is, what sentiments and recollections do they chiefly excite? It is these that are to form her glory, — for glory is an estimate of the mind.

The Palais Royal is still a place where news and politics are discussed. There is in Paris, what strikes an Englishman as an unusual number of persons, who seem loose from actual occupation, without indicating that they are above it. The period of my visit to that capital, which was shortly after the destruction of a government, the disbandment of an army, and the return of legions of prisoners of war, was more than commonly calculated to display this appearance, — but I apprehend, from what I could learn, that it always exists. The crowds of the Palais Royal are thus formed, and it puts on its air of bustling dissipation, and lounging sensuality, at an early hour of the morning. The chairs that are placed out under the trees, are to be hired, with a newspaper, for a couple of sous a piece: — they are soon occupied: — the crowd of sitters and standers gradually increases, — the buz of conversation swells to

a noise: — the cafés fill: — the piazzas become crowded: — the place assumes the look of intense and earnest avocation, — yet the whirl and the rush are of those who float and drift in the vortex of pleasure, dissipation, and vice.

The shops of the Palais Royal are brilliant: — they are all devoted either to toys, ornaments, or luxuries. Nothing can be imagined more elegant and striking than their numerous collections of ornamental clock-cases: — they are formed of the whitest alabaster, and many of them present very ingenious and fanciful devices. One, for instance, that I saw, was a female figure, in the garb and with the air of Pleasure, — hiding the hours with a fold of her scanty drapery: — one hour alone peeped out, and that indicated the time of the day; — the mechanism of the works caused it to be succeeded by the next in succession. Others were modelled after the most favorite pictures and sculptures: — David's Horatii and Curiatii, had been very frequently copied. The beauty and variety of the snuff-boxes, and the articles in cut-glass, — the ribbons and silks, with their

exquisite colours, the art of giving which is not known in England, — the profusion and seductiveness of the *Magazines des Gourmands*, — are matchless. There are also several passages at the back of the place itself, all full of this sort of display, though of an inferior kind, and including the features of vice in more distinct deformity. Many of the shops in these, are kept by small booksellers, who expose their wares beyond their windows on stalls, — and the mentioning of this fact, induces me to notice here, two circumstances highly characteristic of Paris, and indicative of its moral and social state.

The first is the extreme profligacy and filthiness of the books and prints that are exposed for sale. The vilest publications lie about every where, throwing in your face a grossness which amounts rather to brutality than mere sensuality. It is a proof how deep and general is the viciousness of manners which causes this, that they run through all the degrees necessary to adapt them to every class of purchasers. Some are as elegant as art can make them, — others mere villainous deformities. There

are editions of the works of all the established authors, graduated for every description of taste: —in one the prints are chaste and good, in another licentiousness begins to appear, —in a third it is more apparent, — in a fourth it amounts to obscenity. All these are finely executed, but there are others, regulated according to the same scale of wickedness, which are done in a much inferior way *for the wants of the poor.* From the completeness of the supply may be judged the extensiveness and certainty of the demand. But the most horrible circumstance connected with this branch of Parisian manufacture remains to be told: it is so much a matter of common trade, that the women in the shops, — and every shop is kept by a woman, — vend these articles with the utmost unconcern. A tradesman's wife will tell her daughter to take down a book for the gentleman, the interior of which, is a pandemonium of grossness. A respectable bookseller in my presence, insulted a female customer, by putting into her hands an edition of Fontaine, saying, "the prints of this book, Madam, are beautiful, but they would ren-

der it improper for the eyes of an unmarried lady." It is in this easy way that they define virtue and vice: they know nothing of the difference as a matter of feeling,—it must take the tangible and palpable shape of an action before they can perceive it.

It is to the disgrace of French art that it is a slave to this dissolute taste. The artists labour to unite the gratification of obscene dispositions with the result of elegant conceptions: — they make the display of nudity their principal object; — it is evidently not done by them in the natural and necessary course of the subject, but in the depravity of the artist, speaking to the depravity of the observer. Venuses are hung out, without the print-shops, for those who know nothing of form but as an object of lasciviousness; — the bad intention is, in short, every where apparent, and, to judge by the enormous quantity of provision made for this brutal appetite, one would say that it exists in Paris to a degree of coarseness disgraceful to the people, and utterly contradictory of all their pretensions to refinement.

United in view to this shameful feature,

is one of another kind, and their neighbourhood illustrates the national character. In France you have no security against the existence of an evil, in the posession of what is commonly and naturally opposed to it:— the French reconcile fineness with filth, politeness with coarseness, honor with falsehood. In like manner, the shops that present the grossness above alluded to, are crowded with elegant literature, placed out evidently for numerous purchasers. The best French classics, histories, poets, &c. are heaped on every stall, and lie among the trash of political pamphlets, which prove nothing but that there is not a particle of political understanding or principle in all France. The good books must be purchased as well as the bad ones,— and in point of fact, they are purchased. You cannot walk three steps without encountering a stall rich in literature: the bridges and quays are full of them; the entrances of the palaces are hung round with the wares of these itinerant venders,— for in Paris, their notions of what may be termed the decorum of elegance are not very troublesome;—the passages to the courts of

justice, are markets for these commodities. The French then read a good deal, and evidences that they do are every where apparent in Paris. The females in the public situations of trade are all seen reading,—never working with their needles. Even the poor girls, who sit by stalls where toys are sold, are generally occupied with a book when not engaged with a customer. I have looked over their shoulders, and seen Madame de Genlis, Madame Sevigné, Voltaire, Marmontel, in their hands. This is just as if, in London, the applewomen should be observed reading the Spectator, or Boswell's life of Johnson, or Pope's works, an appearance which would be deemed a phenomenon. The common classes of the French therefore, are polished and conversable to a degree unknown in England:—the worst of it is, that, in the country of which I am writing, the people's courtesy and chattering mean nothing; they do not prove the existence either of knowledge or of feeling;—nay, the truth is, they prove the want of both. Where words and forms are bonâ fide indicators of their corresponding sentiments, they will always

be more sparingly employed than where this connection has been broken. In like manner, there is a certain point of national character and condition, at which reading will be very generally diffused throughout the community, precisely because it has little or no effect in producing earnestness of thinking on the interests and duties of life.

To return now to the Palais Royal. It may, after this digression, be supposed to be the hour of dinner; and the salons of the restorateurs are all full. In proportion as the homes of the Parisians are uncomfortable in an Englishman's estimation, their places of public resort and refreshment have an air of enjoyment, abundance, frankness, and congeniality, to which he has been utterly unaccustomed. From five to half past seven, crowds of both sexes pour into all the numerous receptacles of this description, the invitations to which hang forth so thick as to astonish the British stranger. The price charged within for dinner, is specified on many of the signs, and varies from twenty-five sous, — about one shilling, to four franks, above three. For these sums four or five dishes a head are

promised; half a bottle, or a bottle of wine, a desert of fruit, and bread "at discretion." The latter stipulation of this engagement is no trifling one, for it is known that a Frenchman's discretion in the article of bread, is not of the soberest kind.

The superior Restorateurs, however, specify nothing;—and here both the supply and the serving-up are of the most elegant description. Casts from the exquisite antiques in the Louvre, stand in the niches, —lamps, with beautiful shades, throw a noble light on the tables,—the waiters are active, and Madame, the mistress, sits in her splendid recess, as a superintending divinity, decorated, stately, yet gracious; her looks full of the consciousness of her sex and station, her manner, welcoming, polished and adroit.—In the artifices of cookery, and all the seductions of the table, the French are adepts:—nothing can be more unfounded than the common idea in England, that they are comparatively temperate in this respect. Their variety of dishes tempts the appetite, their rich sauces apply themselves irresistably to the palate: instead of eating less meat, because they

take more soup than the English, they add the additional soup to a much larger repast of meat than is commonly made in England. A little delicate looking woman, will think it no violation to say — "*O, mon Dieu! j'ai mangé pour quatré,*" — and really, both females and men apply themselves with a determination, dexterity, and carelessness of observation, to the contents of their numerous dishes, which, in a country where the secret is less known how to redeem by manner the essential grossness of things, would constitute downright gormandizing.

The appearance of ladies sitting among crowds of men in these public rooms, startles the English visitor, as a custom that trenches on the seclusion that he is inclined to think necessary to the preservation of the most valuable female qualities, in the tenderness of their beauty. It is, however, in this respect as in many others in Paris; — there is no sensibility for any thing beyond the action itself, — there is an utter ignorance that the highest sense of value prompts restraint, concealment, and precaution, — there is a thorough indifference for what cannot be sensually enjoyed. Can a woman lose her

virtue by dining in this promiscuous assemblage? — can we better shew our regard for women, than by making them our inseparable companions? — where would they find a compensation for the pleasures of which you would deprive them? — these would be the questions which a Frenchman would put, if he heard you object to the practice in question.

The advance of the evening throws out still more prominently the native and most peculiar features of the Palais Royal. When the numerous windows of its immense mass of building are lighted up, and present to the eye, contemplating them from the dark and deserted ground in the center, a burning exterior, leading the imagination to the lively scenes within, perhaps a more impressive spectacle is not to be found in the world. From the foundations of the building floods of light stream up, and illuminate crowds that make their ingress and egress to and from the cellars, that are places both of amusement and refreshment: — here there are dancing dogs, blind men who play on musical instruments, ballad singers, petite plays, and the game of

dominos. The tables are crowded with men and women, — wives mingle with prostitutes, tradesmen with sharpers: the refreshments are all of a light nature; nothing like intoxication is seen, and there is no very gross breach of decorum in behaviour.

It is very certain, that if there were any similar places of resort in London, such abominable conduct would prevail among them, that they would become insufferable nuisances; — whereas, in Paris, there is nothing seen painfully to offend the eye, and this is enough to satisfy the Parisians that they ought not to shock the mind. But the truth is, that grossness of conduct is the natural and becoming barrier that stands between virtue and vice, — it proves that the two are kept totally distinct, that the partizans of the latter feel themselves proscribed, rejected, disowned by the respectable. They thus carry with them the brand of their infamy, — the good shudder at it and avoid them, — they disgust instead of alluring, — they excite a horror which counteracts the temptations to licentiousness. It is a sign that the virtue

of a nation is spurious and debased, not that its vice is scanty and unaggravated, when its manners fail strongly to mark the distinction between the worthy and the reprobate. Where morals are generally loose, where principles are unsettled, and duties ill-understood and worse practised, the most vicious will assume a companionable decorum of behaviour, for they will feel that they are not much out of the common way; and, being on terms of familiarity and communion with all around them, their iniquity will help to form a generally debased standard, instead of remaining distinct and odious, as a constrast to what is pure and valuable. This is the true secret of what is termed the superior decency of Paris in some respects:—it cannot be said to exist in any one instance of superiority in what is good;—it is not to be found in a closer regard to the nuptial contract, in a higher sense of what is honorable in transactions between man and man, or in abstinence from sensual indulgences. No, in each and all of these respects, the French are notoriously less strict than the English:—but their prostitutes

are better behaved, and their public assemblages are not so boisterous, — the causes of which are, that their women of the town are less a peculiar class than those of England, and that the quiet and comfort of their homes are less sacredly preserved, and fondly esteemed.

Above the cellars and the shops of the Palais Royal, there are the elegant Cafés, the common and licensed gambling houses and bagnios, and, still higher, the abodes of the guilty, male and female, of every description. The first mentioned (the Cafés) are in fact brilliant temples of luxury : — on entering them for the first time, one is almost struck back by their glare of decoration and enjoyment. Ladies and gentlemen in their colours, and statues in their whiteness, — and busy waiters, and painted walls, and sparkling delicacies of every kind, are mingled, and repeated, and extended in appearance to infinity, by numerous mirrors, which add vastness to elegance, and the effect of a crowd to the experience of accomodation. In one of these, the *Café des milles colonnes* — (so called because its columns are reflected in

glasses till they become thousands) — a priestess of the place presides, with even more than the usual pomp of such persons. She is a fine woman, and admits the stare of her visitors as a part of the entertainment which they have a right to expect. For a minute or two she reads, holding the book delicately at arm's length, and simpering as if to herself at its contents, in the consciousness that she is at least regarded by fifty eyes: — then, with a look of official dignity, she receives a customer's money from one of the waiters, and daintily dips her pen into a burnished ink-stand, — after which she drops the necessary memorandum on the paper, gracefully displaying her finely-shaped hand, and exquisitely white kid gloves. Occasionally, one of the gentlemen in the coffee-room sits down by her side, and talks gallantry as they do on the stage, — that is to say, with the air of knowing that he is the object of general remark.

Leaving these scenes where Pleasure puts on her gayest trappings, and appears in all her smiles and fascinations, you may enter

others where her attire is coarser, and she has assumed more of the louring, jaded, desperate look of vice. *The Café Montensier* was a theatre during the revolutionary period, and it still continues to be divided into galleries and pit: — the stage is covered with a vast bouquet of flowers. Here the company is understood to be of a loose description: the men are chiefly military, — the women prostitutes. The former go lounging about, from below to above, and from above to below, — and the large proportion which their profession forms of all public assemblages, and their reckless, irregular, profligate carriage, open one's eyes to the blessings of a military population, and to the prudence and patriotism of those who would make military badges be regarded as objects of the highest ambition, by holding them forth as the most honorable indications of desert.

The gambling rooms constitute spectacles purely shocking. They are licensed and inspected by the government, and therefore they are orderly and regular on the surface of their arrangements and beha-

viour, — but they are licensed by the government, and therefore they destroy the foundations of order, morals, honor, and loyalty. If a father debauches his children, is his family likely to be noted for subordination and respectability? The British lotteries would be equally infamous, if they were equally universal and constant in their effects, — but they are not so, and the French government supports numerous petty lotteries in addition to the gaming tables. A writer in one of the English prints, who dates his communication from Paris, thus expresses himself on these subjects: —

" Gaming, in every country sufficiently injurious, in this is rendered doubly destructive from the small sums that may be staked. At the first tables with which the Palais Royal, and indeed almost every district of Paris, abounds, *and to some of which females are admitted as well as men*, so small a sum as two francs, or twenty pence, may be staked. The evil of this will easily be seen; every artisan who can earn, every shopman or apprentice who can purloin that sum, may try his fortune at the gam-

ing-table; and, not content with this encouragement to the spirit of play, the government provides in the course of every year, not less than about *one hundred and eighty lotteries*, one of which is drawn nearly every other day, and in which persons may purchase even for the small sum of sixpence: — the consequence is, that the family of many a labourer is frequently deprived of its daily food, to indulge this vile spirit of gambling, which the vile policy of the government has created and fostered. All this evil is tolerated in order to raise a revenue which appears almost inconsiderable. The produce of the gaming-houses, and places of debauchery, for they are all taxed, do not, according to Monsieur Pichon, amount to more than fourteen millions of francs, or about 600,000l. per annum. Formerly they were farmed for twelve millions per annum. The individual who rented them, retired with a fortune of thirty millions; and now resides on a domain which he has purchased, and which once belonged to the Duchess of Bourbon. At present the tables are in the hands of the government, and may equal the whole

estimate of Monsieur Pichon; but whatever may be the amount of the profit derived, there is no man who must not see, that when balanced against the loss of national morals, the sum is contemptible indeed."

On entering these horrid places, you are first startled by the preparation of taking from you your hat and stick in the anti-chamber:—when you proceed into the rooms where they play, your heart is withered by anxious looks, and a heated stillness, rendered more impressive by the small interruptions given to it by the sudden sharp click of a bit of wood, which intimates that the winner is seizing his money. Of all popular vices, gaming is the most odious and deadly: it is opposed to all social feelings,—it renders even extravagance selfish, and improvidence mean;—it stifles kindness in proportion as it encourages hope;—it gives to the disposition a sharp, edgy, contracted character, and, while it ruins the circumstances more fatally and surely than any other illicit pursuit, it throws neither pomp nor pathos around the

downfall. About these hellish tables, half-pay officers, private soldiers, clerks, and ex-employés, are seen in a desperate contention with treacherous fortune: — the expression of the face, as the trembling hand puts down the piece of money is awful; — one piece follows another, — gold is succeeded by silver, and, from five franc coins, the unfortunate wretch is reduced to the risk of a single franc. He loses it, and leaves the room with a face that bespeaks him drained and desperate. For what atrocity is he not now prepared? The appearance of women at these tables is still more horrible: — their sex which is so susceptible of lovely appearances, natural and moral, seems equally calculated to display the features of deformity in their most revolting aspects.

There is yet much more that belongs to the Palais Royal, — but I believe I have described all that will bear description. Prostitution dwells in its splendid apartments, parades its walks, starves in its garrets, and haunts its corners. It is not, certainly, so riotous in its manner as in

England, — but it is easy to see, that its profligacy is of a deeper, fouler, more nauseous kind. Old men and old women are employed as regular inviters, and they think they consult the interests of those who employ them, by putting their invitations in terms the most offensive to a manly taste.

Such is the Palais Royal; — a vanity fair — a mart of sin and seduction! Open, not on one day of festival, or on a few holidays, — but every day of the week. Every day does it present stimulants and opportunities to profligacy and extravagance, — to waste, and riot, and idleness. It is there — always ready to receive the inclined, to tempt the irresolute, to confirm bad habits, and dispel good resolutions. It is there, — as a pestilential focus of what is dangerous and depraved, — a collection of loose and desperate spirits, in the heart of a luxurious capital, — as a point of union for every thing that is evil, — where Pleasure, in all her worst shapes, exists, in readiness to be adapted to every variety of disposition, and to enslave and corrupt the heart by making the senses despotic. There is but one Palais Royal in the world, say the

Parisians, and it is well for the world that there is but one.

Besides the amusements here alluded to, there are ten theatres in Paris open every night, and every night crowded. The Boulevardes are full of coffee-houses, such as have been described as belonging to the Palais Royal. At several of these petite plays are performed: — there are also public dancing rooms, public gardens, and exhibitions without number. The people encrease this enormous amount of amusement for themselves; — in all the public walks in fine weather, they are to be seen dancing in parties. The waltz is the predominating figure, and the women of Paris of all ranks, grisettes as well as Duchesses, delight in it to madness, and exercise it with skill and grace.

The whole neighbourhood of Paris within the circle of six miles, is crowded with similar places of entertainment, adding rural enjoyments to those of the town: — and all these places in country and in city, are well supported. A more important feature of national character than this excessive fondness for revelry and public entertain-

ment, cannot be imagined. It never can exist amongst a people who are deeply attached to their homes; and amongst a people who are not deeply attached to their homes, the most illustrious public virtues will but rarely be found.

CHAPTER X.

THERE is, as I have said before, a strange irregularity and uncertainty visible to an Englishman's eye in the outward appearances of Paris. The surfaces of things in England, indicate pretty satisfactorily in general, their exact rank and office in the system of society: — thus, it would not be difficult to tell by a glance at the windows in merely passing outside a house in London, to what separate purposes the rooms they signify are devoted. One kind of curtain indicates a dining-room, another a drawing-room, another a bedroom, another a nursery, and so on. But in Paris, nothing of that feeling prevails, which renders people uneasy, although their object is accomplished, if it be not accomplished in the regular way, and by the prescribed methods. It is the same,

in the domestic and social economy of the French, as in their military tactics: little care is given by them to dressing the line, to adjusting size, to preserving a minute exactness of uniform, nor to those movements and evolutions that produce compactness, and co-operation, and consistency, with reference to the mass, slighting, or subduing to one general average, the peculiarities of individuals.

Every one in France is at liberty to accomplish what he desires in his own way, according to his own tastes, means, and circumstances. If an individual wishes to keep a cabriolet in Paris, he need not, as in London he must, live up in every respect to a consistency with this one indulgence: he may help to defray the expence of this equipage of a gentleman, by wearing a coat that an English journeyman would be ashamed to put on. You may see people going to the Tuilleries on a court day, who have breakfasted off a bit of dry bread, omitting the bunch of grapes to enable them to buy the yard of red ribbon from which their crosses of St. Louis are suspended. A laced hat, clean shirt, dirty

waistcoat, dress breeches, and worsted stockings, often meet on the same body at the same time. I have encountered in the Palais Royal a military officer, with a sword by his side, wearing a military hat, an old black coat, a gorgeously striped waistcoat, black silk breeches, and white cotton stockings. You never, or scarcely ever, see in Paris one who carries in his air and general appearance the assurance of what is in England understood by the term gentleman,—formed, as he is, out of adequate opulence and elegant society, and habitually exercising an observance of the rules of his rank. There is no feeling for moral symmetry in the French: something unfinished or irregular, or inconsistent, starts forth amongst their finest exhibitions. The nicest of their beaux shall have a bad hat, or mended boots, or his skin peeping through his shirt, or something wild or poor, about him. Prince Tallyrand's elegant house, was stuck over with quack doctors' bills, the bills of the theatres, and the paper hostilities of two rivals in trade, manufacturers of Cologne water. This is but a specimen of the common carelessness as to decorum;

and this sort of disfigurement which gives a mean effect to some of the grandest situations of Paris is permitted to extend to the palaces. I met, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tuilleries, a fine Parisian lady, tripping in her gait, conscious in her looks, — claiming admiration and receiving it, — who, without any shew of concealment, was holding her nose, as a plain intimation of her being aware of the nuisances that were then committing under the elegant arcades of the new post office.

Some placards stuck up to catch the eye, invited the public to "*Une grande-salle a Manger*," which, it was carefully specified, was *decorated with mirrors and statues*, — where a dinner of four dishes, bread "at discretion," half a bottle of wine, and fruit, would be supplied at twenty five *sous par tête*, — about a shilling a head. Properly to appreciate this announcement, it must be explained that such a price is thought miserable at Paris; — it is on a par there with the lowest charges of our worst eating houses in London; — but the frequenters of even these lowest houses of accommodation in the French capital, have a feeling for

"statues and mirrors;" — they must have their four dishes, their wine, and their fruit: — though this ekeing out of the shew is all at the expense of the substance, they have not the slightest conception that there is a want of respectability in a sacrifice of this nature.

With the English, as I have previously observed, there is a sturdy scorn of all courtesies and decorations that form strong contrasts to general condition. An English dustman would never think of taking off his hat to an English washerwoman, or of requesting the honor of carrying her bundle. The idea of his own cart and bell, and of her tub, would cause him to regard with a surly mockery any approach even to politeness. He knows and feels the truth, and as he cannot really mend the matter, he will not condescend to trick it out. A Frenchman has neither a just sense of that to which he may pretend with propriety, nor of that to which he cannot without falling into absurdity. One of the lowest class will ape the etiquette of the higher orders, while he submits to their insults: — the vulgar with us, would resent the latter with promp-

titude, but they would be the first to laugh at any one of themselves who should shew an ambition to strut about in imitation of the gait and demeanour of his superiors. I have seen a French water-carrier salute a woman, carrying a basket of grapes, with all the scrupulous punctilio that a colonel of the Guards would observe in paying his respects to a lady of quality in Bond-street. Two Parisian tradesmen, who have breakfasted off the bare boards of their shop tables on a slice of onion and a bit of bread each, and who live without conveniences of any kind, will exchange, when they meet, the most graceful ceremonials of respect. Our shop-keepers deem a nod, or perhaps a coarse exclamation, quite sufficient for their dignity; but they would not feel comfortable without table-cloths and well furnished rooms.

From this kind of desultory sketching I hope the reader will be able to extract the true character of the social system of Paris, and the qualities which it indicates, — for this is not the sort of work that will admit of connecting facts and pursuing causes with philosophical accuracy. The analo-

gies must be traced in a great measure by the sagacity of those to whom the author addresses himself, for he would probably be accused of dryness and tediousness were he to be strictly methodical in his arrangement, and precise and full in his explanation of the first principles of the machinery, the effects of which he describes.

A very little consideration will shew that this looseness of manners is the result of a loose, and in many important respects, a false state of thinking;—a state favorable to quick, lively, and strenuous action,—calculated to make a nation full of exhibitions, and amusements, and enterprises,—but deficient in solid establishments, in fixed monuments of sound principle, in the inheritances that are worth bequeathing, in the productions that speak to "all time," and that address the future more impressively than the present. But those who admire a luxuriant surface, and care not about the depth of roots,—who are pleased to see every thing made the most of as to present effect,—who are not over scrupulous about either moral or natural completeness and propriety, and think a new gilt

counter a finer thing than a discoloured guinea, — are likely to be most gratified where this frame of mind chiefly prevails. It is highly conducive to glittering doings, for those whom it distinguishes never delay to begin any thing until they have calculated its practicability, its cost and its consequences. — The time which others spend in reflecting, they employ in acting; they never paralyze exertion by weighing and balancing considerations of propriety, delicacy, and what not; they have, in short, nothing within their own breasts that is of so much consequence to them as the eyes that surround them without, — and hence they escape all the greatest sources of timidity, irresolution, and inaction. Hence they collect libraries for the *public*: Museums for the *public*, — that public that dances in the Champs Elysée round the trees, and then adjourns to criticize the Laocoon. Hence they have public meetings of the Institute, at which the *Scavans* compliment each other, and the auditors applaud. Hence in the Chamber of Deputies the members receive and record the trumpery publications of the day. Hence

they perform theatrical scenes at their hospitals for the deaf and dumb, &c.

A French family will take a large and elegant hotel *, and give dashing entertainments. This, most probably, is not a settling of themselves according to their rank and means, — but merely a measure *pour l'occasion.* They have been, hitherto, living in comparative obscurity and thriftiness, but the daughter has become of a marriageable age, and she must be put out in a marketable manner. Her portion is announced with publicity and precision. When the purpose is effected, the hotel is sold or let, and the family retire to a first or second floor according to their income. This is done without any disgrace or shame attaching to the declension: no irksomeness arises to the parties concerned from the change of habits: — they feel nothing whatever from a circumstance that is in England regarded as the most severe that can befall any one, and to avoid which life itself is often parted with.

* Houses are called hotels in Paris, because they have usually several occupiers.

The economy of their habitations is after the same fashion, and belongs to the same system. "Why," they would say, "should a bed-room be held sacred through the day, when it is only required to be kept in quietness through the night?" So, before the bed is made, and often before the lady is out of it, — visitors are admitted. There is little or no feeling in France for any thing beyond, or on one side of the actual fact. Thus, a lady will dress behind the curtain, while a gentleman, sitting in the room, hears her movements, and is able to guess every action as she performs it: but what then? She is not exposed to his eyes, and as to his imagination it is quite free for her, — her feelings are not affected by any of its liberties.

There being this insensibility in France about what costs us in England most trouble and anxiety, their attention is wholly devoted to that kind of ingenious contrivance which I have been describing, and which is of the same nature with that of schoolboys, who can make any thing answer every purpose. Nothing can be imagined more wretched than the arrangement of their rooms, with reference to what we call

family comfort and completeness; but for the make-shift they are admirably contrived. They all run out and into each other, so that you must pass through bed-rooms, and all sorts of rooms, before you can reach your own; but then the whole will form a suite for company in the evening: — the beds are overhung with a canopy of silk and lace, for the occasion; and no one sees the discoloured sheets, or the night-cap that is put below the pillow.

In a house which was let for two hundred and fifty pounds a year, the walls were ornamented with paintings on their plaster by tolerable French artists, but the passages and stairs were miserably dirty: — there were casts from the antique statues in the principal rooms, and elegant candelabras, — but the dining table was a deal one, and the legs were rickety: there were large mirrors interspersed through the apartments, but the garden at the back was a neglected heap of decayed vegetable litter: — the furniture was such altogether, as we see here hired by the evening for routes, but then there was a billiard table in the hall. There were no neat spare bed-rooms, — no snug

breakfasting parlours, — three or four miserable holes with truckle beds were the only chambers for repose, after those of the master and mistress, which formed part of the suite of public rooms. The lady's boudoir was the only apartment that was carefully and elegantly adapted for its own peculiar uses; — but this sacred place must not be discussed here. It belongs to the female character and manners in Paris, and is an important feature of them; it will therefore be particularly noticed when we pay our respects to the sex. With a great profusion of display and decoration, in short, there was an apparent beggarliness as to real comforts; and an utter want of those genial attractions that draw the friendly circle close together, — that constitute the essence of home, and what is most sterling, cordial and endearing in life.

Nevertheless, it must not be understood that there is nothing to interest the eye, and excite pleasant feelings in the fitting up of the rooms in Paris: — there is a general taste shewn for the elegancies of art, a deficiency in which reflects discredit on England. The paper hangings are commonly after

classical designs, and the Burgeois seem to have the same feeling for statues and pictures, as the rich and fashionable. Galignani's public library has a fine cast of Cupid and Psyche in the garden: — at Tortoni's you eat your ice under a Grecian groupe; — in the Palais Royal, the ornaments and nick-nacks of or-molu, and jewelry, shew a general acquaintance with the fine memorials left us of the unrivalled taste of antique times. In the houses of the great, this turn of the people manifests itself in an elegance demanding and receiving admiration. The walls are margined with sweeps of Etruscan bordering: the tables have their marbled tops surmounted with naked statues, beautifully copied from the treasures of their museums: — the hand of an artist is visible in all the paintings of the rooms: — mirrors multiply and extend every beauty: baths bespeak luxurious habits.

Even with these higher classes, however, there is a decided and visible want of that perfect furnishing, and opulent regulation that surrounds the gentry of England. The carriage and horses, for instance, of a

French family of rank will be such as would not in London be jobbed. The servants have not that disciplined, orderly, neat air, which they carry with them in England, when they marshal themselves along the passage as the company enters the dining-room.

The domestic economy of the people of all ranks wants that snug cordiality, which, however it may, at first sight, seem to promote only the comfort of one's feelings, has in truth, an admirable moral effect. The family, whether it be a tradesman's, or a marshal's, never assemble together in the morning; — breakfast, which is so enjoyed, I might almost say so *amiable* a meal with us, is never in Paris partaken of in a regular way. The father, the mother, and the children, separately eat what they please, when they please, and where they please, before dinner. They do not come together therefore, in the freshness of their early hearts, before the dissipations and distractions of the day have disturbed the calm so favorable to a view of duties, and an expansion of the affections.

The order of a French dinner party has

been so often described, that I do not feel inclined to repeat the bill of fare, and the arrangements of the table. — The chief peculiarities are, that the ladies and gentlemen do not separate, — that little wine is drank, and that of a light kind, — that the ladies take their share in all the topics of the day, — and as the price of their permission to remain with the gentlemen, countenance and promote an easy licentiousness of conversation, which forms about a medium between the grossness which too often prevails among Englishmen, when the females have quitted them, and the scrupulous decorum which they preserve before the separation of the sexes. It scarcely admits of doubt, that the French custom indicates a state of society, in which the feelings of delicacy and morals are light and loose. They are not troublesome with reference to any, and therefore one standard of decorum is adopted as sufficient for all: — the yoke of propriety is fashioned so wide in its shape, and trifling in its weight, that no one has a temptation, on any occasion, to throw it entirely off.

The genteel society of Paris has not been organized since the revolution, and

the destruction of Buonaparte's government threw it into fresh disorder and uncertainty: — this event infused afresh into people's breasts, a spirit of doubt, of suspicion, and of hatred, entirely inimical to the ease and pleasantry, and unreserved communication, which used to form the pride and ornament of the *haut-ton* of Paris. Every attempt at the process of social refinement, made since the tremendous ravages of all that was graceful and good, that accompanied the downfall of the monarchy, seems to have been made by coarse hands, in the few and short intervals of the work of plunder and bloodshed. The wars of the period, and the cold iron character of Buonaparte's influence, repressed, to a most deplorable degree, what is properly understood by *good society*. The intellect of France, under this direction, took a fierce and profligate course; its manners became hard and slovenly; its dispositions vigilant, keen, and unscrupulous. All this is diametrically opposed to the confidence, elegance, and studious attention to the particulars of accommodation, of which the beautiful fabric of polite

and accomplished society must be composed. A bitterness of sentiment was cherished by those who had been humbled and reduced from the higher ranks by the revolution, which prevented them from availing themselves of opportunities to mingle with their substitutes, and assist to restore that polish of surface, and genteel turn of thinking, which in some measure redeem the vices and weaknesses of old establishments. On the other hand, those who had risen to station and wealth, by means of the changes, entertained a contempt for the persons that had been degraded, and the general qualities of the destroyed system, that led them to foster their original coarseness, as a mark of honorable distinction.

From the most candid accounts I could procure, it would seem that no royal or imperial influence was ever less calculated to restore the graces, or promote the amiable qualities of society, than Buonaparte's. A kind of wild, energetic point, distinguished his manner of behaving, as it did his style of writing and speaking. He was haughty himself, and loved to see those around him haughty to their inferiors:—

Josephine's affability to those about her always excited his displeasure, — and the reserve and insolence of the Austrian Princess, gave him an assurance of his dignity which he seemed to want. The members of his family in Paris did not conduce to throw either respectability or ornament around his court: their vices, as well as his own, were understood to be gross, — their dispositions had nothing of a reconciling, vivifying, decorating turn.

The restoration of the Bourbons could not have produced much alteration in these respects for the better, when I was at Paris; and, in point of fact, this historical event had then rather encreased the sombre uncomfortable aspect of society. Parties, at the houses of the fashionables, were disturbed by the existence of new dissentions, new jealousies, new motives of avoidance, new causes for partiality. Above all, the return of the old gentry from their exile, and the acquisition of importance and hope made by the reduced persons of this class, who had remained in France, produced unpleasantness and promised mischief. It brought beggary, burning under a sense of

injustice, into immediate hostile contact with power and fortune, alarmed for their possessions, insulting in their spirit, and fierce in their habits. Such a collision, it will be supposed, could not take place without producing the extremest danger to the very foundations on which rested all the establishments of the nation; and the reputation of the new rulers for prudence and talent, depended upon their taking the measures best calculated for subduing or neutralizing the elements of explosion. It is to be doubted whether, notwithstanding the visible testimonies given of the good sense and amiable temper of the King, this was the case. In many important respects the system of the restored court seemed to settle at that most fatal of all points, where enough is done to alarm, and not enough to intimidate. There was ground given for believing in the existence of an inclination reaching beyond power, and this belief, as it could not be limited relative to the extent of what might in future be inflicted, supplied nothing to deter from a present attempt to avoid the peril. It therefore included two of the strongest inducements to rebellion. But probably,

the religious measures of the court have done more than any other part of its conduct, to hurt it in the estimation of the Parisians. These excited their contempt, which is a more fatal and cruel feeling in France than any other. The King altered the constitution, he restrained the liberty of the press, — these measures scarcely excited notice and still less reprehension: — but, *mon Dieu!* he ordered the shops to be shut up on Sundays, and the spirit of the people was instantly inflamed to exasperation.

This leads me to remark on another feature of the Society of Paris. The dupery of superstition has been succeeded by the most hardy infidelity of the most chattering species. The ladies assail you in a crowded room, where there is waltzing going on, to put you seriously to your proofs in favour of the existence of a God: — the little boys stop in the streets to laugh at the priests, as mountebanks that are at once dishonest and ridiculous: — a Madame la Portiere of an hotel, threw herself into a convulsion of rage because a priest came to invite her daughter to con-

fession. One day, observing a sentinel standing on guard near a church, the name of which I wished to know, I addressed him for the information I wanted :—the reply was — " *Monsieur, I am a soldier,— I know nothing of churches!* — In the tragedy of Œdipus, by Voltaire, Jocaste says to her wretched husband —

" Nos prêtres ne sont point ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
" Notre crédulité fait toute leur science."

These lines, on the night I saw the piece performed, were scarcely out of the actress's mouth, before the house shook to its foundations with the thunders of applause: it was a tumultuous roar, proceeding from tradesmen, soldiers, men, women, and children, — the thoughtless as well as the thinking, — all uniting to testify an abhorence of religion and of its ministers. — The light of philosophy is a fine thing, and the darkness of bigotry is as hateful, — but the illumination of the French is rather too diffused to be pure, — and too fierce to be perfectly safe.

The society of Paris has an air of being entirely devoted to art and literature.

These subjects take the lead every where, to the total exclusion of morals and politics. A light flimsy sort of cleverness is thus shed over the surface of conversation, and, as far as the exhibition goes, it is pleasing enough. It unfortunately, however, so happens, that what is most valuable in these mines of human genius, lies too deep to be got at by such facile means, and too heavy to be raised by such common powers. The consequence is, that, where this current application is most in vogue, the profound treasures will be neglected for the sake of hammering out bits of passable coin, that may glitter and jingle in the communications of the day.

Of the politeness of manners of which the French boast, I cannot take a very favourable view. I was walking with an English lady, in one of the public streets of Paris, when an old Frenchman came up to us. He wore a cocked hat, and was decorated with an order. His body was bent, more as it appeared, from the effects of indiscriminate and general complaisance, than from the influence of age. He addressed us by saying, for our informa-

tion as strangers, that the bells we heard were those of Notre Dame: — he added — "*I am a Chevalier of St. Louis, — and you Madam,*" (addressing the lady,) "*are very charming!*" He then walked away. This is probably an instance of French politeness, as it is called, carried to what would be deemed an extreme even in Paris; — but it is a specimen of the kind. The forms of politeness were originally the indications of the feelings of politeness, as words are the indications of thoughts. That is the most polite nation where still the connection between the form and the feeling is most intimate: — where it is least so, it is very natural that there should be a superabundance of forms, — for what do we squander most freely? — that to which the smallest value is attached. In the same way, a parrot that means nothing, and a coxcomb that means little, rattle out more words than a man of sense, because it is easier to speak without meaning than with. In England we do not pull off our hats to every one who asks us a question in the street, and to the tradesmen of whom we purchase, because the

feeling is not excited which these actions in England indicate; — but in France they do, because in France these actions indicate no feeling. In England we do not instantly adopt the manner of friendly intimacy towards strangers, because in England chatting and smiling are assurances of regard and kindness, — but in France they do, because in France chatting and smiling might precede cutting your throat. And this is the secret of the manner which they call *fascinating*.

In real politeness, that is to say, in the display of attention to the comforts and feelings of others, the French certainly do not excel, nor, in my opinion, equal the English. We are reproached for our rudeness to strangers, — but no one, I believe, has witnessed so general a display of brutality in one of our theatres, as I saw in the theatre Francaise, directed against an unfortunate English gentleman, who entered a box, in company with several of his countrywomen, forgetting that he had put on a silk handkerchief over his neckcloth. He was removing it as speedily as

possible, when he was saluted by three distinct rounds of hooting, to the great abashment of himself and his female companions. The person who has done much injury to Hamlet, by throwing him into French, has deemed it becoming to seize that opportunity of insulting the nation which produced a play that he thought worthy of translating. He puts in the mouth of the Danish Prince the words — "*England! fertile only in crimes.*" As the theatres, during my residence in Paris, were generally crowded with English, the Parisians always marked this passage by most emphatic applause. These are not circumstances to excite rancour, nor indeed to deserve notice, but as bearing on the question of comparative politeness.

The truth, however is, that no nation really polite could boast of themselves and their possessions as they do. One of the fine relics of ancient art in their possession, had been, in the revolution of ages and events, removed from Athens to Rome, and from Rome, I believe to Constantinople. The French Catalogue noticed this trans-

portation, and added, — " but it has now been brought to Paris, where destiny has for ever fixed it." This remark is very curious as a proof of sottish ignorance causing ridiculous vanity, — but it is also a piece of gross impoliteness, inasmuch as it is an affront offered to what I may term the respectability of past ages, and the venerable character of human experience. What the intellect and fortune of Athens and of Rome could not secure, the coxcombs of Paris have presumptuously dared to fix for ever in that city of mutabilities ! — I repeat that this excessive vanity is totally inconsistent with real politeness. " My landlord," — says an intelligent friend, in his manuscript journal of a residence for a few weeks in Paris, — " dressed himself to day, being the Sunday after the King's ordinance had put a stop to the secular employments, — and went forth with his *femme* and *petite* to walk in the Tuilleries garden. They came back sprightly and chattering. Madame had seen some Englishwomen : " *Monsieur, elles sont trés belles, trés jolies, mais elles n'ont pas la tourneur des*

Francaises, — non, sans doute !" — and then she glanced with much complacency to her own thread-paper figure. . . . .

These are characteristic anecdotes, and will not, if rightly understood, be deemed trifling. Is it not evident that the coarsest rusticity is more akin to what is properly called politeness, than this pragmatical conceitedness, which converts courtesy into insult? Thus a Frenchman of rank said to me.—"I assure you, Sir, I should have been sorry if the Emperor had succeeded in his design to destroy England." This was intended as a stretch of civility towards me as a Briton; but there are many boors who could have told him, or at least would have felt, that the supposition of the possibility of destroying England, was an offensiveness, ill-redeemed by the profession of being, on the whole, glad, that she had been, by great good luck, saved.

All this is referable to coarseness of feeling; and it haunts the French throughout all they do. It often renders them objects of avoidance and disgust, when they fancy that they are shining lights, exciting envy and diffusing illumination. It is

therefore an incumbent duty on all who wish well to mankind, to endeavour to prevent the injury to taste, knowledge, and morals, which must arise, if their own false estimate of themselves be accepted as correct. For example, they boast, and many believe, that they are the most elegant-minded nation of modern times, as to fine art: — the truth, however, is that they have scarcely ever interfered with it, but to corrupt its principles and degrade its practice. Let us look to their treatment of the great Italian works. They have not brought a single picture from Italy which they have not cruelly and brutally injured. Instead of feeling the inestimable beauties of which they had — (no matter how) — possessed themselves, — they straightway set about placing their own monkey-like ingenuity above the sacred genius of the original artists. Their chief delight has been in mischievous meddling. He that has run the greatest risks of destroying these inestimable treasures, and yet has not quite destroyed them, has been deemed the prodigy and pride of France, when in fact he has deserved the pillory for his presumption.

Over his sacrilegious fingering they have exclaimed — "*c'est superbe — c'est magnifique!*" — M. Hacquin could not be content only to clean Titian's picture of Pietro Martire, but he must lay it on its face, and plain away the board till he came to the actual colour. He then put down pasted and glued canvass, that stuck to the colour, and thus transferred the picture from wood to canvass. The members of the Institute were in an agitation of delight as this curious trick was in progress. "*Sacre Dieu!* What an undertaking!" An eye or a toe, a white cloud, a speck of colour, on which much of the effect of this inestimable performance of the Venetian depended, was as nothing to the dexterity of the French remover. M. Hacquin was made member of the Legion of Honour, and the whole body of artists and literati ran with wonder, — not to study the picture of Titian, — not to be lost in the depth of the waving forest, — not to shudder as the murdered monk groans forth his spirit, — not to feel themselves inspired with a noble yet modest emulation to try themselves against the merits of this terrific produc-

tion, — but to chatter, to shrug, to take snuff, and to express admiration of the talents of Monsieur Hacquin!

The whole system of this cleansing and restoring is hateful. The finest specimens of Italian art, since they have unfortunately fallen into the clutches of the French, have been cleansed and repaired till they look like lapis lazuli jars, stained and veiny. An English artist told me, that he was within the Louvre, studying the Cartoon of the school of Athens, when from a private door came forth an old Frenchman, who regularly set his palette, and began to work on a large picture, the back of which was towards the Englishman. The latter thought it must be the performance of the person who was so busily employed on it, and from curiosity went over to examine it. To his horror he found the Frenchman engaged in regularly painting over an early and curious specimen of Italian art, touch by touch. He had painted the drapery of the Virgin entirely over, a fine staring blue. "Good God!" — said the startled Englishman, — "who is this picture by?" "*Je ne sais*

pas, Monsieur," was the reply — "*Je ne suis pas peintre, — Je suis Restorateur !*"— It afterwards turned out that this painting, so honored by the attentions of Monsieur le Restorateur, was by Cimabue, and a most rare and singular relic.

It becomes absolutely necessary to expose this unfeeling conduct, — for the French, by the help of their universal language and continental situation, have almost succeeded in passing themselves on the world as the most refined and intellectual nation of modern times. It is not so much a question of national superiority that is involved in the justice of this pretension; — that, comparatively, is but of small import; but it is the truth and stability of the first principles on which rest all that is really elegant and respectable in accomplishment and life, that are at issue. They are a clever people, they are an active people, they are a gay people; — but they are not deep or sound thinkers; they do not feel virtuously, or permanently, or kindly, — they have no native relish for the charms of nature, — the shallow sophistications and cold forms of artificial systems are their

favorites ; — they can see nothing but simple facts, — they cannot detect causes, consequences, and connections, — and (what is worst of all) their actions are not indexes to their hearts. Hence they must be, and are, smart conversers, amiable talkers, dexterous workers, — persons who pull down pyramids to see what they contain, — who make drawings of ruins, exhibitions of statues, and speeches at Institutes : — but hence they cannot be, and are not, either inspired poets, sound moralists, or correct politicians. Look at all the great modern discoveries of concealed truths, that have done honour to human knowledge, and advantage to the human condition ; — scarcely one of them has been made by France : — but France has robbed the discoverers of their honours, and France has raised many splendid but false theories, and Frenchmen have been very able and industrious compilers, collectors, linguists, and travellers. On the other hand, by far the majority of the atrocities, disappointments, and sufferings, which have befallen the world during the last hundred years, have had their source in France : there is scarcely an imaginable

extreme of opposite follies and crimes to which she has not plunged herself within that period: — there is not an example of imprudence which she has not afforded, not a possible boast of vanity which she has not offensively made, and from which she has not been disgracefully driven. It would be unworthy of a rational man, to feel incensed against a nation, — but it would be dastardly and unfaithful towards all the most important interests of our nature and species, to fall silently in with pretensions that are untrue, unfair, and mischievous. There is no shape in which the claim of being the greatest people of the world can be made, in which it has not been made by the French. It is repeated day after day, under every possible change of circumstances; now as conquerors, now as vanquished, now as Republicans, now as Imperialists, now as Royalists. Whatever freak they cut, whatever tumble they take, — whether they stand on their heads or their heels, — or lie or sit, — they poke their faces in those of their neighbours, with a supercilious grin of satisfaction, and an intolerable assumption of superiority.

CHAP. XI.

IT so happens, that public opinion in France has never been directed to a proper understanding of the constituents of national glory. It is the universal remark of the French, that the king of England has no palaces to compare with those that belong to the sovereigns of France. The fact must be admitted, but whether it implies inferiority on our part, in respect of the most valuable qualities of public character, may be judged even from the short extract I have made in the Appendix, from an account of Paris published by two Frenchmen.

The great works of architecture are noble achievements, when they spring from the taste, and spirit, and opulence of the public body;— when they form part of a

consistent system of national comforts, elegance, confidence, wealth, and all that goes to form national strength. But there may be great danger in an admiration of these splendid decorations, as trophies of national superiority, if it be not guided by a shrewd regard to their source.

I apprehend that France owes her public monuments to circumstances that have been productive to her of disgrace and detriment,— and that no popular disposition can be more fatal to popular virtue, and more to be deprecated by patriotism, than the unqualified pride which she has ever shewn in these superb effects of the power and profligacy of her rulers. Perhaps at this moment it may be deemed, that there are good reasons for endeavouring to oppose the seduction which has attempted to reconcile the English to fêtes that "put "one in mind of those at Versailles,"— to military trappings and danglings crowding the royal levee rooms,—and to princely buildings that are as self-willed and extravagant, though not so elegant, as those that have arisen from the indisputable mandates of a Louis or a Napoleon.

The public of England have been accustomed to look to themselves, — to their own spirit and opinion, — for their own comforts, luxuries, and ornaments. Little, or nothing, is performed by the English executive government, but the details of state business, — and it seems safest to entrust it with no power, and to center in it no expectations, beyond this. It is at once finer as a spectacle, and more advantageous with reference to the happiness and respectability of the community, that the possessions and decorations of the public should grow, in silence and certainty, out of the public bosom; — rich in rights, in sentiments, and means, — than that they should come down, with a sudden clatter and violent shock, from the hands of a dispensing despotism. When the people originate what they enjoy; it is but reasonable to conclude that the people's welfare will be consulted, — but in France it is directly the reverse. The French people have been accustomed to look to themselves for nothing; their rulers have given them every thing of which they boast. It is to Henry the Fourth,

or Louis the XIV, or Buonaparte, that Paris owes this; and that, and the other. The consequence is, that the interests of the people have been promoted, only just so far as they have happened to chime in with the selfish and tyrannical feelings of their governments. Thus, they have never been habituated to contemplate their own power: they have been familiarized to regard themselves as having few or no resources existing independently of their rulers.

The monuments of England are the acts of her public bodies, in which concentrate those noble impulses, that direct the national means and spirit to fine objects of philanthropy or glory, — first at the time in the estimation and view of the world. Her stupendous public subscriptions in behalf of the distressed of all nations, — her associations in behalf of systems of education, — her efforts to procure the abolition of abuses and the diffusion of blessings, are surely as noble examples of her principles, her taste, and her might, as palaces, and gardens that have been built and laid out for a King's mistresses, at his subjects' expence.

"Look at that exquisite piece of light

architecture," said a Frenchman at Versailles. "That colonnade is formed of pillars, each a solid piece of Languedoc marble. It is a fairy palace!"

"It is very beautiful; — who was it built by, and for what purpose?"

"It is the Great Trianon; built by Louis le Grand, for his mistress, Madame de Maintenon."

"So he built this palace for his mistress, under the windows of the national palace of Versailles, where he resided as the conservator of morals and order?"

"Yes," replied the Frenchman, — "he was a great prince: he encouraged the arts. Yonder at a short distance is little Trianon."

"And for whom was that built?"

"For the mistress of Louis the XV. — Madame Pompadour. In it you will see the chamber where that monarch caught the small pox that caused his death, from a young girl with whom he would sleep, notwithstanding the prudent remonstrances of Madame du Barri, another of his mistresses: — she who was afterwards beheaded by the Revolutionists."

We entered great Trianon. — "What fine Madona is that?"

"Oh, that is a Le Brun. France is the country for the arts, — and Louis le Grand encouraged every thing that shed refinement over the world. Madame la Valliere, the king's mistress is represented by the painter as the Madona. His Majesty and she have agreed to separate: — she is about to dedicate herself to religion: — the whole court assisted at the ceremony of her taking the veil."

"The whole court!"

"Yes, the ladies of the court thought themselves much honored by the notice of Madame Valliere, — for even the Queen paid her attention."

"And pray what exquisite groupe of sculpture is that yonder in the garden."

"Ah! France is the country for the arts, and Louis le Grand was the monarch to encourage them. That is the chef d'œuvre of Gerardon. The monarch is there represented as Apollo."

"Indeed! and he is surrounded by the Virtues, I perceive."

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur: — these female figures are the King's mistresses."

Here the dialogue may end, it is sufficient to give an idea of the political and moral system, under which France has acquired her decorations. Under it she has become characterized by a fatal laxity of principle, the source of which lies in the despotism and profligacy of her former governments, and the effects of which now are, that none of her authorities can be said to be established, that her rulers have no security in the affections or the honour of those who swear allegiance to them, that to-day it is the eagle, and to-morrow the lily, — and, probably, the day after the eagle again.

The habit of considering a sovereign's greatest glory to consist in these tumid undertakings, is highly hurtful, as I have said, to the national discrimination of what is really most conducive to its interests. Wherever it prevails, there will be but little good that is not *great*. What comes home to the business and bosoms of the large mass of individuals will be neglected, for the sake of achieving some article of mere

shew, some overhanging and oppressive piece of magnificence. I have observed, with regret, an English writer delivering himself with an evident admiration of Buonaparte, because he made market places, and built fountains, and pulled down old streets, and cleansed the Louvre. He says, these should be visited by such as wish to form an opinion of the probable influence of Napoleon's reign. He also alludes, in a tone of wondering rapture, to the Fountain Elephant, commenced by Buonaparte after *his own* plan, and which was to be 103 feet high. But what do all these prove that can justify even common approbation? In point of fact, the public embellishments, undertaken by Buonaparte; are inferior to those accomplished by several of the Bourbon kings,—and, if we may judge of his taste by the triumphal arch in the Place du Carousel, which looks like a trumpery toy in that situation; or by this same elephant who was to spout water from his trunk,—it must be pronounced to be very bad.

A more important view of the matter, however, remains to be taken. These public works, to be worth any thing at all,

should indicate public prosperity; but Buonaparte, and his predecessors in the same line of conduct, wished them to be accepted in lieu of it. Personal comfort and security ought to be testified by public grandeur; — and can it be said, that France, who boasts herself superior in the latter, has been nearly on an equality with England in the former? It is an easy thing for a tyrannical sovereign to issue his orders, of a morning, that a pillar should be put up, or a market place be built; but the next minute his ambition will do more to check the welfare of his subjects, than whole years of his florid and unnatural patronage could counteract. — Even the selection of public works made by such a sovereign will be injudicious. Buonaparte would have done more real service to the people of Paris by paving it, than by adding to the number of fountains, which keep the streets in a constant puddle. But what despot will care to devote money to the keeping dry of the feet of tradesmen and sempstresses, when these people themselves are more likely to be struck by the splendid proportions of the palace in which their oppressors reside,

and the blazonry, in stone or canvas, of the exploits that have wasted their blood and treasure,— than by any quiet attention paid to their comforts and respectability.

From these feelings in the people and the government, it happens, that every where in Paris you see signs that the sober and minute parts of the machinery of society have been neglected for the sake of what is swelling, gigantic, and overgrown. The walks of the royal gardens are nicely gravelled and superbly ornamented,— but the streets are dirty and uncomfortable for walkers, to a degree which an inhabitant of London, who has not seen them, can scarcely imagine. There is, in general, no pavement by the edges of the streets, to protect those who walk from the carts and carriages. The appearance of the people, making their way, as they can, amongst a crowd of fiacres, cabriolets, &c. — driving in an harum-scarum manner which an English coachman would pronounce to be contrary to all reason,—is very strange to an English visitor. The great wonder is, that lamentable accidents do not frequently occur: but the truth is, that the foot passengers take

liberties with the drivers, calculating on a forbearance exactly in proportion to the danger and inconvenience they incur by the want of the privilege of pavement. Thus it is, that the degradation of the people invariably leads to popular licentiousness. In Paris the coachmen cannot drive so quickly and so uninterruptedly as they do in London, because in Paris the walkers are liable to be run over by the coachmen, and in London they are sufficiently protected. The people in the French capital scarcely quicken their pace when they hear the cry of *garde donc!* — whereas, in the English, the holloa that proclaims the wheels near, never fails to cause a rapid scampering. The reason of this difference is, that, where, all classes enjoy their rights, all will rest contented within their own, but where they are withheld from any one class, that one will without scruple encroach on the rights of others.

From all I have said of the French character and condition, it will be seen that I have the worst idea of their social system, as it is at present constituted. It seems to me to be without foundation or conpact-

ness. — There are no generally recognized principles in the public mind, — there are no great bodies to give gravity, and steadiness, and impetus to the state, — there are no respected names in France to lead opinion, to collect the national strength under legitimate banners in behalf of honorable purposes. There is, to be sure, much scattered talent and individual enjoyment, and there are the principal materials of greatness to be found amongst this most singular people, — but they are loose, floating, and unarranged. This, it will be observed, is conceding them the possession of valuable capacities; but, whatever may be the final result, their vanity, which has been the chief cause of the calamities they have suffered themselves, and of those they have inflicted on all around them, is at present unsupported by their condition. From the revolution they might have derived the greatest benefits: it broke up what depressed and restrained the national energies, it gave play to the national circulations, — it braced the public nerves, and put animating objects in the public view. But their vanity made them the dupes of a

cold and crafty tyrant, who has utterly demoralized them, and who, by addressing himself exclusively to their besetting faults, has encreased them tenfold.

The imperial influence raised itself on the frailties of the French character, as displayed under the sway of the old race of Kings. Its language was that of bombast and falsehood, — it flattered the conceitedness, that it might make a prey of the rights of the people, — it corrupted their hearts that it might employ their hands, — and taught them to look, as before, to the magnificence of the throne as a sufficient compensation for all they lost of respectability as subjects, and for all they violated of good faith towards the community of mankind.

The profligate system of Buonaparte required instruments after its own character; and, with unexampled ability and villainy, he fashioned the people to suit his views. The youth of France have been trained up in his schools, and he has thus left them fit only for his purposes. The great interest of France, as he has left it, is the military interest, and this is thwarted and injured by

every measure that tends to promote the peace and substantial improvement of humanity. The air of the streets and public places of Paris is sufficient to impress this truth with a melancholy force, and to inspire fears of future disturbances. Walking one day in the Jardin des Plantes, I fell into conversation with a young Frenchman: his friends had destined him for the medical profession, but the conscription had seized him at an early age, and dragged him from his studies, — and now the peace had left him, at twenty-five, ignorant and unprovided. He spoke of the Bourbons with bitterness, and of Buonaparte with zealous attachment. The family to which he belonged, having been crossed in their original intentions as to his destination, united their feelings with his, and saw him, with regret, deprived of opportunities of thriving in the way of life to which he had been devoted.

Speaking from what I observed myself, I would say, that the largest part of the mass of public opinion in France was, from one cause or other, in favour of Buonaparte. This appeared to me certain, and it was

equally so, that this tendency of opinion existed in utter independence of honour and principle, or rather in direct contradiction to both. They would confess his worst faults, and specify actions which he had committed, for which he merited their detestation; after which they would add,— "Ah, but he was a great man!" Their affections were his.—If ever the French have shewn constancy, it has been in favour of Buonaparte. He was evidently best adapted to their dispositions. It is all nonsense, that we have heard about their groaning under him. He gave their vanity objects and gratifications: he made themselves and others believe in the glory of the French nation,—he brought them pictures, he built them palaces, he talked to them about destiny, and France, and empire, all in a breath. This is the system of management which is sure to be successful with the people of whom I am writing, and by these means popularity may be enjoyed, while perfidy, violence, and cruelty, destroy the public reputation, and the most valuable public properties.

The conscription was not considered in

France as so heavy an evil as we have been in the habit of conceiving it, with our English notions. In the first place, the French evidently want deep domestic feeling: a violent burst of grief, succeeded, in a few days, by a violent burst of laughter, is all that can be expected from a people whose domestic economy is of the nature I have described. Home is the only nurse for the heart; and home is disregarded in Paris. In the next place, the habits and views of this people are military: parents have been in the custom of looking to the army as affording a provision for their sons, and they seemed to me rather to grieve than rejoice that they had got them back. The great object of their exertions was to procure them new appointments, which would again remove them from their families.

The capacities of the French nation, however, I repeat, are great. — The advantages of what is called a common education, are universally diffused; and a taste for reading, for accomplishment, for all the embellishments of existence, is a general characteristic. The peasants have it, — and in

almost as high a degree as the most cultivated persons. The poorer orders, as I have already observed, are polished far beyond the corresponding classes in England, and the effect of their behaviour is extremely pleasing. One is chiefly surprised by the propriety of their mode of speaking: the ceremonies of courtesy, and the idiomatic phrases of politeness, proceeding from milk-women and carmen to each other, rather amaze an Englishman. The lowest persons touch their hats to each other in the streets. Two men, whom I observed playing at piquet in an open vegetable shop, deported themselves towards each other with all the punctilio of two gentlemen of fashion. Their language too, frequently surprises you, as elevated far beyond their station. A washerwoman, describing a hot foggy day, said,— "*the fog poured down like the breath of a flame!*" The keeper of the Temple, speaking of some rough stones which Buonaparte had ordered to be brought there from Fontainbleau, said,— "*it is the chisel of many a day, that has engraven those marks.*" Walking along the

quay one morning, I heard a woman who sold the crockery-ware that was displayed on the ground, instructing her daughter in the social duties of life. The practical part of her lesson was a caution not to encroach, as the girl had been doing with her cups and saucers, on her neighbour, a bookseller, whose volumes were also on the ground. — "The great art of life, *ma fille*," said she, "is to do as much good for yourself as possible, provided you do no harm to your neighbour."

Yet even with regard to the common knowledge, which the common affairs of life require, it will be found, on a close observation, that they are wonderfully more uninformed than the brisk adroitness of their manners would at first lead you to imagine. It is very possible that you may see the hostess of a country inn, seated under the vine at her door, reading Voltaire's Henriade, yet the same woman will not be able to take twelve sous from a thirty sous piece, and return you the change. The middle and lower orders of Paris, are in the lowest state of ignorance, as to actual facts and sound opinions. They

know nothing of what passes beyond the observation of their eyes, and may easily be deceived as to that. Their judgments are weak, in proportion as their impressions are lively. They may be induced to believe any thing that is monstrous, and thus it is easy to lead them to commit all sorts of monstrosities. It was in this way that the atrocities of the revolution were perpetrated. No story was too absurd to be credited by the people, — and each new day, brought, in the shape of a ridiculous lie, an inducement to some horrible enormity. It is easy to see with what facility a people, thus distinguished by susceptibility and ignorance, may be duped into the extravagancies and errors which stain the modern history of France. Their vivacity is but the liveliness of credulous vanity, almost always exercising itself in hostility to duties and truths. A Frenchman will credit whatever you please to tell him, and commit whatever you please to direct, provided you in some measure connect your story and your command with the idea in his mind, that France is the only country worth naming in the world, and that he is,

or may become, one of the most distinguished Frenchmen. A Parisian Shopkeeper is likely enough to ask, whether in England we are not accustomed to have boxing matches in our drawing-rooms, and, in the same breath, descant on the glories of David's last picture, and the *scarcely inferior* excellence of Raphael's Transfiguration.

The standard then of manners, is high in France, — and the standard of their conversation is still higher, — but, in the substantials of knowledge and conduct, they are below both these. Further, their accomplishments and attainments are all carefully and exclusively adapted to have an effect on the society of the day and place, — which is society in its most contracted sense: — this is their main, or rather their *only* object, and it is inconsistent with what is most worthy of present respect, to say nothing of what is most likely to secure the respect of futurity.

But a people with these lively notions, full of the amour propre, and whose multitudes catch inspirations from objects that, in other countries, have no influence but

on a select few, cannot but form a nation of rapidity in action, of splendid appearances, of interest and of celebrity. And, under a good government, — one which should have no interest in flattering their faults, — and under which the expression of truth might be permitted to go forth, at freedom to detect vanities and imperfections wherever they lurk, — whether in politics, in manners, in art, or in literature, — they would bid fair to attain a pitch formidable to all competitors. Hitherto, however, they have but astounded Europe to their own shame and calamity. They are lamentably ignorant of what I may call the A, B, C, of moral rectitude. They have not fixed in their minds the few elementary principles, to which every action or proposal might be at once referred, as to a certain test of its propriety. I have usually found that the most abrupt, and even violent contradictions, were followed, in the course of the stream of conversation, by an unguarded admission of facts, which proved all that had been originally denied. Against the summing up, if they dislike its tendency, they will stoutly protest, but will readily

admit, and even furnish particular pieces of evidence, that lead to an unfavourable verdict. This inconsistency arises from a looseness of knowledge, and slightness of feeling as to right and wrong: — the cardinal points of morality are not marked on their minds to guide their course. For want of these, they often glory in their shame, and bewilder themselves and others by admiring inconsistently, resenting wrongfully, and submitting abjectly.

As a conclusion to, and corroboration of these remarks, I may be permitted to quote certain passages from some articles which were published in THE CHAMPION, and which I wrote for that Journal from the Capital of France.: —

" A very little observation of the society of Paris, will shew that it is in a sadly disorganized state. It has no natural order; one does not know where to look for its top or bottom: all sorts of ranks are strewed about, without any distinct separation further than a nominal one: all sorts of principles are avowed without any heed as to their being honourable or base. The Imperial court seems to have done nothing to

adjust and settle the foundations and superstructure of society, but much to unhinge and overturn it. It took no care to establish interests more fundamental than those which arose out of its temporary enterprizes: it countenanced no fixed standard of character, but made reputation depend on subserviency to its changing commands, and pronounced on the propriety of actions according to its momentary feeling of expediency. The keenness of Buonaparte's regard to the particular object he had in view, was exerted to the exclusion of the slightest care for any other consideration, however important in itself, or even closely connected with his immediate purposes. Thus, when he wanted men for his wars, he paid no attention to the wants of trade or agriculture, the necessity for educating youth, and the claims of relationships. When he wanted money, he took no precautions to continue confidence, although after this is gone, no government will be long supplied by its people. When he thought fit to adorn his court with titles and honours, he looked for no better desert to be distin-

guished, than the services of a mere creature, no matter how destitute of virtue and elegance — of all that can give respectability and grandeur to the artificial elevations of a monarch. In short, never was the improvident system of living on the principal, and neglecting the future for the sake of enjoying the present, more ruinously exemplified than in the conduct of the Emperor of France. He behaved as rashly as the possessor of a fine mansion would, who should cut up his beautiful mahogany doors and bannisters, because for a moment he was in need of wood to kindle a fire; — or cut his exquisite pictures from their frames to mend the screen of a pantry with their canvas.

" The consequence is, that France is disjointed, and confused, and unsettled. Justice and establishment have not their natural protectors in that country. By their natural protectors, we mean persons having extensive influence over the people, whose principles and interests attach them to an established order of things that does not grossly violate any of the great rules of right and wrong. A race of gentlemen by

birth and education, who are checked from abusing their advantages by a wholesome equality of privileges, and the fear of being held in odium by an intelligent and sensitive public; — individuals of wealth, who have gained it by lawful heritage or tranquil industry; — and men of talent, who have not lost sight of the connection between moral and intellectual beauty and strength, — these form the natural protectors of a country's peace and character. But in France we look in vain for them supporting its social and political structure. There are no favourite names, even in the mouths of its parties, to be invoked for the public good. In England, according to a person's established system of opinions, he turns with admiration to certain illustrious examples of that excellence which is, in his estimation, of the highest standard. These, however opposed among themselves in sentiment as to details, constitute an attracting and regulating body, that gives compactness and strength to the commonwealth. France, unfortunately, seems to have no center around which to revolve, which might keep her firm in her orbit.

She has no feeling of religion, and no proper understanding of philosophy;—she is quite careless about liberty, and totally destitute of loyalty;—she has but little of literature, and less of knowledge;—she is without wealth, and without contentment;—she forswears rest, yet cannot specify any proper object for her exertions.

"The grumbler with whom you converse in the *Café*, is not prepared to tell you any thing but that he is dissatisfied. The course of his mind seems shaped at a savage random, and in an unblushing defiance of truth and propriety;—he seeks for no covering for his nakedness, nor concealment for his deformity. He will declare to you that he wishes for Buonaparte's return, and confess, in the same breath, that the Emperor was a great liar, very extravagant in his plans, and tyrannical in his temper. He will utter an invective against the Bourbons, but add that the King is a sensible man, heartily devoted to the welfare of his kingdom, and very likely to promote it. He will protest, with fierce insolence in his look, and gesture, that France is the most civil and most triumphant country in the

world; and conclude his flourish by groaning out, in a tone between that of sighing and cursing, that he burns to assist in obliterating the shame of defeat, and destroying those who are destroying his omnipotent nation. He swears in your face, that the Allies only respected Paris because they knew that the Parisians could, if they pleased, have destroyed all the armies that advanced upon them from Montmartre. He refers you, with insulting gasconade, to the catalogue of the monuments of art which his capital contains, — where you find it recorded, by the learned member of the Institute, that the *Transfiguration* was given by victory to France, it being a *chef d'œuvre* belonging to her by *destiny!* — but if you hint that, if the French gained it by victory, they have only kept it through the generosity of their conquerors, his rage knows no bounds."

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"This language will be called severe, and it is intended to be so. It is directed against a class of people, which, more than any other, is the legitimate object of the extremest severity. We mean those who are

wise to infallibility in their own conceit, while in truth their habits have not left them a single correct idea: — who have erected a monstrous obscene idol, whose service they account honourable, although it is shameful degradation, and to whom they would intolerantly cause all the world to bow; — whose notions oppose them as enemies to the peace of mankind, and against whose notions, then, mankind should make a common league. This class exists in all countries: — unfortunate circumstances have given it a fearful predominance in Paris: it may be said to form the character of the Parisian public as it appears to a stranger, and we are afraid it also forms the greatest influence of that public to affect the measures of the French government, and the relationships of France with other countries.

" When one has been in Paris, it no longer seems doubtful that Buonaparte's political system has been the chief cause of all this mischief. We yet see the means he took to produce it; we are enabled to trace the connection between his unhallowed objects and his diabolical institutions; — we are every where confronted with his devices

for debauching the instruments of his evil concupiscence; and we are carried along amidst crowds of his corrupted, whose natures have been turned to unmingled evil, by the force of his discipline. We say not this, God knows, in enmity to Frenchmen, but because observation has impressed us with a conviction, so lively and powerful that we know not how to describe it, — that the worst species of *moral plague* is in France; that it has made, and is making, the most horrible devastation there; that the disease must be proclaimed for the safety of the world: — that the severest regulations of quarantine ought to be imposed by other countries; and that, as the first step towards curing its unhappy victims, it should be proclaimed to them by every possible variety of method, that they are *foully diseased.* This they do not suspect: their vanity and self-confidence surpass the imagination of those who have not seen them. With many of the best materials of character, they present little that is not pernicious and profligate in conduct and conversation. They seem the relics of a system of order and beauty, whose very

capacities only tell us that disorganization has been at work, and that they have been perverted."

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"It has been a favorite wish of patriotism in England, that there should be no distinction between the citizen and the soldier: in France the wish is realized, but it is by means, and in consequence of circumstances, which the friends of liberty cannot deem desirable. They wish the soldier to feel and act as the citizen, but, in the neighbouring kingdom, the citizen is lost in the soldier: he sinks into the mere instrument of despotism, the weapon of lawless ambition. Every gradation of rank, and distinction of occupation, are swallowed up in the army. The boys in the streets are to appearance, young soldiers; most of the servants at the backs of the carriages have cockades and feathers in their hats. If you take your seat in the pit of a theatre, on one side of you is a private in a threadbare green jacket, with louring eyes, a dark thin face, and large whiskers, — and on the other, an officer in blue, slovenly and ostentatious, — having

neither the look nor the manners of a gentleman. The countless number of coffee-houses and eating-houses, which are all day choke full, are filled with the same description of persons; all floating about, loose, idle, forlorn, — ignorant, obstinate, and profligate. In private companies it is just the same: in every circle the great majority of the men are either now attached to the army, or but just discharged from it. The stations appointed in Paris for giving assistance in cases of fire, are stations for military, who execute the office of our firemen: guard-rooms correspond with our watch-houses, and soldiers do the duty of our watchmen. The head-quarters of the staff usurps the consideration and the place of the municipality. Soldiers act as constables at the theatres, and in the streets of the French capital: soldiers attend to preserve order in the gambling-houses: in short, France is a great barrack."

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"Whether the house of Bourbon is or is not to continue to reign over this sort of people, is the same kind of question as whether to-morrow it will be sunshine or

rain; except indeed that the uncertainty of a temper, as well as of a climate, gives our fears, if not the chances, a leaning to the side of what is disagreeable. One thing, however, strikes every one that has lately been in France, and we are more anxious to express this than to speculate on probabilities. It is, that of all the practicabilities, which at present offer themselves to that country, the one that is most pregnant with its best hopes and present interests, is the stability of the government of the Bourbons. In England, objections are urged, — and very justly too, — to many points of the conduct of the court of France since its restoration. Let these objections be still urged, for the spirit of opposition is the most efficacious principle of improvement. The King, probably, might have been better advised in several respects; — but the French nation has not moral worth enough in its possession, to warrant a rational belief, that any change, made by the impulse of popular resistance, would not be for the worse. The progress of amendment must be great from the point of its present condition, before any good can be expected for France from

the influence of what is England's best security as well as chief glory, — *the public sentiment.*

"When we deprecate the impulse of popular resistance, as more likely to urge Frenchmen into disgrace and despotism, than to carry them forward towards the perfection of government, we must not be understood as even breathing disapprobation against any symptom of vigilance and independent honest dissent, which they may now or hereafter shew. What we earnestly hope to see averted, is one of those great tumultuous national movements, that give to the machine of the state as great an impetus in its inferior as in its noble parts; which urge it onward in a blind course, with a crushing weight, raising a dust to fill the eyes when clear vision is most necessary. The influence of scrutiny and disapprobation, exercised within certain legal limits, and by regular means, is of a very opposite nature; and when France displays more of this fruit of a cultivated mind, we shall have less reason to fear the springing up of her *wild oats.* It surely ought not to be, for a moment, lost

sight of, in estimating the value of the government of the Bourbons in its new shape, that it not only theoretically provides for the exercise of a constitutional opposition, but that, in point of fact, a very active opposition to the measures of the court exists under it: an opposition which, in the days of Buonaparte, durst not have raised the point of its finger: an opposition which, protected as it is by the fences of law, and actually established in its exercise, is fully competent to gain for France in time every concession that is due to the rights of man. If it fail to do this, it must be through the baseness of the people: we know not whether the court is to be severely blamed for having the usual tendencies of power. Louis XVIII. seems to have given quite as much as was insisted upon, and probably he might have given less, and yet seated himself on his throne. We have every reason then to say of him, that he entertains as liberal notions on these subjects as a monarch can be expected to entertain, and we believe that those who know him best are most inclined to praise him on this ground. But all that the independence of

subjects requires, is not fairly to be expected to emanate from a king; and when a people are full of wild, jarring, and unjust sentiments and demands, honesty itself startles at whatever appears calculated to increase the force of so baleful an influence. The arguments of the men of the old school who surrounded the person of Louis, when he returned to France, were strengthened by the state of the people of France: the recollection of the manner in which they formerly abused liberty, could not but be freshened in his mind by the undignified and unprincipled temper in which he found them: and, with the consciousness that he was bringing them freedom itself in comparison with the government of Buonaparte, is it unlikely that he should consider himself as acting solely for the good of his people in those very points of his conduct, which have been considered by us as evincing the hereditary taint of despotic principles?"

CHAP. XII.

THE air of the French females, it must be acknowledged, is full of a certain species of witchery; but it is strongly marked by mannerism. Its secret seems to lie in making the external woman exclusively display the peculiarities of her sex; her looks, her turns, her whole manner of speaking and acting is sexual. The distinction between male and female is never for a moment lost sight of by either. In England it frequently happens, that a gentleman for some time addresses a lady in a way, that would leave a person who should only hear the observations, but not see to whom they were directed, perfectly ignorant whether the conversation were held with a man or a woman. But this could scarcely ever happen in France; the

tourneur of the phrase, when a woman is spoken to cannot be mistaken: it is modelled according to her peculiar instincts, charms and weaknesses, and so is the carriage of him who speaks to her. In this consists the politeness of the French to the softer sex, of which they boast; but the question is, whether it does not imply a stooping to, instead of a raising towards? Can women have any thing given them in the shape of deference that can atone for the loss of equality? Is it humouring they are fond of? We humour a child and spoil it by so doing; we humour the sick and the weak; we humour eccentricity and folly; but we never humour sound sense and propriety. The first instance of humouring had very unlucky consequences.

"Wouldst thou had hearkened to my words, and staid
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering this unhappy morn,
I know not whence, possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good; shamed, naked, miserable."

Paradise Lost, book IX.

The women of Paris are entirely creatures of management and manner:—the chief

business of society is left to them to transact; — a tradesman entrusts the concerns of his shop to his wife, — a gentleman asks no guests to his house but with her permission. There is every where an affectation of placing every thing at the discretion and disposal of the females, — but it is still evident, that their empire is granted to their weakness, and they are thus taught to make a parade of their sexual peculiarities, that they may gain pampering and indulgence at the expense of their respectability. They are raised above their helpmates, as men and women raise children on high chairs, and help the young folks first to pudding. In this very preference there is an insult; but there is worse degradation in the employment to which they are put. They are taught to make the most of their influence as women, in order to gain for themselves and those connected with them, the mercenary ends which arise out of the competitions, hazards, desires, and necessities of daily life. The bad effect of this on the delicacy of their minds, requires no exposure, and their artificial, active, adroit, and intriguing habits, have,

in fact, given to their physiognomies and manner, an acute, watching, attacking sort of air, which, however powerful it may be in its way, is not the power which most properly belongs to woman, or that most exquisitely becomes her in its exercise.

The system of educating and training young women in France, is open to the most serious objections. Girls, in respectable life, are placed, as they grow up, under a strict surveillance: they are never entrusted beyond the eye of the mother or governess. If they are permitted to pay a visit to a female friend of the family, the hostess is sensible she incurs the heaviest responsibility. The youthful guest must not sleep beyond the immediate superintendance of her entertainer; a bed is made up for her in the cabinet of the lady of the house. She must not dance but with the partner selected by her friends; she must not sit down with her partner after she has danced: — in short, strictness and guardianship are the substitutes for formation of character, and, without paying any regard to the mind, the body is pampered and preserved for the accomplishment

of the future views of a mercenary and cold authority, that looks but to sordid interests, and is careless of virtue and of happiness.

This degrading system of watch and ward, is absolutely necessary according to the habits of Paris, for they are directly levelled against whatever would warrant confidence in the sense of integrity and honour in the young female mind. Mothers will not, indeed, instruct their daughters to intrigue after they are married, — and they will not, probably, talk of their own licentious indulgences before their daughters; but their conversation with their intimates, in the hearing of their children, is sufficiently instructive, that connubial constancy is in little estimation, and less practice. Such a lady, they will say, speaking of one who has a husband and children, is not now on terms with *that* gentleman — *that* affair is over long ago: — it is now Monsieur ——.

These breaches of nuptial fidelity, it is affirmed, are less universal at present than they were before the revolution; but, I believe, it is doing no injustice to the state of French morals to say, that they now constitute the majority of cases of conduct

after wedlock in the genteel circles of Paris: — before the revolution a case of post-nuptial chastity in these circles was neither known nor expected. At present, the indulgence is managed with no needless display of indecency, but it is perfectly well understood, both by the husband and society, and the indulging party is not severely treated by either.

It is not thought an insult, in Paris, if a man, sitting down by a married lady, immediately commences making love to her. His language is divested of all unnecessary explicitness; but it has a sufficiently palpable tendency to the last favour that a woman can grant. It is, in fact, a mere matter of course almost, to address a French married lady in those terms of gallantry, which, in England, are employed to females whose persons are still disposable. The woman to whom they are directed may not be inclined to listen to them, — she may be engaged at the moment, or the application may be disagreeable; — but she never thinks of resenting the application as offensive. — In short, a husband here cannot rationally calculate on his

wife's fidelity, and I believe, very seldom does. If the parties, *after* marriage, feel themselves very much attached to each other, their reciprocal fidelity is secured by a mutual pledge on honour, which is added to the compact made at the altar, as an extra obligation, not necessarily included in the original engagement.

In Paris, it is the regular business of parents to marry their children; the idea of the latter conducting so serious an affair for themselves, would shock every father and mother in that capital. For this purpose, they announce every where what portion they can afford to their son or daughter, and, without hesitation, enquire of all persons whom they know, that have progeny of which a match may be made, what portions they intend to give. The most incessant attention is given to this grand affair, and a Parisian mother devotes a degree of industry, dexterity, and frequently artifice, to effecting the settlement of her children in the world, which no woman but a French woman could display, and which reflect much credit on her talents, although the view taken of the real

interests of those for whom she concerns herself is far from a judicious one.

The sole object to which they direct their efforts is, to accomplish a match which may be advantageous to their child in worldly matters — namely, in point of fortune or connections. As these are things which have no sort of connection with inclination on either side, it sometimes happens that a marriage is agreed upon between the parents for some years before the girl's age will permit it to be consummated. A young lady of the highest rank, whose nuptials took place when I was in Paris, had been accustomed to say to her governess who was an Englishwoman, — "They tell me I am to be married at fifteen: I wish I knew to whom; — I dare say I shall like him, — don't you think I shall?" Girlish feeling prompts this anticipation of satisfaction, — the awful contract for life is hailed for no better reason than that it affords a prospect of escaping from the irksome restraints that have been already described, — the commands of the parents are signified and obeyed, and two persons come together whom no impulse of their

own has brought together, who can have no well founded confidence in each other, and whose minds are prepared before hand to give ready access to levity and inordinate desires.

After marriage, the wife, young, and uninstructed in morals and duties, is at once emancipated from a state of severe restraint, and plunged into one of licentious liberty and unnatural power, — of which a few of the features are, a luxurious Boudoir, full of couches and statues — separate bed rooms, — a lover in every visitor, and the customs of society opposed to cruelty to lovers. It is needless to deduce consequences from these, — their existence is sufficiently informing.

The system of married life in France, is one by which the lady enjoys a sort of artificial authority and influence, raising her to appearance much above the claims of her sex and relationship, but existing at the expense of that cordial communication and heartfelt disinterested deference, which distinguish unions founded on a more judicious basis than that which I have been describing. She is installed in various pre-

rogatives that look flattering and desirable, but they are chiefly favorable to the discharge of functions from which a true respect for her sex, cherished by the men, would entirely preserve her, and the enjoyment of gratifications which a proper self-respect on her own part would prohibit her from partaking.

The chief emblem and representation of this condition of married women, is the Boudoir. It is a temple of separation and luxury. It belongs to the wife exclusively; the husband has neither property in it, nor power over it. If she were suspected of having a lover concealed within its mysterious enclosure, that enclosure, nevertheless, must not be violated. What I mean is, that such is the rule of good manners in France, and the man who disregards it is esteemed a brute, — an object of the general dislike and disgust of both sexes. The Boudoir is the apartment, as I have before observed, that is most commonly complete in its elegance. The nursery for the children, in the houses of families of rank, contrary to the custom in England, is neglected, and crammed into some inconvenient

corner; but the Boudoir for the mother, is rich in couches, in statues, in paintings, and flowers. It is a retreat in which Venus might be happy to recline, and is, in every respect, calculated to inspire the sentiments which belong to the devotion in which that goddess delights.

One effect of what I have been describing is, that, amidst this general profligacy, the grosser features of vice are not frequently seen. A woman who swerves from her sex's point of honour in England, is aware that she has committed an unpardonable offence, and the coarseness of depravity ensues from the very consciousness of the enormity of her crime. But it is very different in France. A female there who has committed adultery, regards herself, and is regarded by others, as not more culpable than if she were a little too extravagant, or too addicted to play, or rather fond of going from home. Her mind, therefore, experiences little, if any alteration, in consequence of the violation of her person: it is but little, or rather not at all, worse than it was before. It must be admitted, that this is a better state of disposition

and feeling than usually exists in union with a disregard of chastity in England, but how worthless is it as a general standard of the female heart, — and is it not infinitely better to meet with instances of gross depravity, as disgusting exceptions to the general purity, than to find purity no where, and every where a dissoluteness, insulting and confounding virtue by assuming the air of decency?

This leads me again to notice what I have before referred to — namely, the boast of the French, that the appearance of vice in Paris is not so odious as in London. If it be allowed them that their wickedness is not so deformed, yet if their virtue is not so fair, the worst stigma will remain with them. Where women commit adultery, and are allowed to continue in good society, the common prostitutes will not in their behaviour shew themselves at variance with the observances of good society. Why should they? The crowd of unfortunate females in the lobbies and boxes of the English theatres, forming, as it certainly does, a display offensive to decency, is adduced sometimes as a contrast

disgraceful to the nation, against the decorum of behaviour which profligacy preserves in the public places of Paris. Be it observed, however, that no one attempts to say, that there is a less amount of profligacy collected together in the latter assemblies; — but it assimilates itself more to the general manners, it lives on an easier and more communicable footing with all around it. Now the truth is, that, for all the interests of virtue, this is the most fatal public symptom of the two. The offensive shew in our theatres is highly disgraceful to the managers who build conveniences for this description of persons, that they may derive a profit from assisting the vicious intercourse in question; — but one of its most certain effects is to fill the breast of the youthful female, who is not corrupted, with horror, and to strengthen it against every seduction, which, by any possibility, might end in reducing her to so frightful a state of degradation. She sees the votaries of pleasure in an awful state of deformity and abandonment; and if the Greeks found it efficacious, to confirm their young men in habits of temperance, to expose

slaves before them in the brutality to which drunkenness reduces, surely it must be still more admonitory and alarming to a young girl of delicate feelings and refined manners, to see her own sex exposed in loathsomeness and misery to the insolence and coarseness of the other.

The dangerous seduction is in Paris, — where the harlot sits beside the girl of virtue, pretty, demure, attentive to the play, and coquetting with the surrounding beaux. The young lady is sensible that this woman does little more than her mamma does, and she sees no difference in their carriage. The men behave alike respectfully to both; they are both, then, entirely on an equality to the eye, and pretty nearly so to the understanding.

It is, I repeat, most essential to the preservation of virtue, that the distinction between it and vice should be strongly marked. It certainly is not so in France: they unite with each other, and this is an union which must be entirely at the expense of the best party to it, and, at the same time, promote the extension, without lessening the mischiefs of the worst. In a

country where the most respectable tradesmen's wives will put obscene prints into the hands of their customers, — where the insignia of filth and wickedness are every where displayed, — where licentious conversation prevails at every table, — and the young married woman who is without a paramour, is an exception to the general custom, — we must not hear a word of its refinement or of its delicacy.

However lenient society may be to the violator of the marriage bed, it is very resentful against those girls who marry without their parents' consent: — a blind deference to their authority is demanded, and it is observable, that this unqualified obedience, which some labour to represent as a binding duty, from which no circumstances can relieve, is chiefly inculcated and practised in the more imperfect conditions of society. The precepts that enforce it are too often the result of an interested, tyrannical disposition, which would justify its own bad passions, by assuming a right to be founded in nature and religion, which is not countenanced by either.

The influence of females is employed,

without scruple, as I have said, on every occasion where profit is to be derived from it. An English lady, who had been resident for some time in Paris, was called upon one morning pretty early, by a Parisian female acquaintance. The latter requested her foreign friend to bestow more than common attention that day on the business of the toilette, and, without explaining the motive of the request, withdrew, saying she would call again in an hour. She did so, bringing another Frenchwoman with her. My countrywoman, at their united request, went out with them in their carriage, and they drove to the hotel of a Judge. The three ladies presented themselves before this administrator of the laws; and one of the Parisians, with much volubility of representation, and in a pathetic touching manner, which was meant to be irresistible, laid before him her statement of a case in which her family was interested; which was soon to come before him in his official capacity! The two accompanying females were to swell the amount of the attack, and they had been selected

because they were in the possession of a considerable proportion of personal charms.

A Countess, whose husband and children had been much injured by the Revolution, and who had again suffered by the destruction of the government of Buonaparte, one day, when I was in Paris, said to a young English lady who belonged to a party of visitors to that capital, — "Ah, had we but a handsome Englishwoman, to go and entreat the Duke de Berri, our son would be sure of an appointment!"

These soliciting females are not easily rebuffed. They repeat their applications day after day, if not successful at first: they will take no denial; — charms, tears, hysterics, nay convulsions, are all employed if necessary, — and little degradation of character is supposed to be sustained, whatever the price may be that is paid for the accomplishment of what is desired.

The latitude which the conversation of females takes in Paris, is rather startling to those who are unaccustomed to it: — but it certainly does not indicate there, what it would indicate in England. I have al-

ready said, that in that city, the action itself is only thought of importance, — what is merely a matter of feeling, or is nothing more than a tendency, is but little regarded one way or other, amongst the society which I am describing. A Frenchwoman does not think, that she is at all transgressing the decorum of her sex, by lecturing a young man not accustomed to Paris, on all the snares and seductions of that dangerous capital, specifying, with much plainness, what he should avoid, in order that there may be no mistake. The language of gallantry to unmarried females, when it can be preferred, is unmeaning, — to married ones, to whom it is much more commonly addressed, it is always full of meaning. The Parisian ladies are not inclined to quarrel with words, and a coarseness of allusion prevails in mixed conversation, which, like many other qualities in Paris, is strangely opposed to its boasts of refinement.

A loyal Parisian, told me, in the fulness of his heart, and in his wife's presence, that he had been rendered a happy man by the King's return: — Madame ——— was in the family-way, and she had never been so

before, though they had been married eight years!

The French ladies dress very expensively: — we have been accustomed to hear of the opulence and extravagance of the English, from all the world; but really there appear no signs of poverty in Paris, and, with reference to the particular just mentioned, I think the French belles try the good nature and liberality of their husbands, even more than ours. Nor are the articles of their dress such as are procured at a comparatively small price in France, however dear they might be in England: a dashing *petite maitresse* of the French capital, is as anxious to enhance the value of what she wears, by a selection of what is most difficult to be procured, as the lady of a London citizen, or British nobleman can be.

In conclusion let me again bear testimony to the powerful *effect* which a Frenchwoman's manners have: — whatever estimate may be formed, on reflection, of the value of her general character, she will ever be felt by the majority, when present, to be a creature of fascination.

An old French clergyman, who had been many years an emigrant in England, returned to Paris on the restoration of the Bourbons, to pay a short visit to one or two valued friends. He entertained the most horrible notions of the place; — the men, he said, were even degenerated from the time of the revolution, — they had become devils, — every thing was altered for the worse, — but at the end of every sentence of sweeping condemnation, one exception was always made in these words: — "*mais, les femmes, — Ah, il faut avouer qu'elles sont tres seduissantes.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE driver of a cabriolet, which I hired, told me that his horse was a *Cossack:* he said, "these Cossacks got a very bad name, — but, for my part, I think they were of great service to Paris. They would give us five francs to drive them to the Palais Royal, and, in one hour, I once made thirty francs by them. They sold us their horses for a bottle of brandy each, — and, sacre Dieu, how fond they were of brandy!" Another driver, whose horse was restive, and compelled us to alight after nearly overturning us, — exclaimed, *sacre Cossack!* — and assured us that the vice of the animal was to be traced to his having been among these irregulars. The postillion on the road from Dieppe to Rouen, with a similar exclamation of *sacre*

Cossack, against one of his horses, bestowed upon it a number of blows, seemingly for no other reason, but to revenge the cause of France.

It would seem, from this, that the Cossacks have left as many horses behind them in France, as they have robbed from French individuals: and probably it may be the case, generally, that they have done as much service to some, as they have done harm to others in that country. This, however, does not lessen the sufferings of those, who received all the damage and none of the recompence. But it sometimes happened, that the same individual was the object of both. Thus, the brother of a French gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, had a fine horse, which they were about to steal, when they said they would let him retain it, if he would give them thirty francs: — he did so, and they took his horse and the money too! From another party, however, he afterwards bought a most excellent horse, worth from seventy to eighty pounds, for twenty francs!

The shop-keepers of the Palais Royal, have many of them made fortunes by the

Cossacks. They seemed to have spent their money much in the spirit, and after the manner of English sailors. They would call for a bottle of eau de Cologne, give a five franc piece for it, and pour the whole over their greasy heads: all the old fashioned jewelry, remnants of silks, perfumery that had been kept ten years, and damaged goods of every description, were brought out for the Cossack-market. Their appetites were too sharp, and their taste too coarse, to permit them to stand on the quality of their purchases.

But this thoughtlessness, which they evinced in spending, and the quantity of money which they did spend, tell but too plainly how they got their riches. They must have been the fruit of rapine and plunder the most horrible to those who were their victims. Thus it has been the fate of Paris, which must be deemed the chiefly guilty city of France, not only to be spared suffering, but even to derive benefit, instead of punishment, from the events of the war. The man who shewed me the abbey of St. Germain, spoke of their atrocities with a shudder; and a Russian officer, with whom

I travelled from Newhaven to Rouen, admitted that they must have committed great devastations. The nature of the service in which alone they are useful, makes it impossible that they should be controuled and superintended so as to restrain the natural greediness and savageness of barbarians. — They were sent out alone, or only with a companion, to prowl about the country, and it is in this sort of employment that their quickness and sagacity, and *natural powers*, as distinct from acquirements, — (which in fact acquirements lessen) — are of great use, and are signally manifested. Here too they shew much courage, which they do not in regular fighting. On this scouring service a single Cossack will charge several enemies, and by his dexterity at least succeed in getting away from them.

They are very superstitious: — they will not rob the dead, — but for those who yet breathe they have no compunction; — so they ride over the field of battle and drop their pike on the bodies strewed about. If any motion takes place, they strip the body instantly, — if the poor wretch's nerves reply not to the pointed weapon they pass on.

Platoff I was told, by the same authority, is a man of no talent. He had an officer attached to his staff who directed every military movement, — but the orders must go through Platoff, for the Cossacks' fidelity depended upon that feeling by which they regarded him as a patriarch. He is a man of uninformed mind, and simple manners — but of a good disposition. The eagerness of the English crowds alarmed him somewhat, but England has made a strong impression on his mind.

It is not to be forgotten that the French called all the light troops of the Allies Cossacks; so that much mischief doubtless was laid to their charge of which they were innocent.

The feelings and conduct of these barbarians, transplanted from the deepest recesses of Russia, and parading over Europe as victors, — hearing their name every where pronounced with fear, and sometimes with admiration — and at length thrown, with their pockets full, among the luxuries and elegancies, and shews and vices of Paris — amongst spectacles and enjoyments so different from all with which they

were familiar—so novel, so tempting,—afford themes for touching reflection. One may follow them in imagination through Paris, and fancy the scenes that took place: take them to the museums—the monuments of art, &c.—contrast their ignorant wonderment, with the ignorant vanity of the French common people:—then follow them home to their wild villages—see them about to re-enter on scenes and occupations so very contrasted to those which they had lately left:—their wives and children meeting them after their long absence!—But how many were left behind,—and those who returned how altered! May centuries revolve, before such another turning-out of the innermost depths of the wilderness takes place, in consequence of the terrors and depredations of an ambitious tyrant!

A lady observed to me that she never had the least fear that the Allies would burn Paris. It was a large and noble city, *not a little place like Moscow!*

The Parisians reflect much on the pusillanimity of the Empress Louisa. They felt themselves safe when she remained, — but when she left them they gave themselves up for lost. They justly ask what she had to fear? If she had shewn herself on the approach of the Allies, she might probably have saved the government for herself or to her child. She was not at all liked in the French capital; and the manner in which she received Buonaparte's proposal of marriage, certainly makes against her heart. "*And why not?*" said she, abruptly, to Prince Metternich, who, after much circumlocution, had just dropped out what he deemed the horrible import of his commission. Her haughtiness to those about her formed a great contrast to Josephine's behaviour, who was affability and goodness themselves. Buonaparte, feeling his own origin, and jealous of every thing connected with dignity, was, on the whole, pleased with the haughtiness of Maria Louisa, — but he sometimes found it necessary to check its display. "If you are so severe to your attendants as you propose to be," (said he one day) "whom shall we keep

around us?" The Empress is described as not pretty — but she had a fine full person when she came to Paris, which she lost after her very severe lying-in. Our newspapers, it may be recollected, spoke, in a very confident tone, of the tortures of mind which she felt in consequence of the marriage — but they relieved her from the tortures of child-bearing. She suffered that which they relieved her from, and did not suffer what they inflicted.

Josephine is never spoken of but with expressions of regret and love. She got her death by going out, contrary to advice and expostulation, when an irruption was on her body, to conduct the King of Prussia round her house and grounds, the arrangement and furnishing of which reflected the highest honour on her taste. Her physician said, at once, when he saw her after her imprudence, that she was a lost woman. Buonaparte always treated her with great respect after the divorce: he never came back from his wars without paying her a visit, and he always bid her farewell before he set out. He used to grasp her arm familiarly, and say, "Come along and shew

me your pictures," which request he knew would please her. When Maria Louisa heard of these calls, she manifested great anger and jealousy.

Josephine had suffered much from Buonaparte's ill temper, kindled against her in consequence of her remonstrances against his violent measures. At last the courage of goodness, which she long maintained, gave way, and she became afraid to speak to him. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien grieved her to the soul, but the domestic and political tyrant had in his face, at this awful period, what prevented the mediator from making any attempt to save the victim.

Talma, the actor, was a great favorite with Buonaparte, and was often called to read pieces to the Imperial court, before they were performed at the theatre. A short time before the divorce, he selected a piece, translated from the English, in which the separation of a married couple formed the principal incident. None of the courtiers then knew what was brewing. The Empress Josephine was observed to weep very much, and Buonaparte, after listening

for a while impatiently, rose and shut the door which opened to the outer room in which the company sat, who were thus, to their great surprize, prevented from hearing. The whole piece however was read, and when it was finished, the Emperor forbade its public performance.

It is affecting to hear the Parisians dating all Buonaparte's misfortunes from the day of his divorce, — and it happens, to support their notion, that the allies entered Paris on the anniversary of his second marriage, four years after its celebration.

Buonaparte seldom or never shewed gaiety; only one gentleman, an artist, was accustomed to make him laugh. To him he shewed the King of Rome, and, with a fatherly exultation, exposed the child's limbs, which were stout and well shaped. On this occasion he gave his son some strong coffee, and when the nurse expostulated, saying it would keep the infant from sleep, — he replied, "well what of that? *I am often kept from sleep!*"

Whenever he met with ill fortune in his enterprises, the English residents in Paris were pretty sure of an order to quit, which

by a little management, they generally contrived to evade, but which the Emperor's petulance always caused him to issue. Those employed to execute it, seemed to regard it as a mere ebullition of ill humour, and did not do their duty very strictly. Could this be a great man?

On the day when the allies were fighting behind Montmartre, agents of the police were placed in every corner, to affirm that the King of Prussia was taken prisoner, that the allies had capitulated, and other falsehoods of a similar nature.

The greatest praise is given by all parties to the conduct of the allies. Their behaviour is allowed to have been admirable when they were in possession of the capital.

Talleyrand had long before this event been an object of Buonaparte's hatred and suspicion: this the former well knew, and conducted himself in his delicate situation with the policy and dexterity for which he is famous. He knew that his house was full of spies; he knew that he had not a servant on whose fidelity he could rely: — the police were most probably in correspondence

with every human being whom he employed, — yet under these circumstances, so horrible to think of, he shewed no signs of embarrassment or uneasiness. When the Emperor's victories were announced in the public journals, Talleyrand took care to express his pleasure at the news, when the greatest number of domestics were present during the dinner. But his self-command was chiefly shewn on the trying occasion of the ostentatious insult offered him by Buonaparte. — Without having received any notice of his dismission, he found his place, as a great state officer, near the person of the Emperor, occupied by another, who outfaced him as he entered a crowded levee-room to officiate in his usual duty. The whole of the assembly preserved a strict silence, — and the general eye was fixed on Talleyrand. He did not change a feature, — not a shade of colour deepened in his face. He took his place in the circle with an easy cheerfulness, and paid his respects to his sovereign with much grace and readiness.

Talleyrand's expostulations on the subject of Spain certainly caused his disgrace. After the quarrel Buonaparte took every oppor-

tunity of expressing his hatred of his disagreeable adviser. He seemed to suspect and fear that so much offended ability would one day or other work him mischief. On a particular occasion, in presence of his marshals and ministers, he flew into a violent passion with Talleyrand, who had been repeating his remonstrances. He used the word traitor; Talleyrand smiled, bowed, and turned pale. He went on in a strain of abuse till he was breathless, and then rushed out of the room into his closet; but he instantly returned, and in a lower and calmer tone, which, however, indicated deep agitation, he said, — "I have returned, because I omitted to mention that I have been much indebted to you, Prince of Benevento. To you, probably, more than to any other now present. I wished to declare this: — the rest remains as I have said!" With these words the Emperor again hastily left the staring assembly.

CHAP. XIV.

THE French are certainly a dramatic people. They want nothing false or meretricious as allurements, to give attractions to their theatres. The play is always sufficient to fill their houses, and to interest the audiences, and that without any sacrifice of propriety to stage effect, or any insult to truth and public feeling by the falsehoods of managerial puffing. The simple respectable look of a French play-bill, which contains a mere announcement of the entertainments and of the performers' names, is perhaps the only thing in Paris calculated to make an Englishman blush for the opposite practice of his country. It is a mortifying contrast to the impudent quackeries and lying pretensions, which, in all the varieties of a large and

small letter, are blazoned on the hand-bills of our two national theatres.

The French theatre, as it is by distinction called, is sacredly devoted to the highest class of the drama: the profanation of beasts and pantomimes, is not permitted to insult the classical presence of their best writers, and even the graces of singing are thought inconsistent with the dignity of this temple dedicated to the legitimate drama.

It surprises an Englishman to see this volatile people listening in profound silence, and, apparently, without an exertion of patience, to long dull speeches, kept up between two performers, with the regular alternation of a debate in Parliament, and totally unrelieved by processions, by changes of scenery, or even by brilliant dresses. The actors and actresses dress with a strict regard to accuracy; the most industrious investigations are made, with the assistance of the learned members of the Institute, into the habits and manners of the period and people concerned in the play,—and on this basis of truth its decorations are got up and its arrangements

made. But not a thought is wasted on what is so essential to the popularity of a representation in England, — glitter, and shew, and pomp. If they arise from a regard to facts and proprieties, well and good; — if not, the audience do not resent their omission. The hardware brilliancy of Mr. Kemble's helmet and shield in Coriolanus, would excite the laughter and hooting of the judicious critics of Paris.

There are seldom more than two performers on the French stage at one time; — my readers know that the unities of time and place are strictly observed; — and the scenery, though classically designed, and admirably adjusted, has but little variety or brilliancy of appearance. (Of course the opera is excepted from this remark). — The necessity of some of these severities of decorum may be disputed, but it will not be denied that they fairly try the sterlingness of the dramatic taste of the people; and the result proves it to be very superior to that of the English at present, debauched as the latter has been by greedy and ignorant theatrical management, pro-

tected, in its folly and rapacity by an abused and unjust monopoly.

Even in their minor theatres, where small operas and melo-dramas are performed, the business of the stage is conducted with a praise-worthy discretion, and confident reliance on the true dramatic feeling of the audience. There is no half-price at any of these places of amusement: there are no accommodations for prostitution let out by the managers; they do not share the profession and profits of those who keep the brothels of the Palais Royal: — their business is the drama, and to its performance they confine themselves. Thus their houses are not larger than sufficient to supply the legitimate demand of the public for this species of amusement: they fill regularly with the commencement of the entertainments, and they permit each person who pays for his admission to derive the stipulated enjoyment of hearing and seeing.

The general style of French acting in comedy is excellent;—in tragedy it is bad. In the latter it partakes of the fault of their serious poetry, which falls into the mistake of

considering nature unfit for lofty celebration in its common shape and garb, and therefore subjects it to a drilling and dressing which leave it without essence, without resemblances to affect, or strength to overpower. It was pretty accurately observed to me by a countryman, whom I accidentally sat next to one evening, in the French theatre, that the English commit a similar fault in their comedy; —it must be admitted that the general practice at present on our stage, is to overact as well as to over-create parts of humour and levity.

Talma, it is well known, is the great tragic performer of the French stage, and it has no other that is even tolerable. I had been taught to expect from him an artificial violent manner, — a recitative tone of speaking, — and a figure by no means elegant or striking. I found this description correct in its particulars;—but, as very often happens, the *tout ensemble* was extremely different from that which the accurate account I had received caused me to anticipate. Upon the whole, he appeared to me a much better actor than I

expected, but the praise due to his powers must not be permitted to throw out a sanction or apology for the badness of his taste, in adopting that most atrocious style of performing in tragedy and the serious drama, which has now established itself on the Parisian stage.

Talma is the leader of that style; his eminent example has diffused it through all the theatres, large and small; we have its tawdriness and bombast, at second hand, from all the underlings that appear in the melo-dramas at the Gaité and Franconis, — and horrible is the effect of that which is bad in itself, and which not even a master can recommend to the taste that is guided by pure and true feeling, — when it is thus given as copies by dunces. The style of acting in question, classes itself with such an accomplishment as dancing. It is as wide of nature, and as independent of nature as a test, as this last mentioned exertion of art; — it would therefore be doing it an injustice to try its excellence, as a piece of execution, by a reference to the expressions of nature. The artist adopts another standard, — he purposely contrives combi-

nations that are not to be found in simple nature, and which forward none of its purposes.

Talma's principal power is shewn in the representation of the terrible: his features, his voice, his figure, and his conceptions, unite to assist him in this respect. I saw him among other parts in Œdipe, and his acting in the scene where the horrible truths of his situation, after affrighting the wretched prince by indistinct shadows of misery and guilt, burst upon his knowledge as intolerable realities, was the most awful exhibition I ever witnessed in public. We certainly have not an actor on the English stage that could have produced so prodigious an effect. Kean's bursts come the nearest to it, but they involve more of what looks like intentional display, and thus the spectator is relieved a little from the overpowering sense of distress: on the other hand, the indications of Talma's horror and agony, were dark, quiet, and simple,—illuminated only by an occasional glare of ferocity, which evidently belonged more to the man than to the part, and

thus threw into the representation an assurance of reality, which it would otherwise have wanted. — On occasions like this, Talma drops entirely his false and strained manner, and then he appears the greatest actor of the present day. He has generally a touch of vulgarity in his acting, which often adds to its strength, and is much better than its artificialness.

There is no other tragic performer belonging to the Parisian stage that merits notice. The men all rant; the women all whine. There is a curious peculiarity belonging to them, namely, that their second-rates imitate, even to mimicry, those who are esteemed at the top of their profession. Thus Mademoiselle Raucour's affected tone of pathetic suavity,* made all the women whimper themselves into a mournful smile, and Monsieur Saint Pris, having tuned his nasal bluster exactly to the pitch and length of Talma's, gave the note to the numerous tribe beneath him.

* This actress died lately, and her interment caused the disturbance at the Church of Saint Roque, of which we have been told in the newspapers.

The reputation of regular French comedy is well supported at its proper theatre by Monsieur Fleury and Mademoiselle Mars. They are performers of that school, now called the old one in England, which was impressive from the force of truth, and not from the violence of caricature.

The French opera is chiefly distinguished in the eyes of an English visitor, by the splendour of the scenery of its ballets. The singers are not first rate, as every one has heard, and we seem to have secured the best French dancers in London.

The Comic opera is a delightful place of amusement. It cannot boast of such first rate singers as Miss Stephens, or Mr. Braham, but the performers are almost all capital actors and singers above mediocrity. This union of powers, and general excellence, conduce more to the pleasing effect of a dramatic representation, than one or two instances of the highest merit, left unsupported by any thing like talent, and exposing to our disgust the wretchedness with which they are linked. In their comic dramas, at all their theatres, the French

are treated with a full muster of good performers; — there is very little halting behind, — each one acts up to the acting of his neighbour, and to the vivacity of nature. But the national manners of the people in question fit them all to be good comedians.

The theatres Varieté and Vaudeville, possess three excellent actors, as mimics, drolls, and punsters, — namely Brunet, Poitier, and Joly. They draw crowded houses every night, and the Parisians talk in raptures of their performances. The favorite exertion of their powers of ridiculing while I was at Paris, was the taking off of the English; and this they managed dexterously and without any unnecessary display of ill-nature. Collections of the jokes of these Gentlemen are published under their respective names, and they are understood to have free license to introduce whatever may occur to them at the moment. Brunet has sometimes incurred the displeasure of Buonaparte's government by puns that had too much of political point.

From a collection entitled "Piotieriana," I shall extract a small specimen of the commodity: —

" Un homme se trouvant á St. Cloud, disait; — Ma foi j'ai vue tous les villages des environs de Paris, mais je ne trouve rien au monde d' *attachant comme St. Cloud* (*cinq clous*).

" Jocrisse dit que les lettres que l'on prononce beaucoup en été sont celles, L. H. O. (*elle a chaud*).

" On lisait une jour, a une dame la tragedie de Bajazet; le lecteur, apres avoir nommé les personnages, dit: la *scéne est a Constantinople.*. Bah! interrompit la dame, je ne croyais pas que la Seine allât si loin.

Un Français disait à un Anglais, que si chez lui on avait trouvé le secret d'aller sur l'eau, chez nous l'on avait trouvé celui d'aller dans l'air. Oui, repondit-il, nous sommes *profonds*, et vous étes *legers*."

CHAP. XV.

THE following remarks on the schools and literary establishments of Paris, are from the pen of a friend.

" The state of education in France has been lately examined in many publications. I found some of those referring solely to the university of Paris, objecting to its lectures, and to its want of any examinations of the students. Many celebrated men still continue to adorn this institution. —The military and polytechnic schools are large and magnificent establishments; the former intended for the education of young men of good families in the art of war; the latter a seminary in which three hundred young men, selected after a rigorous examination from the inferior schools, receive an extensive education, in the sciences

only, for the space of three years. The learned languages are chiefly taught in the university itself, in the college of France, and in the *Prytanée*, which is divided into the four colleges of Paris, St. Cyr, St. Germain, and Compiegne. — It was, undoubtedly the aim of Buonaparte to degrade literature and give a superior place to the sciences. How happy ought France to feel, that this attack is no more! That history, legislation, poetry and criticism may be again allowed to flourish, free from the mutilation of their productions. It was in them that Buonaparte saw and felt the enemy of his power and his despotism. He had a degraded religion and a slavish priesthood at his command; but he seems to have dreaded the voice of history, and to have shrunk from the thoughts of posterity. He seems to have intended ultimately, to limit the education of youth to the mathematical and physical sciences only, aware that in their studies nothing would occur to inculcate sentiments of horror at the despotism with which he had enchained France. While in the perusal

of a Greek or Roman historian; in turning over the pages of Xenophon or Tacitus, some thoughts might be elicited by the dullest students, and some conclusions drawn, not exactly in harmony with the plans of their Imperial master.

"It is hence that at present in France the literary institutions do not rival their former fame, and if any proofs were wanting, I might refer to the late volumes of the literary class of the Institute.

"The establishments for education in the sciences are upon the most magnificent scale. The polytechnic school is furnished with a large library, drawing school, and mechanical workshops. The school of mines is provided with a splendid collection of minerals, which fill a suite of five apartments, and with designs and models of the most celebrated mines, and the machinery used in them. At the mint, LeSage lectures on Mineralogy, assisted by an extensive cabinet of minerals, and many articles of philosophical and chemical apparatus. At the Jardin des Plantes nine professors give lectures on Natural History and Chemistry,

surrounded by every thing which can enable them to extend their researches in these sciences. To all these institutions, chemical laboratories are attached.

"An elegant building in the Rue de la Boucherie, collects the professors and students of Medicine, Surgery and Anatomy. —The students have the privilege of attending the Hotel-Dieu, and the other hospitals. The library of the Ecole de Medecine is considerable; the amphitheatre, which holds a thousand students is magnificent; and the collection of surgical instruments, in the invention and manufacture of which the French have led the way, is large and splendid. Twenty professors give lectures in this school, and a designer of morbid parts, and a modeller in wax are attached to it. — In a separate establishment, the Ecole de Pharmacie, public instructions are given in chemistry, botany and pharmacy; there is a botanic garden which is open every week day to all; and it also includes a chemical laboratory as well as the school of medicine.

"These establishments, let it be remarked, subsisted with slight variations before

the revolution; since that time they have been undoubtedly improved by new organizations, and by the impulse which has been given to the physical sciences in general. The salaries are all paid by the government, and they are very moderate.

"The school of roads and bridges in the Rue de Grenelle, Fauxbourg St. Germain, is to be considered as an institution for the education of civil engineers; it receives thirty-six pupils, to each of whom the government allows thirty five pounds annually. It has a fine collection of models. Twenty pupils are admitted to study at the school of geography. There are also schools of painting, of architecture, civil and naval, and of the veterinary art. There are several other establishments which are of less importance; for the French sometimes take a little liberty by bestowing splendid appellations on trifling institutions:—thus I found that the Ecole de l'Architecture rurale, was merely an empty ruinous cottage, about half way between the Barriere St. Antoine, and the Castle of Vincennes.

"The education in the provinces, is

committed to the care of the teachers in the schools established by government, of which some in the principal cities, as Lyons and Rouen, are furnished with museums of paintings, and botanic gardens. — Smaller schools, either public or private, are to be found in every considerable village. Many of the lower orders of the regular clergy, give up a large part of their time to the education of the poorer children, in reading, writing, and religion, particularly in Paris. — From all these, the mass of information communicated, is undoubtedly great.

"In Paris, there are many boarding-school establishments, on the plan of those in England, and adapted for both sexes; they are chiefly situated in the open situations beyond the Boulevardes. Translations of the classics, a branch of literature little attended to in England, are within the reach of all who cannot aspire to read them in the original languages; and in another department, that of elementary school books and systems of science, the French are peculiarly happy: — many of their treatises in mathematics, chemistry, and natu-

ral philosophy, being the productions of men celebrated as inventors and improvers in these branches. The despotic power of the government has probably given rise to some good books in these sciences. Thus, Haüy, the celebrated crystallographer, was obliged to finish his system of Natural Philosophy within six months after receiving the order to undertake it, nor could the state of his health be accepted as an excuse for not performing the task within the limited time.

"In Paris, before the revolution, there was only one circulating library, and it was of no great extent; now they are so abundant, that every street appears to contain several, — no sign being more common than that of *abonnement a lecture*. — The royal printing-office, and that of Didot in the Rue de la Harpe, are large establishments well worthy of the attention of strangers; and the quantity of books printed in Paris, yearly, though far less than in London, appears to be greater than the comparative magnitude of that city would require, if we did not consider that Paris has to supply a larger population throughout France, and that

the productions of her press, from the diffusion of the French tongue, find a ready sale in most of the large cities of Europe. — The prices of new books in Paris are nearly what they were in London about a century ago; — octavo volumes are published at from two and a half, to four francs, and if, on scientific subjects, and accompanied with plates, at five or six: — quarto volumes, at about nine or ten; — but the splendid editions of Didot, and the expensive works on natural history, are, from the limited demand, as dear as similarly executed works in the British metropolis.

"The number of newspapers printed in Paris is as great as ever. The *Journal des Debats* requires six presses, and others, as the *Moniteur*, have more.

"The public libraries of Paris are large establishments, and the easiness of access to them, must excite, or keep up, a taste for reading in many minds. The peers, the deputies, the institute, the Prytaneum, the Athenæum of the Rue de Richelieu, has each its library. They are generally large, and often magnificent. Libraries are also attached to all the schools, and

to the hotels of the ministers of state; — the city library, and that of the Jardin des Plantes, consist chiefly of works on natural history.

"But by far the largest collection, and, indeed, in numerical estimate, as well as in the riches of the individual parts, the first in the world, is the National or Royal Library. Here any one may take his seat at tables provided with the necessary accommodations, and ask the attendants for any book which is possessed by the establishment. From ten volumes, collected by King John in the fourteenth century, it is now supposed to contain three hundred thousand at least, besides a treasure of eighty thousand manuscripts, genealogies of all the French families, and cabinets of engravings, medals and antiquities.

"The books fill a suit of rooms, which extend around a court of five hundred feet in length; by this arrangement they are deprived of the grand look of continuous perspective. The lower shelves, only are protected by doors and wired frames. The room of the *Editiones principes*, contains

every thing to gratify the taste of the biographer; — vellum copies, large margins, and illustrated unique volumes; — but it is not pleasant to think of the system by which it has been thus enriched. It was not enough, that Buonaparte should conquer at Austerlitz and Jena; Denon was ordered to follow in the rear of the carnage, to select and pack up the small gems, and rare copies of the cabinets of Berlin and Schœnbrunn. Perhaps the robbery appears with greater infamy in this instance, than in transferring to Paris the Apollo or the Laocoon, because the prizes attained are of a more trifling kind.

"The letters of Henry the Fourth and the fair Gabrielle, are seen in the rooms of the manuscripts. In the cabinet of the antiquities, the collections made by Caylus, are still among the prominent objects; — the series of Egyptian idols, is far inferior to that of the British Museum, and I should judge, as far as my recollection extends, that the Greek and Roman bronzes were inferior to those in the possession of Mr. R. P. Knight, of London.

"The manuscripts found by Denon in

the mummies of the tombs of Thebes, are still displayed and unexplained. — An Ibis, disentangled from its case, has its feathers fresh and perfect; nor is the identity of this bird (so revered in antient Egypt) with the *Tantalus Ibis* of Linnæus, and the *Abou Hannes* of Bruce, any longer doubtful. Among other remarkable objects in this apartment, I had an opportunity of viewing for the first time, the celebrated tablet of Isis, encrusted with silver, on which long series of Egyptian figures are represented: — the two round silver shields, commonly denominated there of Scipio and Hannibal: — the brass chair of King Dagobert: — and the Heart of Anne of Brittany, enclosed in a vase of gold fillagree work. The *Sacro cattino* of Genoa, is thrown carelessly into the bottom of a case, though it was once regarded with reverence as the dish of emerald which held the Paschal lamb, at the last supper of our Saviour. The French sçavans, collecting every thing rare and curious, brought this also from Genoa, where, for several centuries, it had been ranked among the greatest treasures of the republic. It was sent to the che-

mists for examination, and the first scratch with a pin, shewed it to be a very good bit of green glass. — Its colour is dark, and it appears to have been cut and polished with great care.

"The remains found in the tomb of Childeric, were chiefly gold bees, from which Buonaparte took the hint of covering his mantle, and many hangings in his palaces, with representations of that insect. — Among the medals exposed to view, are many Russian, executed with the greatest beauty, and presented by Alexander. Many of the rarer gems, and rich antique works in agate and crystal, are placed under glass-cases, for the accommodation of those who do not wish for a more extended view of the treasures of this department.

"A bust of Barthelemi, the author of Anacharsis, is placed in the Cabinet of Antiquities; and in one of the rooms of the library, a bronze statue of Voltaire sitting (*by Houdon*) is elevated on a pedestal. — Near it, is a model of the pyramids, in which the proportions of these edifices, and the sphinx, are exactly delineated in relief,

rising from the desert, and accompanied by an *oasis* with its grove of palms, and a caravan of camels.—The French Parnassus is a large groupe of wood and bronze, executed in 1721 by Fillet, as the inscription bears, *pour la gloire de France*: Louis the Fourteenth, in the form of Apollo, crowns the summit of the sacred hill, and Boileau, Racine, and others line the sides, which are sufficiently precipitous.—Lastly, I should notice the large globes made by Father Coronelli about the beginning of the last century, and presented to Louis the Fourteenth by Cardinal d'Estrees. They are fifteen French feet in diameter, of copper, with a copper meridian, which is four inches in thickness; and the index of the horary circle is three feet in length. They are supported on elegant pillars, and the floor of the apartment is pierced to allow of the height which their size requires. Their appearance is chaste, from the blue tints which are spread over them. They weigh about two thousand pounds each, and cost about five thousand pounds sterling."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I commenced this work, which I mean to conclude with the present chapter, it was my intention to have taken particular notice of what may be termed the *sights* of Paris; but in its progress I have been induced to alter my design. As objects of curiosity to the bulk of readers and travellers, they have been described over and over again; and such of them as might suggest a discussion of the principles of science or art, to be properly handled should be handled at greater length and with more care, than my limits would now permit. In the course of the previous pages, the most striking places and buildings of Paris have been alluded to in a way, sufficient to convey a notion of their character and appearance, though certainly attention has chiefly been directed to them

as illustrations of manners and memoranda of events. The curious, however, will find, in the Appendix, two or three very accurately drawn up papers on the Jardin des Plantes, the Collection of Mechanical Inventions, &c., with which I have been furnished through the kindness of a scientific friend, — the same to whom I owe the previous chapter. The sequel of these pages shall be chiefly devoted to a few observations on the splendid collections of Art in the museums of Paris, connecting them with reflections on national encouragement of Fine Art, and the present character of the French public, with reference to matters of Literature and Taste.

The first visit to the Louvre, as it is now furnished, forms an æra in the life of every one whose habits and dispositions render him liable to be affected by the monuments of human genius, and the symbols of the finest sentiments and feelings of the human breast. To me it seemed, as if I was entering amongst the spirits of immortality, amongst piercing intellects, sublime

imaginations, and heavenly fancies. The stupendous length of the Gallery of Pictures, which gives an interminable solemn air to the collection, adds to the weight of the effect, — and, as one advances down its vast line, the feeling excited, is that of being encompassed, and looked down upon, by a superior company the most admirable and awful. Here live, and breathe, and impress, with all their powers, the pure and beauteous Raphael, the mighty Angelo, the balmy Corregio, the vivid Leonardo da Vinci, the grasping realizing Titian, the irresistible Reubens, the grave Sarti, the striking Rembrandt! They exist, — they regard you, in a silent abstraction from the inferiorities of mortal life, which gives point and power to their presence. Here is life brought to light in immortality, — for here is the secret explained of that mysterious longing, and unconquerable endeavour, which incur the pains of martyrdom, — "the proud man's contumely," and, "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," — through some motive which common souls cannot conceive, and in the evident

enjoyment of a gratification which they cannot comprehend.

The superiority of genius to force, however surrounded by pomp and circumstances, cannot be more signally displayed than it is in these wonderful collections. They have been formed in Paris in consequence of revolutions that have removed states from the face of the earth, — that have quenched, not merely glory but even memory and being, — that have caused the humiliation of to-day to succeed to the pride of yesterday, — and have cast into reproach and shame the triumphs and praises of conquerors, the predictions of historians, the vanity and confidence of nations. They are affecting memorials in their present situation, looking back to their past history, of catastrophes such as are described in those impressive verses of the Revelations:

"That great city, Babylon, shall be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all:

"And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee: and no

craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee:

"And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee!"—*Revelations, Chap.* 18. *v.* 21, 22, 23.

The museums of Paris are now rich in the imperishable parts that appertained to what has perished;—in the sole survivors of general wrecks and ruins. And these unfading and undying glories, be it observed, are not those of senates, and armies, and fleets, and emperors;—even talent, when employed on these materials, has failed to perpetuate its workmanship:—Art and poetry alone remain, certain and beautiful as at their birth,—forming models for present instruction, instead of contrasts to present excellence. Earthquakes have shaken and swallowed, volcanoes have overwhelmed, barbarians have scattered,—yet here, in a palace of modern Paris, are the marbles of ancient Greece and Rome:—here are the lines traced by the hand of Phidias,

— the productions of his skill, the objects on which his eye rested, and the subjects of his hopes, and fears, and anxieties. Undangered and inevitable duration can be promised to nothing in this world, — but what commands the admiration and veneration of all times, and places, and opinions, — the value of which rests on no theory, and arises out of no system of instruction, but spontaneously from the heart of man, — is the least likely to become the victim of contingencies, and forms the most refreshing point of retreat from the turmoils, and changes, and doubts of the world's affairs.

Yet with these impressive proofs of the instability of national possessions before them, — the testimony of which, as affecting themselves, should not be less strong in their estimation because they themselves have been gross violators and robbers of national and individual property, — the French coxcombs dare to speak and write about destiny decreeing to France from eternity, and in perpetuity, these immortal works of genius! What Rome could not preserve, they flatter themselves Paris can,

and the triumph which has been denied to the Capitol, they assign by anticipation to the Palais Royal! A stronger evidence than this of the unfeelingness of the French character cannot be imagined. — What must that people be, whose sçavans derive from the spoils of Thebes, and the relics of Palmyra, subjects for priggish chattering about themselves, their powers, and the indubitable duration of their day and doings? These men, looking into the beaming shield of Achilles, would first think of adjusting the knots of their neckloths.

And where is it, and surrounded by what, that this assurance and these boasts are indulged? As I walked along the Gallery of Pictures, I looked out from the windows on the Place du Carousel. It was a court day at the Tuilleries, and the Gardes du Corps of Louis were lounging over the balcony of the palace, while crowds were assembled to see the ministers and noblesse, who went to pay their respects to His Majesty. A few months before, and all this was happening in favor of Napoleon! Yonder are the famous antique horses which the Emperor carried off from Venice,

and placed on the summit of that arch, commemorative of his victories, which has so trifling and frittering an effect in so large a space.— His N's and his monuments are every where about, but he himself is removed! And this temple of taste, and these palaces,—many years have not elapsed since they were the scenes of savage ferocity and wanton carnage. Through this gallery a French King and his family flew, pursued by murderers, never more to return to a royal residence.—These multitudes, that are now pressing round pictures and chattering criticism on the works of taste, were formerly equally occupied and amused with an exhibition of dancing dogs under the guillotine!

It is only such a people as this, that could have collected what is amassed together in Paris, and it is only such a people as this that could vaunt of such a collection, amassed under such peculiar circumstances, in the tone and language which they use. Others have gone to the seats of these sacred monuments to admire and venerate, but they went to pack up and transport. Their armies advanced, burning houses

and violating women; and in their rear came the members of the Institute to worship fine art and commit sacrilege in its temples. In the morning, the soldiers perpetrated every species of ruffianism in Rome, and in the evening they removed a statue of Brutus, at the expence of its mutilation, to excite fine sentiments and touching sensations in one of their theatres!

Whether we consider the character of these removals, with reference to the glory, as it is called, of those who committed them, or to the interests of taste, it will be found that they chiefly reflect ignominy, and merit censure. France says, that her victories enriched her museums, — but who now looks at their contents without recollecting that her defeats placed them at the disposal of her enemies, and that her continued possession of them is solely owing to a generosity, the benefit of which she experienced, but the example of which she never set? — On the other hand, the finest emotions and associations of thought which these works suggested in their original seats, became dissolved and dissipated by their transportation. The

statue that warmed and inspired the soul in Rome, is chiefly a prompter of regrets and misgivings, when placed in a gallery of the Tuilleries. The enthusiasm it excited in its primitive situation was of the highest poetical and moral kind; but this is chilled when we find it surrounded by French academicians and connoisseurs taking notes and snuff.

Neither can I allow, that even the study of art is likely to be benefited by the change. A worse mistake cannot be committed than the supposition that facilities are chiefly useful to the cause of taste and science; — it would be much more true to say, that difficulties and impediments do it a service. The pockets and convenience of students may be consulted, but nothing that tames the ambition of genius, or the enthusiasm with which the works of art are regarded, can promote its excellence or reputation. Let the student be exposed to hazards; the fire is necessary to part the pure metal from the dross: — let him incur difficulties, they will, if he be worthy of his pursuit, encrease his ardour; — a lover's passion is rendered more intense by having

to rescue his beloved from behind the bars of a window. Let the student be led in a painful pilgrimage to the honour of his divinity, from Paris to Germany, from Germany to Rome, from Rome to Florence. The sacred flame will be fanned by the motion, and his mind be informed and corrected by observation. —— When, therefore, the French learn true notions of what is valuable in character, and are rendered, as it is to be hoped they will be, wise concerning national glory by the experience of national happiness, they will not regard the spoils in question as honorable to their possessors; on the contrary, they will see in them only the memorials of a black and disastrous period, when their name was abhorred in Europe, and when a degrading tyranny led them, through every variety of misery at home, and rapine and violence abroad, until their outrages were terminated by their invasion, and the capture and disgrace of their capital. It is really high time that France should give up the profligate and puerile fancy, that she has acquired glory by carrying the fire-brand that agonized her own

body into the harvest of Europe's possessions; — if her frown has been destructive of others, its terrors have proceeded from the snakes, which, issuing from her own head, tortured herself. France must be taught better conduct by the expressed indignation of her neighbours, if she have not grace and sense enough to derive profit from experience. A little *said* now may prevent the necessity of *doing* much hereafter. Our French friends must be told, that they are expected to shew at last some signs of sober thinking. The time for admiring their splendid freaks, their mountebank exploits, and wonderful vaultings beyond their proper limits, is gone by. Such performances, though brilliant, have become tiresome; — they have been acted with eclât in almost every capital of Europe, but the catastrophe had Paris for its scene. Let them now then be contented to study that of which they are very ignorant — namely, the first principles of politics, morals, art, and literature; by this means they will become wiser and happier than they have been, if not quite so showy and so glorious; and the "Great

Nation," will not, after this change, less deserve or receive its favorite adjective.

The halls of the Louvre, on the ground floor, are filled with the ancient statues. Painting does not seem to me to have ever executed any thing so wonderful or striking as these. If I were condemned to a solitude, and had my choice of the treasures of the sister arts collected in this museum, I would much rather surround myself with these sublime marbles than with the canvasses up stairs. Criticism, or rather praise, has been so entirely expended on these extraordinary productions, that any thing I could now say, must either be a repetition, or unnaturally original. The triumphant Godhead of the Apollo, the delicacy and beauty of the Venus, the terrors and agony of the Laocoon, the symmetry of the Hermaphrodite, have been stated in all the power and variety of language, and in works dedicated solely to them as subjects; — I shall not therefore here attempt any particular description of

these wonders, — but keep myself within my principal and favorite design of illustrating and discussing national character and manners.

The Gallery of Paintings is prodigious: the number of pictures, the length of the walls, the recollection of the events that have filled it, form a union producing an overpowering effect But the place is by no means well-adapted for the purpose to which it is devoted. The cross-lights render it almost impossible to see the pictures, and with regard to many of them it is quite impossible to catch their nicer beauties. The great congregation of these works, bearing so plainly and palpably the air of an exhibition, lessens their influence on the mind as poetical conceptions. To please the vanity of the multitudes of Paris, who flock in to view their pillage, a long avenue, with pictures forming its sides, like so many regularly planted trees, may be best adapted; but the person of taste and feeling would be most touched and gratified, by a distribution into different rooms, where a sort of precedency might be observed, and by means of which, natural

distinctions might assist the judgment, and prevent that bewildering of the senses which is produced by a vast promiscuous assemblage.

In the Palace of the Luxembourg, on the other side of the Seine, there is a collection of paintings by Reubens, which excites the highest ideas of that master's powers of hand, and feeling for the forms of nature. There is scarcely to be found in the world, an equal display, within the same compass, and performed within the same time, of the genius of one man.

The following extracts from the Common-Place Book of an English artist, who has the right of a kindred mind to express his opinion of the excellence of these great men, will, I am sure, be read with much interest:—

"I passed rapidly down the immense gallery, recognizing by rapid, but keen glances, many noble pictures of the masters with whom my thoughts had long been familiar, and with the prints of which I was well acquainted: — But I never stopped till I stood before *The Transfiguration!*

The first look disappointed me: its general effect seemed to have even a character of meanness: the figure of the Christ gave me dissatisfaction, as small. It was evident that it had been seriously injured by cleaning, — but, notwithstanding, I was soon impressed by the beauties of this famous production of Raphael's. The head of the Father, who is putting forward his possessed Son, is intensely expressive: it seemed as if his voice having failed, and his internal frame relaxed through agony of mind, all he had strength to do was to *look* his distress. I procured means of getting close to Christ's head: its super-human expression is now certainly gone. Saint John, bending back, and shading the glory from his eyes, is full of soul and sentiment: and the young girl, who is leaning forward, near the boy, is exceedingly sweet. The woman in front is certainly not handsome: — it is doubtful whether any of Raphael's women are standards of beauty or form. Saint John seems to have been a character Raphael delighted in: it was, in fact, his own. Wherever he appears, he has the same look of purity, piety, bene-

volence, meekness, and voluptuous rapture, — with a glowing cheek enveloped in long heavenly hair.

"Raphael's feeling for expression was probably the most intense feeling ever bestowed on a human being (except Shakspeare) in the world. Every turn of drapery, every bit of ornament, in Raphael, contributes to assist in expressing the peculiarity of the character. Sometimes he clothes an innocent youth in all the purity of white drapery fringed with gold: — his head dresses, his hair, his sandals, every tassel, — I might say, every thread, were in him vehicles of expression, and means of refinement. He did not clothe his women to conceal their beauties, but to add interest to their appearance, to produce sensation, to excite love in the observer.

"Raphael must not be judged by his works in the Louvre. Alas! there is not a single work of his there (except the vision of Ezekiel, which was in the old Royal collection) — which has not been mutilated, stippled, scrubbed, and overwhelmed, almost to ruin, by the unfeeling, detestable French. — There is no woman

of his in the Louvre to be compared to that exquisite creature in the Cartoon of the Beautiful Gate, that carries, with a fairy lightness, a wicker basket full of fruit and flowers on her head, and holds in her hand an elegant boy, with two doves, that undulate their little necks to suit the motion of her steps. Raphael's faces are full of the "light within," and truly it is a divine light. His eyes glisten, his cheeks glow, his mouths quiver, the soul seems bursting for utterance. The heads of Raphael are the emblems of greatness, intelligence, and love; and his children are the germs of his men and women.

"But Raphael wanted (at least in oil), that comprehensiveness of feeling for imitation of the representation of objects, which he possessed so fully for expression," and telling a story. In consequence, his representations are all equally detailed, prominent, and coarse. By the side of Corregio, Raphael looks hard and German. Painting is the effect of an object: sculpture is the object itself. To insist on the details of objects in a picture, because objects are made up of details, is insisting on

having all the stones of a tower, seen ten miles off, marked as plainly and distinctly as if the eye were within ten yards of it. Reubens, without beauty, without refinement, without poetical conception of character, has obtained, and will ever keep — a splendid reputation solely by his gigantic comprehension of the lowest parts of his art. He felt the representation of objects as Raphael felt their characters. That power which, almost singly, could give Reubens his fame, would not surely have detracted from the greatness of Raphael : — in fact, it alone was wanting to complete it. In the organization of forms, Reubens was a most extraordinary being : his hands, and feet, and trunks, are as perfect in formation, — that is to say, in parts that are essential to motion, — as the Elgin marbles, — though, as every one knows, most brutal and most disgusting in taste of design.

"The next picture I turned to, was the Pietro Martire of Titian. This too has been injured, but the effect is still prodigious. The expression of the assassin's head is wonderful : — he has cut his victim down with a dreadful gash ; — his look

does not give the idea of hatred or peculiar ferocity, but a sort of ah! of professional exultation seems to break from him, as if he were a hired assassin, having no personal revenge to gratify. The exhausted, languid, and yet penetrating look of the monk is sublime. He is mortally wounded, he is dying, he is helpless, but his last look is the look of an Inquisitor — a look of thorough penetration. The back ground is in perfect harmony: the sun has shot up his last blaze, before sinking; — the evening breeze seems rustling amidst the towering trees; — some friends are escaping in the lurid horror of the forest, and the immediate companion of the murdered monk is rushing off, with his dark drapery against the deep sky, producing a sense in the spectator of terror and agony reaching almost to despair. In colour, this picture must have been once complete; it is now seriously injured, and one can only judge of what it must have been by parts that are left.

"The intensity and truth of Raphael's feelings for ideal character, were possessed by Titian for real — viz. *Portrait.* The

eyes of his portraits shine with intelligence, his figures look as if they were standing in a Venetian viranda on a summer evening, listening to the strains of guitars from distant gondolas.

"The marriage of Saint Catherine by Corregio was the object of my next contemplation. It was the first undoubted picture by that admirable master that I had ever seen. Of all men that ever lived Corregio was the most extraordinary for a sense of what may be termed the essence of sweetness. There is a magical refined beauty in his women: he has seized and realized all those fleeting momentary expressions, which scarcely have existence, and yet affect us with their beam. He has caught them and kept them, with a harmony, a poetry, an enchanting grace, such as if his fancies had been the dreams of an Angel. Reynolds had well studied the same system of harmony, in colour: — that look of surface in painting, which Reynolds carried to excess, is apparent in Corregio.

"A detailed description of great works is of very little use: — a student should survey the whole gallery, compare one

master with another, and from the comparison, form principles of practice for his own guidance. When once he can paint with facility what he sees in nature, let him not dwell, in heavy indolence and stupid pondering, over a painful copying of a favorite picture. The great advantage which the Louvre affords, lies in the matchless opportunity it gives for making a comparison of the different excellences of the different schools. One principle settled in the mind from such a review, will be of greater use to a student, than if he were to return with twenty much-studied, well-detailed, well-bungled copies. After having compared the ancient Great, one with another, let him compare the modern Little, — let him compare the French with the Italians, and the English with both, and make deductions and form conclusions of principles from these examinations. By looking through the Louvre on this system, he will find, that, in effect, breadth and brightness, size and depth, will bear down all opposition, — because nature is oftener seen under such aspects, than under that of Guido's grey, or Rembrandt's brown: —

he will find that a particular view of nature will carry a man but a very limited way, and that fame can only be certainly attained, and securely kept, by acting on the most general principles, and applying to the most general feelings of life.

"The French artists display cleverness as distinct from genius and feeling: — they are full of what will commonly be termed the knowledge of their art, — but are devoid of its spirit. They know not how to employ what they have collected. In Expression they are theatrical, — their Colour presents to the eye and mind a green, doughy mud. In Effect they are flat, smooth, marbly, and mawkish.

"But let me say, that in the principles of costume, and in architectural skill they are great and excellent; and let English artists endeavour to supply their deficiencies in those respects, by attending to the excellence of their rivals. In their Imitation, the French attend more to the imaginary boundary than to the actual substance of nature; — substance, and not line, is the great principle of Imitation.

"For a school of *painting* the Louvre is unrivalled; but, in the Elgin marbles and the Cartoons, *England possesses a higher school of design and expression.* They have nothing in the Louvre to compare with the Elgin marbles in system and style, and had our government one grain of taste, they would purchase these unrivalled productions, erect a national building, and place them and the Cartoons in distinguished situations, providing also the means of study. But they suffer the one to lie in a private yard, dusty and damp, — and the other to remain shut up in a dingy gallery, unthought of and unfelt. What is the wonder of every enlightened foreigner, who visits this country? It is, that out of the thousands, I might say millions, squandered about in almost all sorts of ways, not a farthing is bestowed on the encouragement of Historical painting. Sculpture is fairly encouraged; but painting is positively thwarted. The Directors of the British Institution, who deserve the sincere thanks of every friend to taste and refinement, for having raised the value of British Art, applied to the government for

the small sum of five thousand pounds annually, to assist them in their meritorious endeavours, — and this small sum was refused! What would Denon say to this? The present creditable state of historical painting in England, is owing to the vigour of its artists' minds, backed, certainly, by the laudable institution which I have mentioned. And, to be sure, there is some consolation, or rather cause for exultation in this very circumstance. Yes! energy of mind and force of talent, will make their way to greatness, not only in spite of neglect, but even against obstruction: — and the painters of England are making their way, in a nobler track, and at a swifter rate, than any others of the present time, — although they have no national gallery, although they have but little patronage, and almost no natural encouragement, although the government denies, and individuals neglect them, — although the fogs of the nation are thick, and its days are short, and its people not generally prone to run their pretensions to taste before their actual feelings."

The above observations are dictated by sound judgement as well as by strong feeling,— but something in the way of explanation, relative to the encouragement which Fine Art can fairly claim, and that is calculated to do it the most legitimate service, is probably necessary. It is, no doubt, irritating to see thousands on thousands of the public money thrown away on pastry, and pagodas, and fireworks, while the paltry pittance aforementioned, was refused to an object connected with the expansion of the national intellect, and the vindication of the national character: —but the present state of art and literature in France, affords a most convincing proof, that the native energies and best dispositions of both, are more likely to be weakened and depraved, than developed and strengthened, by the forcing system of patronage and galleries, and public rewards, meetings, and institutions. A British painter of the present day, one of whose works for sterling character, and interesting incident, — for humour, and pathos, and truth, and in short, for all that is most valuable in a picture,— would outweigh the

whole that the French school has produced for the last twenty years, — made a most judicious observation on this subject: — he said, "the modern French artists were evidently the *consequences*, not the *causes* of patronage. A more fatal inversion than this, of the proper order of things, cannot be imagined. Patronage never can produce merit, although it ought always to be produced by it. To place art on the footing of being reared, and fondled, and pampered, — formed out of models and collections, and lectures, — fed with daily bread from the hand of power, and with the cant of praise from the mouths of the ignorant, — is sure to reduce it to the state in which we now find it in France. It is there an exertion of acquired dexterity, — an observation of rules, and a habit of industry, — something very smooth and regular, and systematic; — but it neither springs from the heart, nor goes to it: — as a lesson of life it is nothing, as an appeal to the affections, it is nothing, — how then can it be any thing worth having or caring for?

It will appear very clear, after a little consideration, that the encouragement which

really promotes the display of genius in a country, must spring from its own operation on the hearts of the people: — at the same time, a disgraceful coldness to its productions may exist, which ought to be made the subject of reprehension, in order that individuals may have their attention turned to what they are losing for want of a well directed application of their means. But encouragement, in order that it shall do good, must take the shape of a natural demand; — it must not have an eleemosynary aspect, or come down as rewards, given in the exercise of taste and knowledge superior to the merit that is rewarded. The feeling of being necessary to the public gratification and welfare, is absolutely essential to that respectability and excellence, the existence of which reflects honor on the public character; and this feeling cannot spring from commanded competitions, adjudged premiums, awarded medals, authoritative decisions, and arbitrary rejections.

This is a hard doctrine, I know, for the pride of patronage: it will not easily be digested by well-dressed, and well-meaning

directors: it is not likely at first to find favour in committee rooms, where lords and commoners, the wealthy buyers, and sometimes the wealthy *sellers* of pictures, sit in secret round a table, and, with their glasses clapped to their eyes, settle infallibly and indisputably who is to receive the one hundred, and who the two hundred pound prize for this season. There is something vastly pleasant in the possession of this power of dispensation, and so long as those who exercise it, can lay the flattering unction to their souls, that they are forwarding the cause of taste, and assisting the endeavours of genius, it is not likely to be resigned.

But believing, which I sincerely do, that those to whom I am alluding, have it at heart to do these laudable things,—I am equally convinced that they sadly mistake the method. The present imperfect, but advancing state of feeling in this country relative to fine art, renders it necessary, that, for a time, some persons should take the lead in its encouragement,—but that encouragement should be at once put on the

only footing on which it can be durable and extensive. It is not by holding out, in the view of the country, a distribution of gifts and prizes, that ever the public generally will be led to encourage the higher exertions of the pencil: — such a spectacle is of itself calculated to convince them, that this style of painting is not adapted for them, that it lies quite out of their way, that it cannot support itself, and rather belongs to the class of useless and expensive pageantry, than to that which includes what is a source of natural and common delight.

This is a notion the most fatal for fine art that can prevail, and the course usually taken by institutions, is precisely that which is most likely to engender such a sentiment. Their business should be, not to display their own power, and skill, and weight, but to encrease the respectability and the independence of artists, by setting the example of a legitimate demand for their works, on the principle of their being *wanted*. Painters should be fairly and unequivocally employed, and left to themselves to do jus-

tice to their employers and themselves. A selection might still be made as to those commissioned, and, in this way, the highest merit might, as it should, receive the greatest share of encouragement. — But, I repeat, the artist should commence his work, supported by a certainty that he will not, at its termination, be exposed to cruel disappointment and ruinous disgrace, through the effects of caprice, or cabal, or ignorance. His degree of skill being known, let it be decided whether he is worthy of employment, — but employment, once given, should be absolute. It is in this way only, that the real powers of men of talent can be drawn forth: it was in this way that the powers of Raphael, and Michael Angelo were allowed to mature themselves, till they became manifested in the sublime works which these great men have left behind them. It is in this way only, that those who have the care of the public buildings of England, will be induced to employ artists in their decoration, and that a general taste for the loftiest and most poetical achievements of the pencil can be engendered, providing for the ex-

cellence of art, by ensuring to the best artists a proper reward from a *discriminating public*.

To return from this digression to the museums, &c. of Paris. Magnificent galleries of foreign productions do little or no credit to the mind of a country, and perhaps it would not be too much to say, that they are positively injurious to its mind. The Greeks had no galleries of Egyptian art; — if they had, we should not have received from their artists the precious bequests which have survived to this day. The Romans, like the French, were overwhelmed with the works of other people, and they did but little, comparatively speaking, in sculpture or painting. It was not till the fifteenth century, when but few vestiges of ancient art remained, that the genius of Rome reared its head in majestic splendour. I do not mean to affirm that excellence is not assisted by experience; but what has been done before us should be rigidly and merely regarded as objects of study and examination. It was in this light only, that they were regarded by the

great Italian masters to whom I have just alluded.

Paris, as has been stated, is full of public libraries, exhibitions, and museums: they are all open to the public, and that city thus affords aids and facilities to every kind of study, unequalled in the world. It is the highest of all treats therefore to visit it: the stranger finds a banquet spread out before him, and put within his reach, the richness and variety of which beggar description. Tables, and chairs, and fire, and pen and ink, are provided for him, in the midst of the most splendid libraries: he has but to enter, and sit down, and study: — whatever book he wants is brought to him: the scarcest prints, the rarest medals, the finest pictures and statues, are each or all put before him, according to his taste or pursuit. These are advantages and gratifications which it makes one almost feverish to recount: they make an impression on the mind of a visitor, to whose habits and dispositions they address themselves, that never can be obliterated. — But there is every reason, to believe, that their continued possession, is not such an advantage to a

country, as to common thinkers it may seem. They are likely, I grant, to bring out a great number of persons respectably versed in science, literature, and art: they are likely to render the general public, conversational and pretending on all these subjects, — but their results will be acquirement as opposed to genius, talking as opposed to feeling, research as opposed to production, and imitation as opposed to invention. The character of the French as a people, and the character of their works, may be appealed to in confirmation of this opinion.

The present state of French literature is confessedly low. They say the talent of the nation has been turned into other channels, and there is a good deal of truth in the remark. They have not at present a writer above the rank of a pamphleteer; and the cleverness of a flimsy unprincipled article in one of their public prints, is about the outside reach of their literary genius. Like ourselves, they are totally without dramatic writers of the best class; though their small pieces have much effect and point. In oratory they are at once poor and

vicious: I never heard a speech in the Chamber of Deputies that was not wretched, and Regnaud St. Jean D'Angely, who was the government orator under Buonaparte, and is esteemed the best public speaker in France, is very meretricious in his style, and by no means possesses a high order of talent. In science, France has still several very distinguished names, the most of whom will be found enumerated in the article on the *Jardin des Plantes* in the Appendix,—but she does not seem to be replacing those whom she is losing, with any thing like their equals. In one science of the highest importance to mankind, she is very decidedly behind England,—namely, in that of Medicine. Her practitioners, comparatively speaking, are not skilful, and their principles are not sound. In military tactics, the French, as is well known, may boast to possess some who are deemed the first masters of the day, and as they have introduced quite a new system of making war, and have brought forth into practice military powers and capacities that were never before thought of, they seem fairly entitled to take the lead in this respect. In

the field, however, England has quite maintained her equality,—but then her generals have never been properly pitted against him, who was always deemed the greatest captain of the French armies, and who has conducted war on a vaster scale, and with greater variety of resources, and comprehensiveness of plan, than any of his predecessors or contemporaries.

But in all those efforts of mind that denote deep internal feeling, chaste and sound principle, and enlarged and honest observation, the French are at present behind not only the English, but also the Germans. The whole of their system of society and instruction is opposed to what is natural, touching, and pure; and their remarkable disposition to look for models only to themselves and their own possessions, stands directly in the way of their improvement. England has at present five or six excellent poets, — France has not one; — it might be said she never had. But she cannot be convinced of this; and she cannot be convinced that the hardness and poverty of David do not constitute a standard of the first rate excellence in art.

She has the antique, and she prides herself on these monuments as if they had been achieved by herself; but her vanity prevents her from making a judicious use of her good fortune in this respect. — She merely extracts a few mechanical rules from these high examples, but to the soul of the lesson, and to the inspiration of the inducement, she is utterly callous. Her students, when I saw them in her museums, surrounded by Raphaels, and Titians, and Reubens's, were generally employed copying from David. They preferred the sublimated and refined essence of art, as contained in the works of this modern Frenchman, to its crude and coarse body in the productions of the Italians of the fifteenth century!

The estimate of the French character and condition, given in this volume, is an unfavourable one, and I can only say that I went over to Paris in the expectation of forming conclusions more to its credit. The gross public faults of the nation have been

flaunted in the face of Europe for many years, so that no one could pay it a visit in the belief of finding it immaculate. But more of accomplishment, and more of purpose, and more of favorable symptoms of every kind, than it presented to my observation, I did expect to find. In conclusion, however, I repeat, What I have more than once thrown out in the course of these pages, that the capacities of the French nation are very great. What it chiefly wants are principles of thinking. It is probable that much of that quickness and dexterity in action, by which its people are distinguished, would fail them if they took a more reflecting scrupulous turn of mind,—but if to the qualities which they have, they could add one or two which they have not, their rivalship would be of the most formidable description. As it is, a settled and liberal government, if such an one should be established among them, acting with the efficient instruments and stout fresh materials supplied by the Revolution, must build up a strong state. The capabilities of the country have been materially improved by that tremendous event, though, hitherto, its actual con-

dition has been the reverse of what is respectable and desirable.

The visit of an Englishman to Paris cannot but produce the liveliest impressions on his mind;—and, as affording fresh knowledge, inspiring new feelings, and linking additional associations, it is calculated to encrease the extent and value of his character. The mere curiosities, as they are termed, and amusements, are sources of powerful excitement and interest, but the great gratification arises from coming perpetually in contact with novelty. Novelty presents itself in every face, in every motion, in every piece of furniture in the room, in every utensil of the house, and almost in every breath of air that is inhaled. The visitor, therefore, feels his existence sit as lightly and elastically as if he were just born in the full possession of the powers of manhood. His return to his home will be endeared by a contrast which he never before could form,—and the general influence of the journey, I think, is to humanize the heart, even while it suggests conclusions to the disadvantage of those among whom we have been;—for looking widely, and with-

out personal attachments or resentments, on the surface of society, — we see how little individuals are to be blamed for what we most dislike in their conduct; and when the impression of this sentiment of forbearance and kindness, is coupled with a display of what has been working to produce the mischief and imperfection, that we cannot but see and regret, — the lesson, thus including a knowledge of what ought to be corrected with a motive to cheerfulness and charity, is the most useful that man can receive. It has a direct tendency to raise his nature, towards that higher rank of intelligence, in which irritation against disagreeable consequences is prevented by a knowledge of their natural and necessary causes.

APPENDIX.

A SKETCH OF THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL, COMPILED FROM THE HISTORY OF PARIS BY LE GRAND AND LAUDON.

A FEW scattered cottages, gradually encreasing in number near a wood or on the declivity of a hill, in a valley, or on the borders of a river, is in general the origin of celebrated cities. Such is that of Paris, which was then called Lutetia. From whence this name arose is now unknown; nor is that of Parisis more intelligible. Paris was at first contained in the Ile, now called the Cité. Cæsar found it in this state about fifty years before the Christian era. Labienus, his general, attempted to take it by siege, but the inhabitants rather chose to burn their town, or possibly only the suburbs, than to give it up to the conqueror. Cæsar, finding this position necessary to him, built a new town on the scite of the antient Lutetia, or at least very much augmented the old one, embellished it with many edifices, and fortified it with

walls and two strong castles, at the head of two wooden bridges, situated where the Pont au Change, and the Petit Pont now are. During 530 years that the Romans possessed this town, they enlarged it to the north, and beyond the island, which then formed the capital of the Gauls: the governors resided here, and amongst them some emperors; Constantine and Constance were of the number: Julian also passed some time there, the winter of the years 357, 8 and 9. He rebuilt the palace of Thermes and the aqueduct of Arcueil, the ruins of which subsist to this day. Julian spoke of this town as his *dear Lutetia*, describes its situation, and boasts of its vines and fig-trees.

Saint Denis came to preach the Christian faith about the year 250. The Pagan temples were then demolished, and replaced by some Christian churches.

The Franks made the conquest of Paris in the year of Christ 486, and Clovis established it as the seat of empire 22 years afterwards.

Paris gradually increased till the wars of the Normans, in the ninth century, stopped the progress of the buildings, and made the inhabitants feel the necessity of an enclosure to preserve their burgs from the invasion of the enemy.

The castle of the Louvre, which existed from the middle of the seventh century, was rebuilt

by Louis le Gros about the year 1110; and Philippe Auguste, after having paved the streets of Paris in 1184, commenced a new enclosure of walls in 1190, which were finished in 1211.

He erected in the middle of the castle of the Louvre an elevated tower, where all the great vassals were obliged to pay their homage to the king; it was 48 feet in diameter and 96 feet high. Philippe Auguste died in 1223, after a reign of 43 years. Paris received considerable improvements under his direction, for the town which till then consisted of four quarters had now eight divisions. After the new enclosure of walls begun by Charles V., and finished by Charles VI. in 1383, the town was divided into sixteen parts.

Robert Sorbonne founded his schools in 1250 in the quarter now called the Sorbonne. It is likewise called the quarter of the University, because all the sciences were professed there, and to distinguish it from the rest of the town, and from the cité. But the faubourgs being very much spread, and in danger from the frequent excursions of the English, a new enclosure of a ditch 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep was begun to defend the town.

Paris remained in the same state under the five reigns that suceeded that of Charles V. It was not till the time of Francis I., the friend of letters and of the arts, that Paris took a new

face. The improvements commenced with the Louvre: the old castle, that uncouth assemblage of towers and heavy walls, was demolished, and replaced by a palace worthy of the King of France. Much had been done to embellish Paris, but much more still remained to be done. The palace of the Thuilleries was built by Catherine of Medicis, in 1563. Henry the Fourth, after giving peace to the kingdom which he had conquered, resolved to execute the vast plan conceived by Philippe Auguste, and continued by Francis the First.

In 1619 was placed on the Pont Neuf the equestrian statue of Henry IV.: this Prince conceived the project of forming a great public square, to be called the Place de France, each of the streets coming into it was to have the name of one of the provinces.

Under the reign of Louis XIII. various fine streets were built, and improvements made.

Paris received under the long and glorious reign of Louis XIV. embellishments worthy of the powerful monarch who commanded them, and the ministers and artists who directed their execution. The projects of Henry IV. and of Louis XIII. were finished. More than eighty streets were opened and rebuilt. Thirty-three churches were erected with great magnificence; two public squares and bridges rebuilt in stone, and the quays newly constructed; four new

ports to facilitate commerce were made, and the great Chatelet was enlarged for the greater convenience of the administration of justice.

The magnificent establishment of the Hotel de Mars, or the Invalids, was founded, and also the Observatory, to forward the knowledge of astronomy and navigation; also a pump to raise the waters of the Seine, and to distribute it to the different quarters, and fifteen new fountains.

The Louvre likewise was enlarged, and almost rebuilt, with a magnificence which has spread its fame over all Europe as a chef d'œuvre of art, and as the most magnificent palace of the universe, including the Thuilleries, which joins it, and also the Pont Royal.

The old gates of the town were now replaced by triumphal arches, and the Boulevard planted with trees, forming an almost uninterrupted promenade around the whole of the capital, and contributing as much to its salubrity as to its beauty.

Louis XV. was equally jealous to embellish the capital: the limits of the town were enlarged by his order. In 1722 the Palais Bourbon was built in a new style. The Military School was founded in 1751, and the new St. Genevieve erected on a majestic plan. The Place Louis XV. and its colonnades were begun in 1754. The Champs Elisées were replanted

at the same epocha; and in 1763 the building of the School of Medicine reproduced in Paris the noble forms of antique architecture. In 1764 the porcelaine manufactory was established at Sevre with royal magnificence. In 1765 new boulevards surrounded Paris on the south. Several fountains were also erected. The chisel of Bouchardon gave beauty and value to the fountain De Grenelle. The Foundling Hospital was established in this reign; and the road and bridge of Neuilly astonished the stranger by the beauty and the boldness of their execution. The fronts of Saint Sulpice and of Saint Eustache decorated the quarters where they were elevated, by their imposing masses and richness of their architecture. L'Ecole de Droit, and L'Hotel des Monnois were erected in 1771.

Louis XVI. proposed to finish the monuments and all the embellishments commenced by his great-grandfather, and to order new works. He caused St. Genevieve and the new Madeleine to be continued, built several churches, repaired the Palais de Justice, and enlarged and founded several hospitals.

The French and Italian theatres, the comic opera, and the smaller theatres, were built with astonishing rapidity. The *Halles* were enlarged, the markets opened, and the fountain of the Innocents, the chef d'œuvre of Jean Gougon, again appears in an open situation; and the fine

cupola of the Halle-aux-blés rivals in grandeur that of the Pantheon of Rome. Many other improvements also took place; amongst them the Pont Louis XIV. made its appearance, and established the long desired communication between the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Faubourg St. Honoré. The Jardin des Plantes received considerable enlargement, and its cabinet of natural history became more worthy of the attention of the student and the public by the wonders it offered to their research and curiosity. The Palais Royal and its galleries was built in a short space of time, and ornamented with shops of all descriptions.

But the Revolution began and produced nothing but ruins: the Bastille was demolished; and at this signal all the monuments of art were menaced; the barriers of Paris were mutilated; several churches were violated and degraded, or sold and destroyed. The statues of the kings broken, melted, and replaced by idols in wood and in painted cloth.

At last a *young hero* reigned in France, and Paris once more regained her splendour. The grand projects of public utility, and truly royal magnificence, were recommenced, and for the most part were executed with a celerity without example.

The Carousal was cleared of all those nuisances which dishonoured the palace of the

sovereign; it forms an immense place d'armes, ornamented by new streets and triumphal monuments; the Louvre is finishing; the gardens of the Thuilleries are cleared on all sides; and the Rue de Rivoli, which runs on one side, produces an imposing effect. The Rue de la Paix, running from the Place Vendome to the Boulevards, establishes another grand communication between this superb garden and the Chaussée d'Antin: a spacious market is formed on the lands of the Jacobins of the Rue St. Honoré: three bridges rise at the same time before the Louvre, the Arsenal, and l'Ile Notre Dame; and a fourth soon after before the Military School.

The Place de la Bastille is to become the great point of union between the Rue St. Antoine and the north and south boulevards. A triumphal arch near this place is to attest to future generations the immortal days of Marengo and Austerlitz.

The Place du Louvre and that of Notre Dame are enlarged; the demolition of the houses of the Pont St. Michel, have changed the aspect of Paris. The quays of Buonaparte, Desaix, and Napoleon, have rendered it more magnificent; and each day new projects are arising to add to its happiness and its glory.

THE PALACES OF PARIS TRACED TO THE NATIONAL CHARACTER AND GOVERNMENT, BY LE GRAND AND LAUDON.

After the sacred edifices, the palaces are in general the works where architecture displays her grandest means, and where the power and the taste of nations are developed to the greatest extent.

It is also in this species of edifices that the manners and customs of a people are mostly shewn. The habitations of the great and the rich bear in all nations the characteristic mark of the political institutions that govern them. According to the various ways which these institutions permit to individuals to shew or conceal their riches, architecture either restrains or expands her powers.

Past and present examples prove that in a country where democracy reigns, the habitations of the rich are invariably simple. A sumptuous palace would excite envy. In these countries a certain unison of exterior, which is taken for equality, prevails; but it is oftener hypocrisy on the part of the powerful, who readily take other means to indemnify themselves.

Luxury in private buildings was unknown to the republics of Greece, and in what is called

the fine time of the Roman republic. It was in the decline of this last, that the rich, breaking the barriers elevated by custom and the laws against luxury, inhabited palaces, which, according to Pliny, insulted by their splendour the divine temples.

The aristocratic republic of modern Italy carried the magnificence of its palaces to the highest degree. It is generally the principle of aristocracy that dominates in Italy; and this principle is very favourable to the luxury of civil architecture. There, where the great participate the government,—the pride of rank, of birth, and of fortune, cannot be repressed by the laws, but must on the contrary develope and discover themselves. To strike the senses of the multitude they must be imprinted on whatever attracts the eye.

The monarchical government is very favourable to the building of palaces. There the prince disposes of considerable sums of money, and may employ them at his pleasure in the expences of building. In great monarchies the palace of the sovereign is necessarily an immense edifice; and when good taste has directed the execution, the imposing example must have a powerful effect on the arts and architecture. For in monarchies a spirit of imitation reigns, and all follow the model of the prince. To imitate is to please, and to please is the first

and surest way to fortune. From hence arises an emulation amongst the rich, who more or less have the ambition of constructing tasteful and magnificent palaces to add to the lustre of the sovereign abode. By little and little, this ambition extends to the lower classes; and as in this country *there is too much distance between the prince and his subjects to allow envy to form comparisons*, architecture may be lavished without fear of censure on the habitations of the subjects.

AN ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION OF THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, AND ITS COLLECTIONS.

THE appellation of the *Jardin des Plantes*, does not very well express the nature of this establishment. Besides a botanic garden, it comprehends an extensive Menagerie, a cabinet of all the objects of natural history, a Museum of Anatomy, and buildings where courses of lectures are given on the chief departments of the Physical Sciences.

The *Jardin des Plantes*, formerly known by the name of *Jardin du Roi*, (a title which, I suppose, will be, or has been, restored to it,) is situated at the eastern extremity of Paris, and on the south side of the Seine. Near the river, and the gateway which opens before the bridge

of Austerlitz, the ground is level; but on retiring behind towards the south, it is agreeably varied by small eminences and depressions.

On entering you perceive on the right a series of square enclosures, which have for their object to furnish instruction to the farmer and the practical gardener.

The first of these divisions is appropriated to specimens of different kinds of soils and manures, — a ticket being prefixed to each heap. Among these may be noticed the soil in which nitre is produced or regenerated: calcareous soils and marls, varieties of clay, gravel, and river sand, straw and the dung of various animals, and even oyster shells, have furnished specimens for this collection; and to these are added brush and fire-woods, hop-poles, &c.

Though it may be at first thought by some, that the ticketing of a heap of oyster-shells is carrying the system of *nomenclaturing* a little too far, and borders on the ridiculous, yet, perhaps, this impression will cease, when it is recollected, that the object has been to assemble specimens of all the chief varieties of soils and manures in one spot, where the practical man may examine them at his convenience.

The school of practical agriculture occupies the next inclosure: it is large and well managed, and contains varied examples of hedges, ditches, ha-has, and combinations of these; ditches with

sloping banks enamelled with flowers; — hedges on walls; — palisades of the various evergreens, and modes of trimming them; — frames for rearing apple trees, &c. &c.

It is easy to appreciate the use of this enclosure to the gardener and the farmer; and it is pleasing to see, for the first time, a collection of the different modes in which the industry of man is applied to the soil and its products.

Continuing in the same line, we come to the *Ecole des Plantes d'usage dans l'economie rurale et domestique des Francois.*

This enclosure, as large as the last, contains a great variety of plants arranged under general heads.

The school of fruit trees cultivated in France forms the next enclosure, arranged simply according to the nature of their fruits, whether shells, or berries, or having kernels, or capsules, &c.

We then reach those parterres in which the plants that properly constitute the botanic garden are placed. The arrangement is according to the natural method of Jussieu, which has for its basis the marks of affinity existing between different species and families of plants. It is in some respects better suited for a botanic garden, than for the actual investigation of plants, for in the latter instance it cannot be

placed on the same footing of utility with the system of the illustrious Linnæus.

Within these inclosures every thing approaches to an English neatness; the rails are of iron painted green; the walks are bordered by well trimmed box; the labels offer themselves conveniently to the eye, and there is such an intermixture of trees and shrubs with the smaller plants, that the whole loses that too formal appearance of beds which is so common in many botanic gardens. Those plants which are too weak to bear the agitations of the wind, are enclosed by cylinders of open wicker-work; others more tender, are placed under glass shades. The trees which line the great avenues, form an excellent shade; they are chiefly horse chesnuts, tall, and having their branches trained parallel to the alleys, so as to present the same imposing appearance which is seen on the grand road from Paris to Chantilly.

The Pond is a small circular basin, with a border of marble. The aquatic plants grow up in tubs or small casks, which prevent them from spreading too much in a place where the art of the gardener can have less controul over them. I took a list of them all, but none are uncommon.

On the right hand opposite the pond, extends a range of buildings occupied as greenhouses and stoves, and extending to the length

of nearly six hundred feet. These have been erected at different periods, and have little uniformity or elegance in their appearance; and they are evidently not in good repair. The principal green-house alone, raised above a sunk parterre below, has a good aspect, from its arcades and a range of marble vases along the front, which impart elegance; it is besides one of the few buildings in Paris constructed of red bricks.

I saw many plants which were new to me in it, as well as in the range of hotbeds below it Behind it the hedges are interlaced with twining *Tropæola*, *Passion flowers*, and *Convolvuli*. Several of the rarer trees and shrubs are placed in boxes on a circular plat before the Amphitheatre, intermixed with orange trees, of which many specimens, including some varieties, are scattered in the walks throughout this part of the garden. There are two fine specimens of the *Palmetto*, or thatch palm, at the gate of the Amphitheatre, and others are near.

The ferns, not numerous, grow up among porous pieces of rock, which are too small, far more so than at Kew. One would wish to have these toys banished from Botanic gardens, or rather to see a garden, in which nature was imitated in the *scale*, as well as in the *mode*. The little lizards were running through the walks.

Continuing onwards, and leaving the Amphitheatre on the right, the ground rises rapidly,

and on passing by the houses of the professors, you begin to follow a winding path which leads to the summit of a small hill by a gentle ascent. You proceed amid firs, and cypresses, and hedges, intertwined or overhung with flowers. On the top is an open temple of brass, consisting of eight slender pillars, surmounted by an armillary sphere and dial. Formerly a burning glass was so arranged, as to set fire to a small cannon, when the sun approached to the meredian. On the friese is inscribed,

Horas non numero nisi serenas.

Here I sat frequently in the evenings, enjoying the prospect of Paris and the country. To the east, beyond the columns of the Barriere St. Antoine, the dungeon of Vincennes is conspicuous, amid a rich country, continued on both sides of the Seine, and on the south diversified with villages, windmills, and suburbs, beyond the domes of Val de Grace and the Salpetriere. To the westward, you look around on one half of Paris, crowned by the majestic dome of the Pantheon, rising up lofty and white in a clear sky; but the view is arrested at the black towers of Notre Dame, and from the rising of the ground the most interesting parts of the city, the palaces, and the Invalids, are lost. — A person attends with a telescope to afford a better view of the more distant objects.

Below, the high trees obstruct the view of the greater part of the garden. One of the most conspicuous objects half way down is the great Cedar of Lebanon, (*Larix Cedrus,*) a most majestic tree, spreading out into dense and dark green masses of foliage, above which are seen its large cones, as if floating. Before it lost its top during the fury of the revolution, it must have nearly equalled the brass kiosk in elevation. But cannon balls found their way even here, and *hours not serene!* — Near its evergreen foliage, and within the hedge, rises a small column of white granite, on a pedestal of white marble; the foliage springs up closely around it; it once supported a bust of Linnæus, which the government should replace in so delightful and appropriate a situation.

The students recline in numbers on the turf, or read and write on the seats around. Small cottages below offer them refreshments in the following terms in Latin and French: —

Laiterie de la Chaumiere du Jardin des Plantes.

Hic post Laborem Quies.

Hic secura quies, aër victusque salubris; colle super viridi sunt ova recentia nobis, caseoli molles, et pressi copia lactis.

They have also coffee, and you may breakfast very well here on all these materials for a franc, without any dread of the saving clause with regard to the eggs.

The MENAGERIE occupies nearly one half of the *Jardin des Plantes.* On turning to the right, after passing the school of Practical Agriculture, a low range of buildings appear in which the fiercer quadrupeds are confined. There were there, when my visit was paid, three fine lions, and as many lionesses. One of the lions has a dog for his companion, of whom he appears fond, smiling at his sport. The dog keeps barking at the spectators, and the lion, retired behind, looks on with the frank and mild, yet noble air, for which this quadruped is remarkable. The dog appears to be proud of serving him.

I saw no tiger. There is a large panther, a a very fierce bear, a wolf of the Ardennes, hyænas, and a porcupine. Several cells are empty.

From thence to the Anatomical Cabinet and the Amphitheatre, the whole ground is laid out in enclosures, and provided with lower or higher palisades, as the animals require; the surface has a considerable variety, and there is an abundance of shade. In the lowest part is a pond.

Five bears, in three low open enclosures, surrounded by parapets, afford much amusement to the spectators in the garden. Being young, they are pretty tame, and are easily prevailed upon to climb the trunks of trees, which are placed before their dens.

Behind them, range almost at liberty, the tamer quadrupeds, deer, gazelles, the strepsiceros, the elk, the white goats of Angora, several varieties of sheep, &c. Two camels are employed to turn the wheel of a forcing pump, which raises water to the gardens.

The elephant has a large building and a yard to himself; he is young and without tusks, but bulky and in good health. He amuses himself within his enclosure by scattering the dust over his body with his trunk, or by catching the articles of food presented to him by his visitors.

A large circular building lately erected contains at present only a specimen of the Arnee or Indian Bull.—In enclosures around, the tame fowls, peacocks, pheasants, and cassowarys, ducks and swans, roam about or resort to the piece of water at the bottom. A range of wire cases near the lions contains some of the smaller birds; the fiercer ones are in stronger cages in a long range near the house of the keeper. There are there, besides a long series of monkeys, macaws, and lorys, many specimens of vultures and eagles, some of which have most piercing eyes, to which no painter could do justice.

Such is a general view of the menagerie, and the most pleasant ideas are called up, on walking through these shady enclosures, and seeing the antelopes, and wild goats, and deer,

and fowls, tame, and approaching to solicit food.

The Cabinet of Natural History, which is the richest collection of this kind in the world, occupies the two floors of the great building at the end of the garden. There are concentrated those specimens in the three kingdoms of nature, which have occupied the attention of Tournéfort, Buffon, Lacépéde, Haüy, and other illustrious men.

The building is plain, without decorations, and though nearly four hundred feet in length, is still too small. On the first floor we find *the Library*, which consists almost entirely of works on Natural History. In this respect, however, it is far excelled by the magnificent collection of Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho Square, who has omitted no opportunity, during a long and valuable life, of purchasing every good or curious work on the sciences to which he is so warmly attached. — But many of the rarest works on plants are to be found here, as the *Hortus Malabaricus*, the writings of Plumier and Ventenal, &c. The herbals of Tournéfort are also deposited here, and they are in good order. In the middle of the room, are tables for reading; at the upper end is a pair of globes, four feet in diameter, engraved by Coronelli of Venice in 1693. — A few prints and

drawings of plants, and the new mineralogical tables of M. Lucas, are suspended against the book cases.

Near the door is the statue of Buffon, in white marble and with a simple drapery. It bears on its pedestal the well known and very improper inscription: —

Majestati Naturæ par Ingeniam.

This is but a slight ebullition of French flattery, and that too not very well applied. No one has described animals with such eloquence and beauty of colouring as Buffon; but in exactness he yields to the Swedish Sage, and system he constantly despised. Buffon's successors have seen his errors, and avoided them. Besides, how ill does this inscription agree with his theory of the Earth, now forgotten, and his *organic molecules*, on which he attempted to raise a system of materialism.

The Minerals and Geological collection are contained in a suite of five rooms, or rather halls. — There is little to boast in their arrangement: as is usual in other collections, many are too high to be easily recognized by the sharpest eyes, and others level with the floor, so as to require stooping. The arrangement is that of Haüy, the celebrated crystallographer, and is the result of forty years application to his favorite study.

Though this collection is rich and numerous, yet it appeared to me to have by far too many duplicates of common minerals. In the calcareous spar suite, it is rivalled by two private cabinets in London; and in the gems far surpassed by several collections in the same city. It is still, however, the largest collection which has yet been formed.

Labels, indicating the order, class, or genus appear at the head of each; and when specimens of a substance or forms of a crystal are wanting (as is often the case), the label remains to indicate its situation, as in the instances of the very rare mineral *plomb natif volcanique*. The only specimen of native lead is marked *amorphe*, and is small and imperfect.

After one hall of earthy and stony substances, and one of ores, a third displays the varieties of the larger masses of the globe, as granites, porphyries. Soon however all becomes confusion here, from that intermixture of primary and secondary rocks which Haüy patronises along with many other opponents of the more vigorous and useful distinctions introduced into geology, by the celebrated Werner. —In this hall are three hundred specimens of French marbles, of uniform size. In the other departments are all the ornamental articles constructed of granites, agates, jaspers, rock-crystals, fire-marbles, lapis lazuli, &c.

When we enter the next hall, the fourth in order, the mind is suddenly arrested and carried back to remote periods of time. Around are the bones of the animals which have become extinct on our planet, preserved in their original envelopes of stony matter, as they were drawn from the soil or elevations of which they often form a large or the greater part. With these are associated the remains of quadrupeds similar to those of our present continents, but dug up in countries where many of them are now never seen. All are arranged by the hands of Cuvier himself, who has placed them in that order in which they are described in his late work.

All parts of the world have contributed to this collection. Among other wonders, are the fragments of an elephant's tusk, which when complete, must have been at least eight feet in length. Several cases are filled with the bones of the Siberian Mammoth, or Elephant, and the American Mammoth, or Mastodonton. There is a specimen of the hair of that Mammoth which was found in 1805, preserved in a block of ice on the shore of the Icy Sea, in the country of the Tonguses in Siberia: when extricated the dogs devoured its flesh, which had remained in a state of complete preservation for so long a period. After the bones of Rhinoceroses, Hippopotami, and Tapiers, come

those discovered by Cuvier in the plaster quarries of Montmatre, and of which he has constituted several new genera of extinct quadrupeds.

Few classes of animals exist of which we do not find the remains here, dug up from great depths, where they had been covered by regular series of strata. If the remains of birds are not numerous in this case, the same cannot be said of the fishes, for you have only to turn round to the opposite side, and view five hundred fish in stone from one hill in Italy, Mount Bolca in the Veronese. There part of the animal matter has been arrested by the pressure of the mass, and tinged the marly slate which surrounds it. The names attached to them are old and cannot now be depended on.

There is employment here for months and years; and enough indeed on which to exercise the encreased knowledge of the philosophers, who shall exist some centuries hence. In the last and fifth room we must pass by hurriedly all those impressions of ferns dug up from coal mines, which shew us the connection of coal with the antient forests. Nor can I do more than notice those fine opalised and jaspery blocks of wood, which are perfect opal and jasper at one end, and perfect wood at the other. After these appear the productions of Vesuvius and

Etna, the workmanship of those natural fires which never cease operating. The specimens collected by Spallanzani and Dolemieu, the two best observers of Volcanic countries, are here, and it is interesting to connect them with the relation of their travels in Naples, Sicily, and the Lipari Isles. With these Haüy has connected the Basalts collected by St. Fond, and all the other clay rocks, which according to his opinions indicate a Volcanic origin.

The Zoological treasures, with the exception of the *Amphibia* and *Pisces*, which occupy a hall on the first floor, are contained in the long gallery on the second. They are well lighted by semicircular windows in the roof.

The length of this gallery, and the diversified and numerous assemblage of beings which are crowded in it, form a pleasing and animated coup d'oeil, and the interest heightens, when, on the public days, we find it nearly impossible to move through the crowd of persons of all ranks which fills it.

Few animals are wanting in the series of quadrupeds and birds. Of monkeys alone there are at least two hundred specimens, and often more of a single family of birds, as of the genera *Matacilla* and *Zaïagra*.—To mention here a few of the leading objects would be to go far into the field of Zoology. I saw many animals for the first time, as the camelopard brought

from Africa by Vaillant, the bison, and the lama, and the vicugna of Peru. Many specimens have been presented by the late Empress Josephine. There is a regular arrangement of the whole, which adds considerably to their interest and value. In different parts of the gallery appear busts of Tournéfort, Linnæus, Adamson, Daubenton, and Fourcroy. The only paintings are two — a lion tearing a goat, and an eagle pouncing on a lamb.

The invertebral animals are chiefly deposited in cases in the middle of the apartments; the insects and shells are neatly displayed below glass cases, along with corals, sponges, and suites of the eggs of birds. There is here a great want of room, and many objects are too low to be seen well. — Among the insects, after the splendid papilios are glanced at, and the sphinxes, one may see a series of the silk-worms, with their cocoons, and the caterpillars formed of wax so as exactly to resemble the living animals. Near them are the gall-nuts, and woods pierced or formed by insects. Additions illustrating the history and habits of the insect are often added, so as to please; thus the cunning *formica leo*, or lion ant, is placed at the bottom of its sandy pit, down the sides of which insects are crawling, unconscious of their danger.

The Cabinet d'Anatomie Comparée, or the anatomical collection, is contained in a large building near the Amphitheatre. Cuvier presides here, and by his genius and skill has effected wonders in this branch of science. A great part of the present collection was formed by Daubenton, during the period when he was associated with Buffon in describing and desecting the quadrupeds and birds. Cuvier has enlarged it, but wishes to encrease it, so that it may contain, not only a complete skeleton of every animal, but a complete series of the bones of each, separatelv arranged, to be at all times objects of comparison for determining the true species of animals whose remains are found in the fossile state. Cuvier, who was the first to divide animals into *vertebral* and *invertebral*, has so improved comparative anatomy, as to be able to determine, on inspecting any one of the principal bones of a quadruped, to what peculiar species it belongs.

I first passed through the rooms where Cuvier continues his labours; the walls are covered, as in all French cabinets, with wooden and pasteboard boxes, in which he assorts and names the bones which he is constantly receiving. On the tables are the preparations on which he is immediately employed.

In the first of the public rooms are the mummies and skeletons of the human species; among

the least pleasing sights. One Egyptian mummy, disengaged from its coffin and wrappers, is dry, dark brown, and with the thighs and arms almost exhausted of flesh. There are male and female mummies of the *Guanches*, the antient inhabitants of Teneriffe, white and distorted. A mummy of the antient Gauls is marked as having been found near Riom. — The art of making mummies, so far from being lost, has been improved by the skill of modern anatomists; and the most perfect one yet seen, though at present in a neglected state, is that one of a lady, prepared by the late Dr. Sheldon, and now in the museum of the late John Hunter, in Surgeons' Hall, London. An interesting description is given of it in the first volnme of St. Fond's travels through England and Scotland.

Among the skeletons is that of the assassin of General Kleber, who held for a short time the chief command of the French army in Egypt. — An extensive series of human bones illustrates the diseases to which they are subject. The skeletons which follow and crowd the apartments are all clean, and comprehend the greater number of quadrupeds. Those of the elephant and the rhinoceros present quarries of bones; and a tall man may walk under the belly of the camelopard without stooping. — We see here, what combinations and forms of bones

nature has employed to unite strength with activity in the tiger and the lion, or impart swiftness to the horse and the antelope. The skeletons of birds are not so numerous as those of the quadrupeds; there are many of the amphibia, and one of a crocodile; there are also many skeletons of fishes.

The wax preparations of fishes and shell fish follow, constructed with the nicest arts, and displaying the true colours and position of animals, which it is impossible to preserve. The anatomy of the chiton, for example, is fine. Snails in wax are attached to real shells, and caterpillars to leaves and branches of trees. In one case the anatomy of an egg is displayed in twenty four preparations, from the appearance of the first speck of life, to the chicken bursting from its shell.

In the last room are the fœti and monsters. The wax preparations here are of the greatest beauty, and on a large scale; they embrace all parts of the human system, so that one may form ideas of anatomy, without the disgust that attends dissections. The most elegant additions are present; a child reclines on a silken couch, a lady and child are placed on an ornamented sofa, so as to give to this science all the attractions of which it is perhaps susceptible.

In the amphitheatre there is a chemical laboratory and a large lecture room. The following

was the arrangement of the professors in Autumn 1814.

Chemistry is divided into three courses. M. Laugier, well known by several accurate analyses and memoirs, gives lectures on chemistry in general, thrice a week at nine o'clock in the morning. His elocution is easy and rapid, and he does not use notes. — Bouillon la Grange treats of chemistry applied to Pharmacy, and Vauquelin on the same science applied to arts and manufactures.

Haüy lectured at ten o'clock in the morning in the gallery of minerals, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. He was well attended. — Des Fontaines had a course of botany and vegetable physiology thrice a week, at seven in the morning; and Jussieu, the nephew and successor of the celebrated author of the natural method, announced excursions in the fields, or *herborizations*,* and appointed his rendezvous near one of the barriers at eight o'clock.

In the extensive provinces of Zoology, St. Hilaire had the mammalia and birds, Lacépéde the reptiles and fishes, and Delamarck the invertibral animals, in which he engaged to give the true principles of a Zoological theory. Count Lacépéde is so unpopular at present that the students would not attend him; he became in the last winter one of the meanest of the public flatterers of Napoleon, and was the

organ of the senate during the last conscription which he attempted to raise. M. Dumeril lectured in his absence.

The summer courses commence in general about the 24th of May, and finish in August. The opportunities of study and research are great; every thing is open; and the whole establishment not only presents the most extensive assemblage of objects in all the departments of natural history, which the world has yet seen collected in one place, but is conducted with a liberality, and a just attention to the claims of all, which gives an encreased interest to every part of its treasures.

AN ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION OF THE CONSERVATOIRE DES ARTS ET METIERS.

I was admitted frequently to this collection which is contained in the extensive buildings of the Abbey of Saint Martin, in the street of that name. It is open to the public on Sundays only. It is one of those institutions where there is sufficient room for the exhibition of every article. Some idea may be formed of the extent and variety of its contents from the following account of them.

In the first room, three spinning jennies and two carding mills were employed in the manu-

facture of cotton-thread, under the direction of a few workmen. There are also here some spinning wheels.

On entering the second hall, the great machine for cotton spinning invented by M. Vaucanson, strikes the eye; though its magnitude may give it a complicated appearance, yet its plan is rather simple. But the arrangement of the bobbins upon it is such as to render it, like many other machines of the same artist, impracticable in the use. The construction of the iron chain, which communicates motion to the whole, is ingenious; but it is now common in our own manufactures.

Many other machines of Vaucanson are near; as the mill he contrived for unrolling the cocoons of the silk worm; a loom for weaving tapestry paintings on silken stuffs, with a painting in progress of execution; machines for weaving plain and embroidered stuffs.—This ingenious artist constructed several automatons, of which a flute-player and a chess-player were much admired; but I could not learn what had become of them. Vaucanson, at his death, bequeathed upwards of a hundred machines to the government.

The looms and carding machines of Mr. James Douglas, for which a patent (*brevet d'invention*) was granted by Buonaparte in 1807, are adapted for woollen stuffs.

In the cases around this room are placed all the shuttles and other subsidiary articles. They contain also specimens of French manufacture in nails, toothed wheels, and many other articles of wrought and cast iron.

In the next apartment are some models of Chateaux, a model of a palace, and one of an iron manufactory of Birmingham.

In the church of the Abbey, which is entered next, are deposited under a lofty roof most of the larger machines. The car of one of the first balloons is suspended from the top. The new hydraulic machines, invented by M. de Manoury Dectot, are chiefly intended for the raising of water. A large model in brass of the Ram of Mongolfier displays one of the best machines ever invented for raising water; the structure of the valve is peculiarly ingenious. It is to be seen in action in the vicinity, at No. 15. Rue Pastorelle.

There are also various garden pumps, jets, and fire engines, (one by Bramah of London):—also various fire ladders, including Regnier's ladder for entering the windows of a house on fire. This ladder is very strong, and from its being in slides is very portable. It might be added with advantage to the fire apparatus used in London, where fires are far more frequent and dangerous than in Paris, in the houses of which city the stone floors and thick walls easily cut

off or impede the communication of the flames.

The screw of Archimedes, of twenty feet in length, is also here. The model of a coach for conveying the sick, a mill for grinding and bolting the corn at the same time; various mills, ploughs, &c.

The first objects in the lower gallery are specimens of earthen-ware; beer and oil jars, crucibles, pots, water-pipes of stone, &c.

The variety of Argand lamps is very great, and many are of late introduction. Some are adapted for lighting halls and passages; one has a brass reflector behind the flame, of the form of a parabolic conoid; several elevate the oil to the burner on the hydrostatic principle of compressed columns of air acting on columns of oil; and the lamp on this construction, which has been on sale in London during the last two years, is claimed here as the invention of M. Girard of Marseilles. In one elegant specimen, the oil is raised by the motion of watch-work in the pedestal, a patent for which was granted to Carcel and Careau in 1801. The lamps which have slender circular fountains, on a level with the flame, and serving as a support to the shade, are at present most in fashion in Paris; it is on this plan that the theatres and the halls of hotels and palaces are chiefly lighted up. The French excel in ele-

gant shades for these lamps, made of glass, silk, and paper. Their glass shades are sometimes decorated spheres; and sometimes of white enamel cut to neat patterns.

We next find the sieves, pails, and trays used in the dairies of Switzerland, with specimens of the parchment used in the sieves, and a model of a churn in glass.

An imperfect steam-engine is exhibited, of which machine I may observe, that there is no model in the whole collection which exhibits those improvements by which Mr. Watt made it so peculiarly his own, and contributed so essentially to the interest of his own country.

The new cocks of A. Jullien are intended to prevent the passage of all sediment in bottling liquors, and are constructed of pewter and tin plate. There are also, by the same artist, funnels provided with lids and stop-cocks, and an ingenious contrivance for transferring the contents of one bottle to another, without admitting any gas contained in the liquor to escape. M. Jullien has also improved the syphon by adding a small pump to it; a contrivance which is not new.

Models of ploughs, some of which have been sent from agricultural societies. In general they are more carelessly executed than the other models; there may be at least seventy; most of them complicated, and on wheels; and

they are generally on too small a scale to be useful even as models.

Harrows. Neat models of park gates. Model of the *Oreille de Charrue* of President Jefferson, of which there is a large specimen in the Abbey. Several thrashing machines, chiefly contrivances for moving flails in ranks, which could never answer; the Scotch thrashing mill seems to be entirely unknown in France.

The extensive series of machines used in the production of corn and wine, is continued in several models of fanners, vine presses, and mills, moved by wind and water.

The next tables are covered with models of fire places and furnaces. One of the first is the economical kitchen in the *Hopital de Sante Marie la Neuve*, at Florence, in which a small fire is employed to heat ten separate vessels. It has been superseded or improved by Count Rumford, whose indefatigable exertions have done much, in this respect, for Paris, where the command of charcoal renders his contrivances more economical than in London, where that fuel cannot be procured but at too heavy an expence.

Many models of large furnaces for different manufactories, often neatly constructed of chalk, bricks, &c. Models of chemical furnaces, — economical furnaces, — portable fur-

naces, for cooking food for armies on the march. Improved chimneys and ventilators. House stoves, often of elegant forms. Specimens of cinders. Improved coffee vase.

After ascending a magnificent stair-case, you enter the upper gallery, which communicates with several apartments. The clock placed on this stair-case is remarkable for having a time-piece enclosed in the ball of the pendulum.

After viewing a large model of the celebrated machine at Marli, which raises the water to the acqueduct of Versailles, the series of *trades* is entered upon. The principal trades and manufactures, neatly executed in miniature to the smallest details, form a most pleasing series of models, the value of which is encreased by their being all constructed to a scale. Each is so contrived as to give the exact appearance of the building in which the manufacture is carried on, and it is open in front to admit an easy view of the whole.

It is thus, for instance, that a brick-kiln, a brewery, an oil-mill by M. Tessier, are represented in the highest perfection. The refinement of nitre, from its rough state in the nitre bed, to the packing of the pure salt in casks. The powder-mill presents all the processes of stamping, drying, and granulating the chief implement of modern war. The manufacture of iron presents several varieties of the forge

hammers, and modes of applying moving powers to them. In another, the bar iron is rolled out into plates, or cut into rods. The plumber may view the formation of sheet lead, in one model by rollers only, in another by melting and pouring out the metal over an inclined plane. In the new distillery apparatus of M. Adam, the brandies are made to pass through several egg-shaped receivers of copper; it is the application of the chemical apparatus of M. Woolfe to distillation on the large scale. A chemical laboratory is represented within the compass of four or five square feet, every furnace and glass in miniature; and of the same size are seen the manufactory of aquafortis, that of lead bullets and shot, — a lime-kiln, the founders in sand and clay with their moulds ready. The pottery, the manufactory of stoneware, and that of porcelain in a series of workshops; the cabinet maker, with his benches, saws, and glue pots; and the blacksmiths with all the tools in order, coals and water ready, and the furnace apparently tarnished by a long series of operations. It adds to the excellence and the interest of these models, that they want the figures of miniature workmen, which a bad taste would have introduced into them.

Upon the same range of tables lie some fine complicated locks, presented to Louis XVI. with inscriptions in verse. He himself was

fond of this art, but none of his workmanship appears here. Afterwards we come to the French Telegraph, and three others, one of which, invented by Baron Edelerantz of Sweden, in 1794, bears a close resemblance to that used by our own Admiralty.

In continuing onwards I reckoned twenty-three pile engines; several saw-mills for wood, and one for marble. A truck for conveying statues to a distance without injury may be supposed to have been a desideratum; it is followed by at least a hundred models of carts, waggons, and wheel-barrows; a great variety of capstans and windlasses; models of boats, some with attempts to move the oars by wheels; and a design for a coach, the body of which, being suspended by ropes below the beam, is in no danger of being overturned. Chinese houses and a Chinese pagoda.

It would be impossible to give an account of all the manufactures which are displayed under the head of *Specimens of French Industry*. The utmost freedom is allowed in examining them, and every article is exposed.

The specimens of glass and porcelain crowd one table, but they are chiefly of old manufacture, and have been since excelled. In the manufacture of fine flint glass, in which the French were so long deficient, they certainly now equal us; and in giving to it elegant forms,

borrowed from the antique, and in cutting it, I should certainly not hesitate to say that they excel us. My opinion is formed from viewing the articles of crystal in the Palais Royal, and the manufactory of cut crystal in the Rue Montorgueil.

The manufacture of paper hangings, from shreds of wool, by Robert, is exhibited in model. This article has a good texture, and flowers, &c. are imprinted on it, but it is too high priced to be in much use in Paris. Many volumes are filled with specimens of *papiers peints*, of the common kinds; and the large manufacture of these, on the Boulevards, is, as usual in the French manufactories, a most lively scene of talking, industry, and ingenuity. Many of their papers are surpassed by ours, but theirs are far cheaper.

This large collection includes specimens of new printing types, by *Leger*, the nephew and successor of Didot. These letters are beautifully sharp, and the ink admirable. The splendid folio editions of Racine, Moliere, &c. by Didot, rival the best productions of Bulmer's or Bensley's presses, as far as the paper and the ink are considered; but the French letter-founders have not attended so much as ours to giving to their types good proportions; even the latest are long and narrow, and want that roundness of shape that distinguishes ours.

Writing types, by Henry Didot; a kind of letter which is much used in France.

Brichot's ornamental letters and ornaments, formed of fine laminæ of steel. They shine splendidly, and have a good effect on trinkets.

After specimens of sabres, come the artificial legs and arms, with much propriety; artificial eyes are in great variety.

There are here also several stocking frames, all the machines and silk manufactures of Lyons, spinning wheels, specimens of carded cotton, in a series of bottles, to illustrate the progress of the manufacture in France.

Specimens are given of fans of mother of pearl, and of shining laminæ of steel. Models of pulpits. Models to facilitate the study of perspective. Fine balances of beautiful workmanship, and the utmost simplicity of design. It would appear from one of these, constructed by *Deveine*, that after all the complicated contrivances for accurate weighing, the simplest may be so constructed as to produce the most accurate results, and without too great a loss of time. The balance of M. Deveine has for its beam a plain straight bar of steel, elevated on a column of brass, and moving on planes of crystal; the extremities of the bar move across graduated arcs of mother of pearl, and are adjusted by micrometer screws. The scales are

of platina, supported by wires of the same material, and one inch in diameter. Balances of equal simplicity have been often constructed of late years in London.

In the middle of the room, which contains this balance, is a magnificent and complicated turning lathe (*Tour a Guillocher*) by Mercklein, a German artist. Specimens of the work in ivory done by it are around. Under glass cases are examples of Chinese turned work, and a proportion of the spheres within spheres, &c. Small clocks with gridiron pendulums. Two bronze figures of Frederic the Great, on horseback. Portable barometer. Loadstone, bearing a weight of a hundred pounds. A large clock with an organ attached, and having a glass sphere at top marked with the constellations, and a small orrery moving in the centre.

Such is a view of the principal articles in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, an immense repository. It naturally suggested many remarks, with some of which I shall conclude this article.

It is impossible, after viewing the Conservatoire in the slightest manner, to deny to the French a large share of mechanical ingenuity; a quality in which their artists are only excelled by those of England, and perhaps of Germany. But we find their genius in this branch of the

useful arts exercised chiefly on the most trifling objects; they have improved every article of *bijouterie* to the highest pitch of excellence, but they have done little or nothing for the plough or the steam-engine. Their useful inventions, too, bear very often a character the reverse of that simple structure which it should be the aim of every mechanist to attain, as the highest excellence of his art, and the proudest triumph of his genius. The justice of these remarks will, I think, be apparent from the inspection of innumerable articles in the Conservatory.

London does not exhibit at present any collection which approaches in extent or interest to the Conservatory. The Society of Arts possesses, indeed, a considerable collection of models, on which their premiums have been bestowed, and I am happy in having this opportunity of acknowledging the frank and obliging manner in which Doctor Taylor, the secretary, explains every thing that is interesting in the Society's apartments, to every gentleman who waits upon him, although unprovided with any introduction. But the British could present a much finer collection than the French metropolis, and at a warning of a few days only, were any patriotic individual, or the Society above mentioned, to make the attempt. It might be made; for as it is by collecting the productions

of nature that new analogies and relations are discovered between them, and new properties unfolded, so by bringing together into one focus all the productions of English manufacture, and every machine upon which English genius and industry have been employed, new ideas would undoubtedly be struck out by those who viewed a collection which would be without a rival in the world. It might combine whatever was rare or expensive, with the more common and useful products which contribute to the comforts or the necessary luxuries of life.

It was at one time expected, that the Royal Institution would have formed and opened to the public a collection of models of useful machines, and implements of trade; but it has never been done, although it was one of the chief reasons assigned for the establishment of that institution by its founders. A few articles only were procured, which lie amid the darkness and dust of its apartments.

The French manufactures have been often interrupted; — wars have cut off or diverted the channels of encouragement; much uncertainty arose from the patronage of their government being bestowed or withheld; there was often a want of that capital which enables the British merchant to effect so much; and the general disposition of their nation led them too

often to erect splendid and lofty buildings, at great expence, instead of resorting, like us, to what were useful and convenient only.

These are, I think, the chief, if not all the causes, which have prevented the French from becoming a great manufacturing nation. There are still, however, some branches in which they rival, or excel us.

The tapestry of the *Gobelins* was never attempted in England, but on one occasion partially, when it failed. This manufacture may be viewed by the aid of a ticket from the general director of the arts at Paris. I found there an extensive suite of buildings, in which very little was going on, and a small laboratory, in which some of the fine colours were prepared, and experiments made on dyeing. The manufacture itself languishes, and appears to be kept up rather as a part of the government state than on account of its utility. Those who have viewed the admirable exhibition of Miss Linwood, will not see any thing much finer in the Gobelins. The looms have a much greater simplicity than one would have expected from seeing results that require apparently such complicated means.

The manufacture of plate-glasses at St. Gobin is in full action: they are polished in Paris; and from their cheapness, size, and excellence, are far more abundant in every house in France,

than similar mirrors are with us. In porcelain, a single glance at a Parisian window is sufficient to establish their pre-eminence, as far as the finest china, rich in gold and painting, is concerned: — one sees every where brilliant vases decorated with the finest designs; and some of the masters-pieces of the Italian school are copied with spirit on flat pannels, or on vases which are often four feet in height. The Worcester manufactory has, I doubt not, produced specimens which rival the French, both in the beauty of the material and the value of the decorations; but the cheapness of the French china allows of its being seen every where. It must be added, that on the inferior kinds of porcelain they are far behind us; these are soft, badly formed, and destitute of all comfort. In the manufacture of velvets, they have long excelled. In cottons they have made considerable steps; but their coarse articles are too high priced to come into competition with ours; and, in fine ones, they are still almost entirely deficient. They have learned to give an extreme neatness and finish to their fire-arms and philosophical instruments, and particularly to their clocks and time-pieces, which are now of great elegance, and accompanied by designs infinitely varied, and executed in bronze, white marble, and gilt brass. Elegant skeleton clocks, with gridiron pendulums, and the newer detach-

ed escassements, form pleasing ornaments in most of the public buildings in this city.

AN ACCOUNT OF PARISIAN FÊTES.

When *fêtes* are given in Paris by the government, I soon found that I was by no means to understand literally the descriptions which were given of them in the newspapers of the following day, where the most trifling effects were extolled in pompous language. The fête of the fifteenth of August was of a religious nature only, and therefore the theatres and balls were only a little more crowded than is usual on ordinary days. The fête of the 25th had a few more temporal circumstances mixed with the spiritual. A plenary indulgence was published in the bills on the doors of the churches; salvoes of artillery were fired on the evening of the 24th, to announce the commencement of the fête, and the Royal family appeared on the balcony of the Thuilleries to receive the applauses of the crowd below. On the next morning, the cannon continued to fire: there was a court at the Thuilleries; and in the evening a concert, to which admission was easily obtained by English gentlemen on their sending to the palace for tickets; and the theatres were

open to the public *gratis.* After reading the order of the minister of the police, for illuminating the front of every house, I expected a brilliant display, but was disappointed. I repaired after the concert to the *Pont Royale*, as the spot where the superior blaze thrown on the elegant buildings which line the quays could be viewed to most advantage; but not a light appeared in the Louvre or in the Thuilleries and its garden; single rows only graced the palaces of the Deputies and the Arts, and the gates of the Mint and hotels adjoining; but no greater lustre was thrown on the waters of the Seine by the whole illumination, than one sees on the Thames, when it is viewed from the Adelphi on a dark evening. A few boards hung with lights appeared before the gates of the Luxemburgh, and some hotels, but in most of the principal streets scarcely one was to be seen. However, next day every house in the city was described in the journals as having been illuminated from the first to the sixth floor. A good example of this people; they describe well, and, ignorant of the comforts and the splendour of other nations, they feed their thoughts with their own vanity, and esteem Paris as the first city of the world, in spite of its wooden shoes, and its filthy streets. I could not perceive, on this occasion, a single glass lamp, or a transparency, or one instance of the public spirit of

individuals; a few saucers of clay, filled with coarse tallow, and provided with thick wicks, form the only mode of illumination adopted here, exhaling as disagreeable an odour, and having nearly the same appearance with the lamps in Clare and Leadenhall markets. Of an infinity of glass lamps, arranged in elegant devices, and sparkling with green, crimson, and topaz fires, to which the agitation of the air around communicates a waving effect, such as was often presented by Carlton-house during the late rejoicings, they do not seem to have any conception.

On Monday the 29th of August, the King went in state to dine at the *Hotel de Ville*, having accepted the invitation of the city of Paris. On this occasion great preparations were made by the government for the celebration of a fête, and they certainly far excelled those which had been exhibited on the day of St. Louis, but whether the difference arose from not wishing to honour that saint too highly, or from an intention, undoubtedly laudable, of separating the religious from the civic festivals, I am not certain. In the morning, detachments of the guards and military were moving in various directions to their destinations; by mid-day the quays were crowded, and I met many of the lower orders returning from the *Champs Elysées*, laden with eatables and

wine which had been scrambled for there; and as a Frenchman seldom shares in any pleasure in which his wife and children do not partake, it was not unpleasing to view them sitting down to the banquet thus provided at the doors of their houses; a striking contrast to the solitary tippling of the English peasantry. I witnessed no examples of intoxication, though there were many enlivening cries of *Vive le Roi*, which brought to my recollection the story of the Parisian, who, having procured a chicken as his share of the viands given at the coronation of Buonaparte, held it up with an air of extacy, as he paced the streets, exclaiming, *Vive l'Empereur! How tender it is!*—When these distributions of food are carried to any great extent, as they were by the Emperors of Rome, they must always be regarded as signs of a despotic government.

Combats on the Seine took place between two and four o'clock; the quays and garden walks of the Thuilleries were crowded to excess, and, as usual, no carriages were allowed to pass through the principal streets. The greatest order prevailed; for though robberies are not unfrequent in Paris, pickpockets are rare, and indeed can scarcely be said to exist. The intimate intermixture of soldiers in every crowd or collection of people, however small, and the consequent certainty of immediate detection, render their profession extremely pre-

carious, and prevent one from feeling the same anxiety about pockets or watches, as when surrounded by the London populace. — The sports on the river, between the *Pont Royal*, and the *Pont Louis XVI.*, consisted in wrestling matches, between the individuals of the opposing crews; and I soon left them, to walk in the garden of the Thuilleries, which was filled with company. Between four and five, twelve or fourteen carriages, each drawn by eight light grey horses, entered the court of the palace, and soon afterwards the royal procession set off for the *Hotel de Ville*, passing through Buonaparte's Arch of Triumph, and along the quay of the Louvre. The King, on this occasion, sat in the coach with his brother, and the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme: he is so unwieldy from his corpulence, and so affected with weakness in his feet, as to require the support of a staff even in the carriage. There was no want of applause on this occasion: *Vive le Roi*, *Vive Madame*, resounded from all parts of the crowd. They proceeded along the quays to the *Hotel de Ville*. The streets had a thin coating of sand, and a few table-cloths and wreaths of flowers were suspended from some of the houses on the quays, which gave occasion to the newspapers to say, that all the houses on the line of the procession were covered with splendid tapestry.

Having gone in the evening to Neuilly, to view the bridge there, which is celebrated for the flatness of its arches, I returned through the barrier, down the grand avenue and the Elysian Fields. Every thing now wore an air of joy and splendour. A large star kindled on the Triumphal Arch at the barrier, was a fine object from the avenue below: more than thirty orchestras supplied the dancers around them with music; the walks were crowded with stalls of toys and refreshments; jugglers, merry-andrews, and rope-dancers had been put in requisition; and a blaze of ten thousand lights threw animation over the whole. No tree wanted its lamp, and single and double rows of them were hung between all the trees in the principal avenues, the leaves of which shone with soft and pleasing tints of green. On passing the place of Louis XV., a splendid appearance was exhibited by the palace of the deputies, the portico of which, together with its flight of steps, was decorated with rows of lights, which brought forth the beauty of its fine architecture, and softened it by the yellow hue of their flames. Of the two elegant buildings opposite, only one was illuminated. In the garden of the Thuilleries the jets threw up their streams amid the blaze of lampions, arranged in triangular or pyramidal forms. Wherever the eye turned, the illuminated foliage of the trees, the water fall-

ing, and the facade of the palace, produced a degree of enchantment, which would have been complete, had the Thuilleries itself been lighted up; but in it or the Louvre no lamps appeared. As I went onwards, along the quays, towards the *Hotel de Ville*, the palaces and hotels diminished in splendour; a single row of lamps only encircled the top of the towers of Notre Dame; but the Place de Greve was adorned with triumphal arches, which with the front of the hotel were hung with small lanterns of glass. On penetrating into the surrounding streets, few or no lights appeared, nor were any transparencies exhibited, such as London abounds with on similar occasions, the illumination being almost entirely confined to the edifices of the government. A little before ten, the King left the *Hotel de Ville* to return to the palace, escorted by long trains of cavalry, and passing along the quays which were lined with troops. The procession had a fine effect by torch-light, as it entered by the eastern facade of the Louvre, through the gates of decorated brass, and sculptured arches.

When the King reached the Thuilleries, a rocket was sent up as the signal for the fireworks on the Pont Louis XVI. to commence. They began immediately; rockets and bombs ascended in quick succession; wheels revolved, offering a variety of changes; a row of gerbes,

arranged on the parapet, threw their sparks into the Seine, and produced the exact resemblance of a cataract of fire, rolling down its waves in succession; a temple in the centre of the bridge shone out with the motto *A la Concorde;* and the expansion of a large flight of rockets, and the noise of an artificial volcano, completed the scene. The whole was finished in a quarter of an hour; and the crowd was just beginning to move away, when Garnerin rose up slowly from the eastern side of the city, in a balloon. A circle of bright flames burnt around his car, which were soon extinguished; but he continued to be visible for some time by the light of the full moon. The crowd immediately separated and returned to their homes; and by eleven the streets of Paris were as deserted as they always are at that hour.

Though this fête might have satisfied the Parisians, yet these amusements are so frequent that they are jaded with them, and their huzzas become far fainter than ours. Were it possible for the government to discourage them gradually, or discontinue a part of them, it would be a wise and prudent measure. At present they expect two or three in the month; and the poorest persons appear to forget their own misery in the grandeur of these spectacles. So it has always been the case with them. If their king or their emperor is well lodged, if

his palaces are more superb, and his state greater than those of any other European sovereign, they are satisfied, and are content with their own hovels, their stair-cases common to every thing, and their streets, where they may be run down by the first carriage. In what raptures do they speak of the gilding of the royal apartments, or the splendour of the gardens of the Thuilleries! How well Buonaparte understood their character, and despised them, appeared from many circumstances in his conduct and his speeches. He observed towards them the same regimen which Louis XIV. had done; and as that monarch gave orders for brighter illuminations the more severe the defeats which his arms received from Marlborough, so Buonaparte kept up the Parisians at a full state of excitement. If a victory had been gained in Austria or Russia, the news was kept back by the government for two or three days, and unfavourable reports spread in the mean time, that the truth might burst upon them with greater eclat, from the effect of the contrast. Nor did fêtes ever intermit, since the events of Moscow and Leipsic, but on the contrary, encreased in splendour. The foolish Parisians begin already to complain of the want of the roar of cannon which announced his victories; they lament the rich trappings and equipages of his dukes and counts, and the discon-

tinuance of his reviews in the court of the Thuilleries; and they are no longer fed with the compliments he paid them, as the *capital of* the *great nation*, and (if *la grand pensee*, as they term it, had been completed) of the civilized world. The capital of the world! Whatever superiority may arise to Paris from its possessing the chief works of sculpture and painting, and from the magnificent extent of some of its buildings, little glory can accrue to its inhabitants. As they rattled their own chains over the heads of the neighbouring nations, and threatened them with a slavery which they themselves had not the courage to shake off, their vanity led them to believe that they were the best examples of the human race. But the history of no people has ever recorded such an instance of debasement as that which I am about to mention. At Rouen and Paris, I occasionally observed French gentlemen wearing coats of a bright puce colour, and many coachmen in the latter city were also provided with them; the singularity of the hue prompted me to enquire its name oftener than once, and I always received the same answer — it was *la couleur de la c—a du Roi de Rome*. This was the fashionable tint for the last two years, and was sold publicly under that appellation. Little can be immediately expected from a people who debase themselves voluntarily in a

manner of which, as well as of their atrocities, neither antient or modern times, — the records of savage or civilized men, — have afforded any example.

In the same style nearly are they going on at present in their addresses to the Royal family; they strive to outdo the language in which they spoke of the *destiny* and the *providence* of the Emperor. Examples may be found in the late presentation to the king of two of the teeth of Henry IV.; and in the request transmitted to the Duchess of Angouleme by the city of Nismes, that she would be pleased to give a son to the French, in which case the said city will present a silver image of the weight of the expected infant, as an offering to the Virgin. But though many persons in France, indeed I believe the greater number, laugh at all these as much as Englishmen can do, yet how many of its miseries does France owe to this union of politics with religion? Louis XVIII. speaks in his proclamations of the piety which never ceased to animate his ancestors Louis XIV. and XV. If you look into any of the sermons preached before Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and his queen, you may observe how, in language which it is almost improper to repeat, adulation poisons the fountain of truth, and insults that eternal Being whom they dared to invoke. In fine,

you will see how the worship of their God became subordinate to that of their kings.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RECEPTION OF THE BOURBONS AT THE OPERA.

I was present at the opera on the 23d of August, during the first representation of a new piece, intended to inculcate sentiments of affection and attachment to the Bourbons, and entitled, *Pelage*, or The King and the Peace, in two acts. The story is founded on the restoration of a Spanish sovereign to the throne of his ancestors, after a victory over the Moors, in the 8th century. The Duc de Berri arrived before its commencement; and during the last part of *Laboureurs Chinois* he was greeted loudly by the house, to which he bowed repeatedly; and when the curtain fell, the air *Henri Quatre* was called for and encored. During the performance of *Pelage*, many sentiments, intended by the author to be applied to the present change, were applauded, particularly the following:

Elle vient parmi vous désarmer la vengeance,
Legitimer la gloire, ennobler l'esperance,
Et sous des traits chéres, retracer a vos yeux
L'image des vertus dont s'honnorent les cieux.

There appeared no want of loudness or enthusiasm in the pit on the occasion. The spectacle itself was grand, particularly in the artificial groupings of the dancers, and the terminating scenery of the second act, which was of an allegorical nature, intended to illustrate the union of the French with the Virtues, under the shade of the peace just concluded. The allegory was so framed as to present an epitome of the Revolution: — Hope came first, rejoicing, followed by the Genius of the Arts; but with these Voluptuousness and the Pleasures entwined themselves, and Glory, under the form of a girl, crowned with laurels. Soon Folly led on troops of Bacchantes to join, and riot and disorders ensued; the stage was darkened, and the scene dropt amid the noise of thunder. Discord arose in front from the lower regions, clad in a dress of black and pale blue, waving a torch, and followed by Envy and Vengeance dashing their poinards around, and dancing wildly among a crowd of demons. When the tempest calmed, they retired, and Peace arose, surrounded by a glory, and waving white lilies, with angels hovering round, and a choir in the sky behind, singing hymns of joy, and dancing in the clouds. Beyond these appeared other choirs, and as the whole ascended slowly, the words, *Vive le Roi* began to blaze in the upper sky; and the curtain dropt amid the

thunders of applause, which the splendour of the spectacle called forth.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE DU COMBAT.

THERE is a singular amusement to be seen in Paris; it is a faint image of the amphitheatre at Rome under the emperors, when hundreds of lions, tygers, elephants, and other animals were turned loose into the arena to fight with one another in the presence of the Roman people. On these occasions each emperor was desirous of excelling his predecessor; and thus, some of the animals that now appear but rarely in Europe, were brought to Rome in abundance; such as crocodiles and hippopotami of the Nile, the one and two horned rhinoceros, and the cameleopard from the interior of Africa. Now Paris, the modern Rome, has an exhibition of this kind; but, indeed, "shorn of its "beams." A little beyond the Barriere St. Martin, on the north side of the city, there is an enclosure formed of low edifices, termed the Place du Combat, where exhibitions are given once or twice a month. I witnessed one of these; but it was rather of a tedious and trifling nature. The spectators sat in a covered gallery, which surrounded a square, open to the air above, and of some extent; around it were

the dens of some of the more ferocious beasts, such as wolves, &c.; and on the outside were fifty or sixty dog-kennels, the inhabitants of which kept up a constant and loud yelping noise. There were many set-to's of dogs, chiefly mastiffs; they were often destitute of courage. Bull dogs of the pure English breed, they had none. I mean that species which has a globular head, and never barks, but only emits a low snarl; all those exhibited here could bark. To these succeeded the baiting of a wolf, from the Ardennes; next bull-baiting; and then a combat between a bull and a bear. A hog chaced round the arena by dogs appeared to afford some amusement; but a Spanish jack-ass defended himself successfully against the attacks of half a dozen mastiffs. He wisely retreated into a corner of the square, in which he steadfastly remained, and by the quickness of the blows which he administered on all sides, soon compelled his opponents to desist. The whole concluded with some ludicrous and trifling scenes, of forcing a bear to climb to the top of a pole, and then annoying him with fire-works, fixed to a circular frame of wood made to hoist up until it nearly came in contact with the animal's body. These being set fire to, the whizzing noise and explosions, produced such terror in bruin, that, afraid to jump at once from his elevated situation, he durst not tempt the

fiery circle beneath him by sliding down the pole, and thus his odd and clumsy motions afforded much merriment to the Parisians.

Such exhibitions as this must always be considered as tormenting animals to no purpose but that of curiosity. They are not even justifiable as to animals which are in their nature cruel and enemies to man: all that can be said for them is, that it is useful to know the modes in which some animals exert their strength, and the powers of that sagacity and instinct with which nature has furnished them.

ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION OF THE CATACOMBS.

To descend into these sepulchres, to carry life and language, and the realities of existence into these dark abodes, to pass through the remains of millions of beings of our own kind, present a scene of the deepest interest, and one which arrests and improves the mind.

The catacombs of Paris are probably the largest in the world, excelling in extent those of Rome, Naples, and Malta. Even those of Thebes, interesting as they are from their paintings, and their connection with a people so learned and civilized as the antient Egyptians, must yield to those of Paris, as far as the immense mass of mortal remains only is consi-

dered. The latter overwhelm the mind, and chain it down to peculiar trains of thought.

Proceeding by the Observatory to the southern extremity of the city, I reached the Barrier d'Enfer, behind the buildings of which a staircase, descending through a circular well, conducts to the catacombs. The conductor examined the billets of admission, without which no person is allowed by the government to visit these subterraneous passages. We went down seventeen steps, and stopt at a landing-place, where each of the company was furnished with a wax-light. Hence we descended seventy steps, forming altogether a depth of fifty-four French feet, or 175,356 metres. Immediately on reaching the bottom, we began to traverse a long and winding passage or gallery, cut out of the rock, perfectly dry, white, and clean. Our course was guided by a black line traced on the roof; many passages led off on all sides, several of which were filled up to prevent accidents. The excavations extend beneath the whole of the southern half of Paris, and under a small part of the northern division across the Seine. They are the quarries whence the city was built; the stone is a soft calcareous agregate or marl, crowded with organic remains, of which shells form the principle part. Notices appearing on the walls indicated the direction of our route, by that of the aqueduct of Arcueil

above. I soon became chill in this long gallery, which was too narrow to allow of more than one passing abreast, and was generally not higher in the roof than six or seven feet. In some parts stalactetical concretions exuded, and gave a glittering lustre to the walls.

After proceeding onwards for half a mile, we reached a place where the side walls terminated, and many low pillars of stone, left by the workmen, disclosed passages in every direction. Soon after we arrived at a door, which was unlocked, and conducted us to the proper enclosure of the bones. We passed on amid long avenues of bones, which are employed to form linings to the walls, and occasionally came to chambers with neat porticos, higher in the roof, and containing elegantly plain sarcophagi, small altars, vases, and inscriptions. These chambers, as well as the galleries connecting them, were lined from the roof to the floor with bones. In front, the bones of the arms and thighs were closely laid with their ends projecting; and rows of skulls continued uninterruptedly in long horizontal lines, at equal distances between them; behind, the other bones were placed to a considerable length. There was no sensible smell; and the bones preserve their dark hues, contrasting strongly with the white stone of the floor, and the roof. The sight was melancholy in the extreme; in

whatever direction the eye turned, it rested on these rows of skulls. I was passing amid the remains of more than three millions of human beings, closely piled, without distinction of rich or poor, friend or enemy, bad or good. With the bones, the most indestructible part of the human frame, the mind is accustomed, from natural associations, to connect stronger ideas of identity than with the more perishable part; and hence thoughts of hope, immortality, and judgment arise. These are nourished and increased by the inscriptions around, many of which are appropriate.

Sicut unda dies nostri fluxerunt.

Silence etres mortels,
Vaines grandeurs silence.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.
Virgil, Georg. iii. 66.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas, &c.
Virg. id.

I admired the delicacy displayed in the apartment appropriated to the remains of the unfortunate victims of one of the most accursed scenes of the Revolution. Their bones are concealed from view behind a wall, which is painted black:

D. M.
II. et III.
Sepmbr.
M DCC XCII.

Another tablet,

Ici sont inhumés
LXXXVII. metres cubes
D'ossemens recueillis
Dans le cemetrie des Innocents
Du 19 Janvier au 19 Mars, 1811,

recalls the history of this immense deposit of mortal remains. The cemeteries situated within the walls of Paris, that of the Innocents, St. Benoit, &c. having become unwholesome from the accumulation of dead, all the bones which they contained were removed to the catacombs between the year 1786 and the present time. This transportation, carried on by the various governments of the country, still continues. The present burying grounds are beyond the walls, in retired situations, and the scites of the old ones have been occupied as markets or squares.

The idea of measuring human remains by cubic metres is somewhat revolting. But far more so are those inscriptions which doubt or deny the immortality of the soul, and exclude the hopes afforded by nature and religion:

Omne consummatum est.
Tout est consommé.
Quæris quo jaceas post obitum — loco quo non fata jacent.
Seneca.

Ortus cuncta suos repetunt, matremque requirunt,
Et redit ad nihilum quod nihil ante fuit.

These were intermingled with better hopes:

Ossa arida, audite verbum Dei.
Hic ultra metas requiescant, beatem spem expectantes.

Some shall rise to everlasting life, some to shame and contempt.

The respect due to the remains of the dead is inculcated from Homer. The sentence in Latin is,

Nefas est mortuis insultare.

Nothing could be more gloomy to the mind, or more unsuitable to the nature of the place, than this confusion of creeds. If hope leaves us, we are of all beings the most miserable; and the doubts and fears of Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, and the more daring impieties of modern infidels, should not be allowed to usurp places in a Christian cemetery. Here too they were placed with the sanction of the government, as if on purpose to render indecisive, as far as in its power, the hope of that immortality which is one of the noblest prerogatives of our being.

In one chamber bones were laid out in shelves on the walls; and in others, small altars of thigh bones were surmounted by solitary skulls.

The minutes lengthened out as I walked through the extended series of passages and apartments: this was not the place where meditation "could think down hours to moments."

We returned by a similar black line on the low roof, and ascended a stair similar to that by which we had entered, but at a considerable distance from it. The eye seized with pleasure the first beam of light which entered through the *chink*; the sun was dazzling, and never did the creation appear more lovely. After crossing some fields I re-entered the city by the *Barriere de la Santé*, and pursued my way by the solitary Boulevards to the Jardin des Plantes.

LETTER FROM PARIS, PUBLISHED IN THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

THE following extract of a letter written from Paris, and inserted in some of our public papers, is understood to be from the pen of an Irishman of distinguished abilities and station. It may serve to shew that the author of the foregoing work is not singular in the unfavourable view he takes of the state of French manners and principles. It was observed of it, that it was "evidently the picture of one extreme drawn by a masterly but incontinent hand, and

with an eye much more attractable, we suspect, by the gaudier and fouler objects of notice than by the sober and more redeeming. It may serve, however, as a proper set-off to the other extreme, — and, at a due distance between the two, a proper idea may be entertained of this singular people, who, for such a length of time, under King and Emperor, under smooth tyrants and rough, have done and chattered so much, apparently to so little purpose." The letter, or at least such part of it as appeared in print, commences as follows:

"I fear war will soon unfold her tattered banners on the continent. This poor country is in a deplorable state — a ruined noblesse — a famished clergy — a state of smothered war between the upstarts and the restored — their finances most distressed — the military spirit divided — the most opposite opinions as to the lasting of the present form of things — every thing unhinged — yet I really sympathize with this worried, amiable, and perhaps contemptible people; so full of talent and vice — so frivolous, so inconstant and prone to change — so ferocious too in their fickleness; about six revolutions within twenty years, and as fresh as ever for a new dance.

"These strange vicissitudes of man draw tears, but they also teach wisdom. I never found my mind so completely a magic lanthorn

— such a rapid succession of disjointed images — the past, the present, the future possibly. One ought not to be hasty in taking up bad impressions, and I need not say that three weeks can give but little room for observation; but from what I do see and learn from others, who have seen long and deeply, I have conceived the worst idea of *social Paris*.

"Every thing on the surface is horrible; beastlinesses, which with us do not exist. They actually seem, in talk and practice, to cultivate a familiarity with nastiness. In every public place they are spitting on your shoes, in your plate, almost in your mouth. Such community of secretions is scarcely to be borne; then the contrast makes it worse, gaudiness more striking by filth; the splendid palace for the ruler, the hovel and the sink for the ruled; the fine box for the despot, the pigeon holes for the people! And it strikes me with sadness that the women can be little more than the figurantes, receiving a mock reverence merely to carry on the drama; but neither cherished nor respected. How vile the feeling and the taste that can degrade them from being the real directors and mistresses of man, to be the mere soubrettes of society, gilded and smart, and dexterous and vicious. Even before the Revolution, manners were bad enough, but many causes since have rubbed off the gilding.

The exile of the nobles, the succession of low men to power; and more than all the elevation of plebeian soldiers to high rank, promoting, of course, their trulls to a station where manners and morals were under their influence; and this added to the horrible example set by Buonaparte himself in his own interior. Add to this, what must have sent down the contagion to the still lower orders — the *conscription* — the wretched men, marrying without preference, merely to avoid the army, and then running into that army to escape their ill chosen partners. All these causes must have conspired to make a frightful carnage in manners and morals too. In short, I am persuaded, that a single monster has done more to demoralize and uncivilize this country, than a century can repair."

THE END.

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